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November 6, 1937

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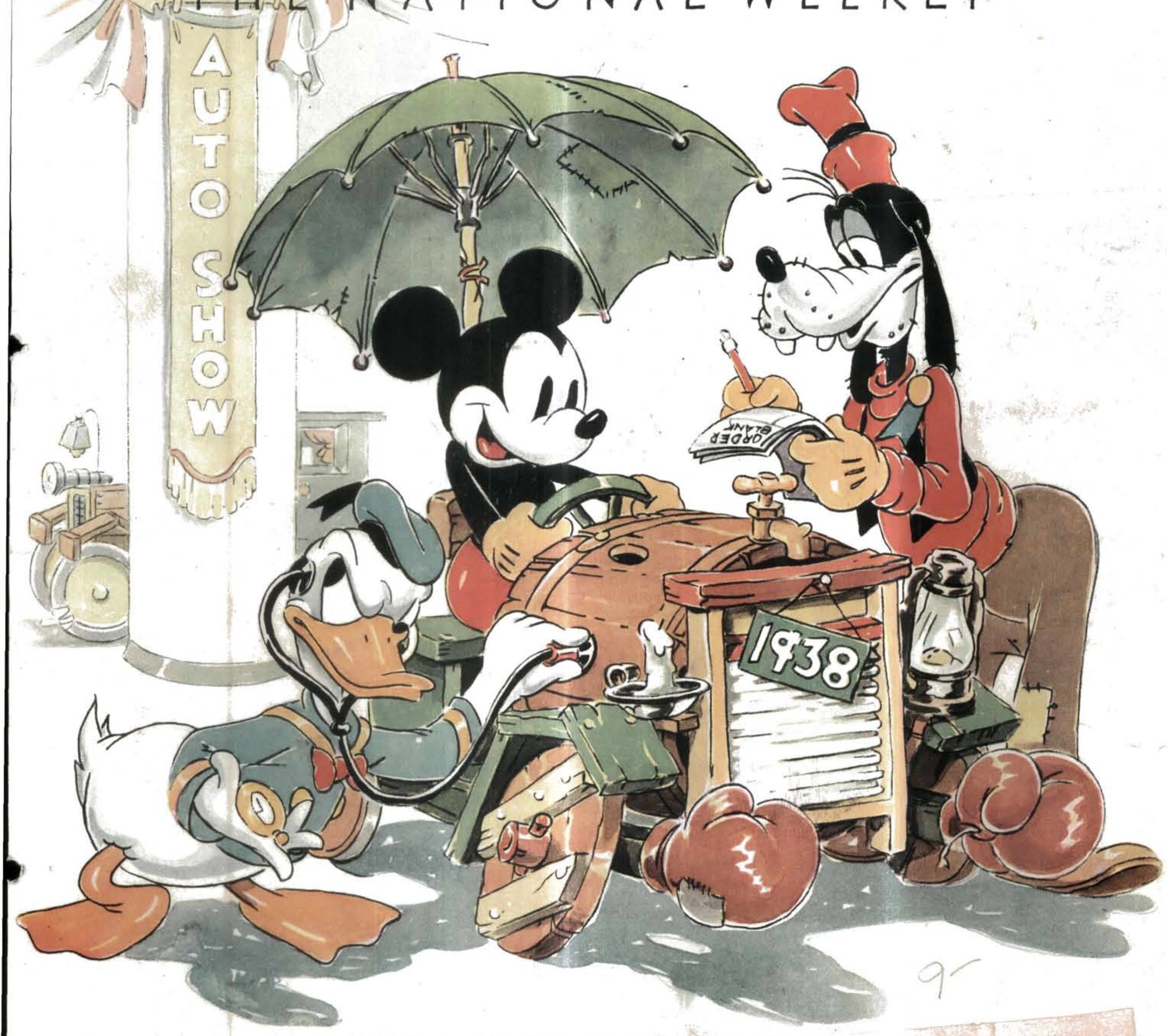
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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WHY YOUR CAR IS SAF

By Captain Eddie V. Rickenb

MRS JOAN HARGROVE 128
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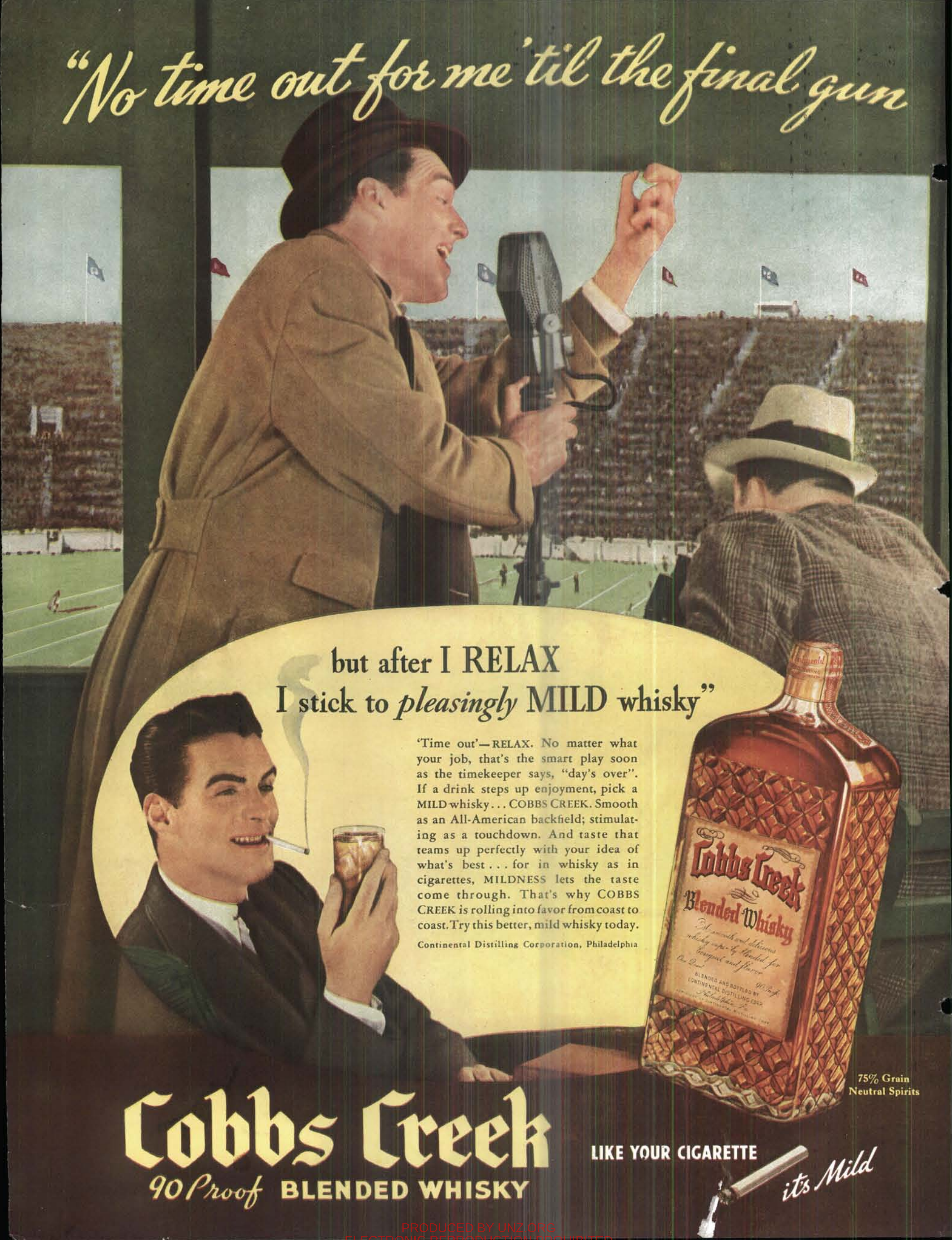
Nov. 6, 1937



"No time out for me 'til the final gun

but after I RELAX
I stick to *pleasingly* MILD whisky"

'Time out'—RELAX. No matter what your job, that's the smart play soon as the timekeeper says, "day's over". If a drink steps up enjoyment, pick a MILD whisky... COBBS CREEK. Smooth as an All-American backfield; stimulating as a touchdown. And taste that teams up perfectly with your idea of what's best... for in whisky as in cigarettes, MILDNESS lets the taste come through. That's why COBBS CREEK is rolling into favor from coast to coast. Try this better, mild whisky today.

Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia

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Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek
90 Proof **BLENDED WHISKY**

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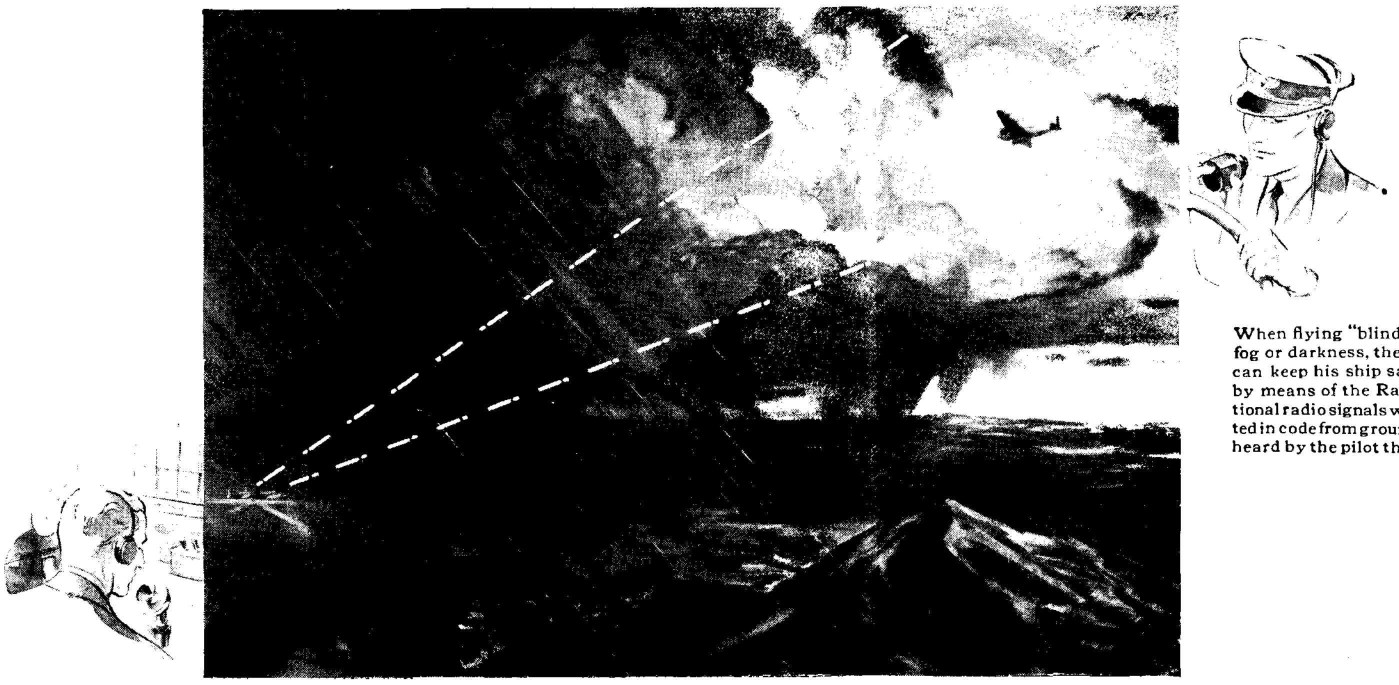

When flying "blind" through storms, fog or darkness, the air pilot of today can keep his ship safely on its course by means of the Radio Beam—directional radio signals which are transmitted in code from ground stations and are heard by the pilot through ear phones.

What the Radio Beam does for the Pilot Parker's *Television Pen* does for You

Both have what it takes to give men SECOND SIGHT

The Parker Vacumatic is a modern marvel that holds 102% more ink than our famous Duofold and lets you SEE the ink in the barrel—shows at all times how much ink you have to spare. Hence, it won't run dry like "blind barrel" pens.

A College Professor invented this Pen because he knew that you can't focus your thoughts on your subject, if you're wondering whether your pen contains enough ink to finish the job in hand.

Even worse is to have a pen run dry at some critical moment, rile your blood and muddle your mind. Compared with what you lose by these mental tumults, the price of this revolutionary Parker Vacumatic is only a trifle.

A jewel-like pedigreed Beauty with shimmering laminations of alternate Pearl and Jet, a wholly exclusive Style—a weight that's lighter than light, and a shape that's restfully slenderized.

Not merely modern in style, but thirty years ahead in mechanism. A patented Guaranteed-Perfect Pen with a SAC-LESS Diaphragm Filler that abolishes 14 parts still found in old-style pens.

Go to any good pen counter and see the new Major and Maxima Vacumatics—de luxe models with slenderized shape, enlarged ink capacity, one-third more Gold, and new self-governed flow.

Try Parker's inspiring Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold, Iridium tipped. And look for the smart ARROW Clip—that's the mark of highest excellence in a fountain pen, and identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

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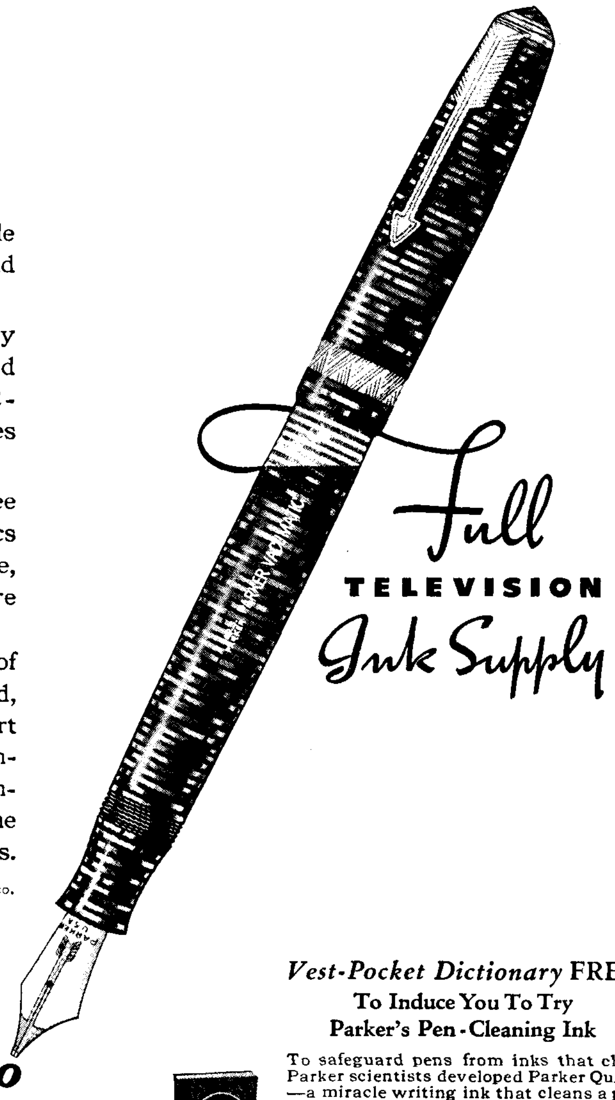

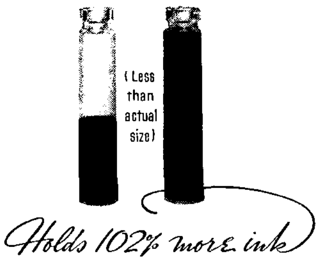

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Collier's

November 6, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

Next Week

CAROL KINGSLEY and Bill Braydon started from opposite sides of the Pacific, headed in opposite directions and not knowing each other. Bill was on his way home from Siam for his first vacation in five years; they carried him off the boat feet first at Honolulu, suffering from some obscure tropical bug. Carol was headed for matrimony in China, but that fell through too.

It was when Carol was at the end of her rope—no prospects ahead and no way to get back—that she met Bill. He was just what a kind destiny had ordered, as Margaret Craven proves in "Man Hunt."

WHEN the Black-Connery bill, specifying maximum hours and minimum wages, was introduced into Congress there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Especially in the South. Collier's sent Walter Davenport to find out what working conditions there are like. He talked to men and women who have not received a cent in their pay envelopes for years. He saw factories that are admirably and fairly run and others that exist by means of a system of peonage. Next week he reports his findings in a startling and provocative article.

THE night the Armistice was signed Henry Morrison was in the hospital. He got out long enough to get into a fight. And that was unwise, for Henry was in no shape to fight and came off second best. But he had been fighting for a lady, and she rewarded him. In "Armistice Night Dinner," John R. Tunis gives you the strange and moving sequel.

AT ALMOST every important track meet some athlete breaks a record and the newspapers call attention to this unmistakable proof that the human race is improving. Maybe it is. But before we're too sure it would pay to look at the older athletes and the conditions in which they performed. James B. Connolly, who was one of them, gives you the picture.

NOBODY except Sax Rohmer has ever been able to explain why Barbary apes inhabit Gibraltar. His answer is simple enough—a tunnel running under the Straits. It will hardly surprise you to find the British empire thrown into a dither by this discovery, with skulduggery occurring at every crossroad. The result is told in "Tunnel of the Apes."

GEORGE MILBURN, W. B. Courtney, George Creel, Katharine Roberts, Ernest Haycox, George F. Worts, Freling Foster and others complete the issue.

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●

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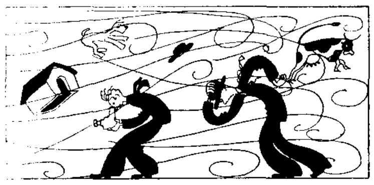
COVER WALT DISNEY STUDIOS

Any Week

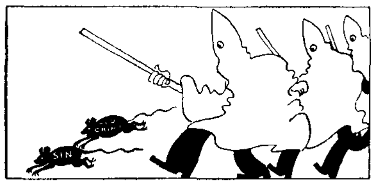
IN OUR childlike innocence we published a piece not long ago about the Dust Bowl. Merely trying to be helpful, that's all. Imagine our astonishment when a large number of people read it—"Land Where Our Children Die." For days thereafter we could be seen fighting our way through floods of letters and newspapers, most of which accused us of being everything from a sissy to an assassin. One gentleman in Baca County, Colorado, offered to sell us proof, garnished with affidavits, that neither the writer of the article, Walter Davenport, nor our energetic Welsh photographer, Ifor Thomas, had been anywhere near the Dust Bowl. Several letters assured us that there was no Dust Bowl anyway. So, naturally, we spoke to Messrs. Thomas and Davenport about it. They seemed as surprised as we were, Mr. Thomas protesting that he would have had several more pictures of ruined farms if the wind hadn't blown them away before he could press the camera trigger. As we say, we were just trying to be helpful. How were we to know that the famous Mr. Gene Howe's Amarillo News was going to devote a couple of pages to calling us a liar as only Mr. Howe can? Of course we might have followed the advice of Mr. George Sissin of Colorado Springs. "If I was editor," says Mr. Sissin, "and found conditions like that, admitting they could be better, I would say nothing about it."



NEITHER does Mr. Ancil Cowgell of Bismarck, North Dakota, find things completely to his liking. "This interference by the federal government in the private affairs of us citizens is getting to a serious point," writes Mr. Cowgell. "It is fine that we can borrow money from the government but it is only just, too, because it is our own money. But when you apply for these loans they ask you too many questions such as what are you going to do with this money. That is none of the public's business."

WE ARE very glad, however, to report that Mr. Marvin T. Grattan of Marshalltown, Iowa, notifies us that "widely published has been the statement that I shot a Mr. Mead during an argument. That is not the evidence. About midway of the barn my grandson met Mr. Mead, a stranger. I could not hear what they said but saw Mr. Mead grab a pitchfork, knock the boy down and keep beating him. I ran toward them and shot Mr. Mead. But there was no argument. That is pure fiction."

ALL of which must be very comforting to everybody except Mr. Mead. If we had time to accept an invitation sent by Mr. Mitchell Olls of Rome, Georgia, we might look farther into the unhappy incident. Mr. Olls asks us to join "the reborn, more glorious Ku Klux Klan," assuring us that "our country is reeking with sin and red crime. The Klan has been reborn by necessity. Become a knight and serve the cause of American Christianity."



BUT we're much too busy to spend our evenings whooshing around the land in a sheet interfering with sin. At the moment we're pretty deep in the business of promoting the Honorable Pat V. James of Hot Coffee, Mississippi, for President. Mr. James is our favorite office seeker. When running for county commissioner Mr. James launched his campaign with the following words: "You are accustomed, my dear friends, to be told by candidates for this high office that if elected they will be honest. Let me go farther than that. If elected I shall be as honest as circumstances permit." Mr. James was not elected, the electorate being stupidly suspicious of his fine candor.

EVEN the valuable Mr. Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, has his moments of despair. Mr. Berry reports that running for public office has become a major industry in Arkansas. "One of our veteran office seekers," says Mr. Berry, "was caught shaking hands with a group of children. A friend took him to task for wasting time. Said the friend, 'Them kids ain't old enough to vote, you sap.' And the tireless patriot replied: 'Maybe not now, but they will be before I quit running.' "

AND we will have to do a bit of thinking about a brief letter that has just arrived from Mr. A. Sallig of Scranton, Pennsylvania. We'll give you the whole letter: "Dear Sir: Hah. At last. Respectfully, A. Sallig."

A GABBY guy.

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News of Plymouth's Great New 1938 Car

IT'S AN EXCITING CAR TO SEE..TO DRIVE..NEW RICHNESS OUTSIDE AND INSIDE..NEW COMFORTS AND DRIVING EASE..MORE VISION..AMAZING VALUE!

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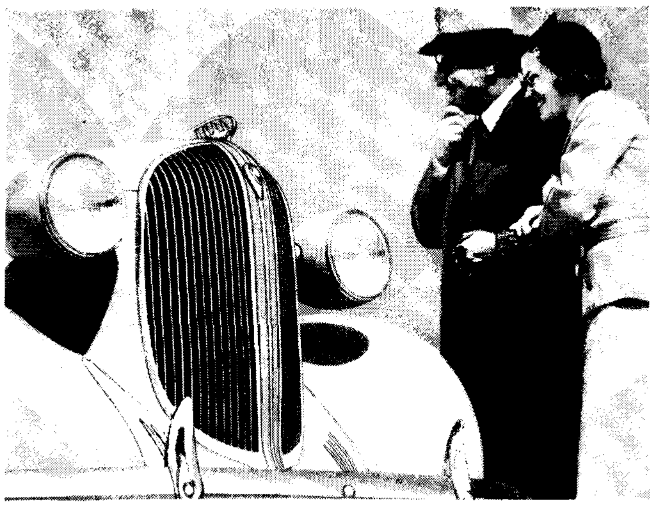
It's on display right now... the brilliant, new 1938 Plymouth. It celebrates the most outstanding record in automotive history.

10 years ago Plymouth was introduced. People found it had *more* beauty, safety, economy. They *bought* by the *thousands.*

No car has ever made friends *so fast!*

The 10th-year Plymouth is here... the greatest car we've built. Be sure to see it!

COSTS AMAZINGLY LITTLE TO OWN. Plymouth is priced with the lowest! And the Commercial Credit Company offers very convenient payment terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour... Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

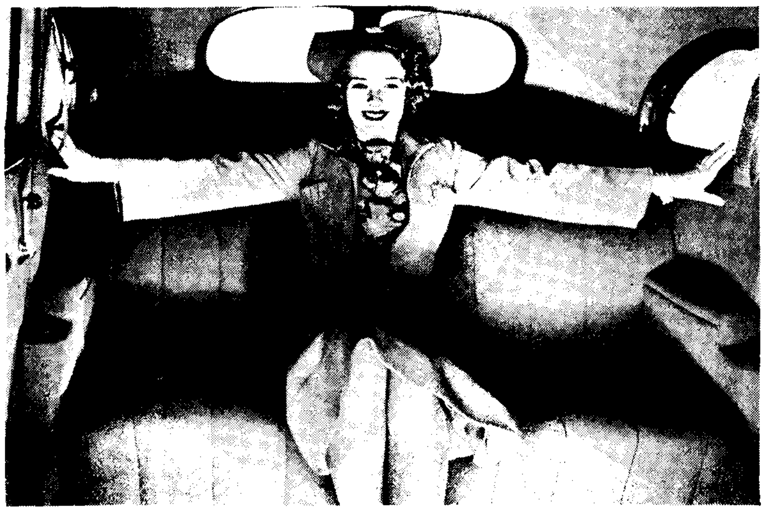


1 **Step Up Close and Look** at this beautiful, new 1938 Plymouth! The radiator is new in contour... look at that long hood! Fenders are deeper; headlights are larger and more efficient.

2 **Now Step In and See How Easy** it is to adjust the front seat. It *rises* as it moves forward—for easier vision.

3 **This is News, too!** Instruments are easier to read...and the handbrake is located under the panel.

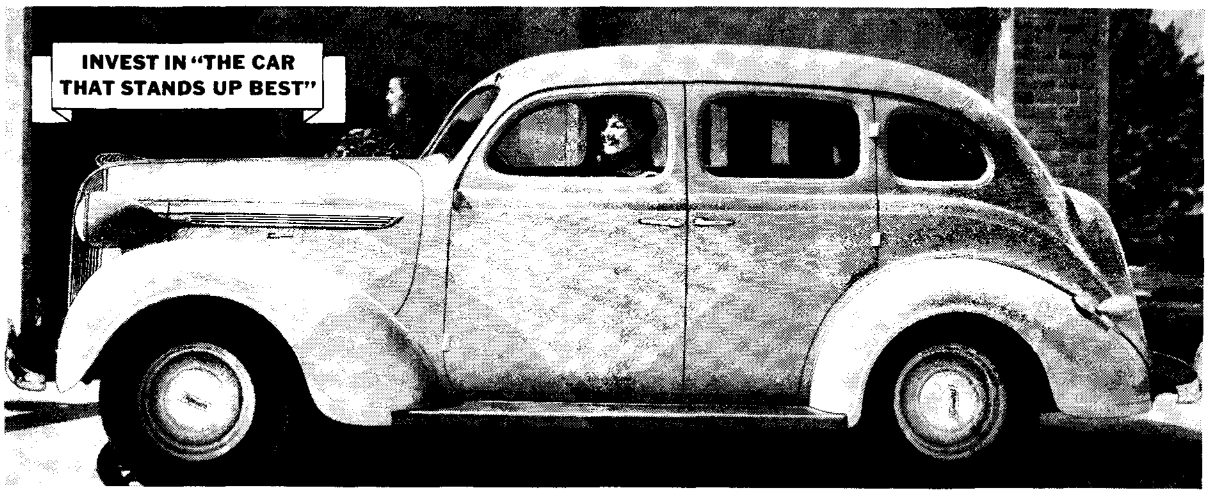
4 **Try the Back Seat**—it's "chair-height"... richly upholstered.



5 **Stretch Out!** Enjoy the greater elbow room, head room and leg room. The whole car "floats" on Amola steel springs, with airplane-type shock-absorbers. Live rubber body mountings block out road vibration.

6 **Hear a Watch**—Plymouth is sound-proofed like a radio studio!

7 **Say—These Engineers Have Thought of Everything!** Besides the tremendous extra room, this baggage compartment is fabric-lined to protect your luggage!



8 **Isn't it a Beauty? The New 1938 Plymouth!** The *only* low-priced car with Floating Power engine mountings... *double-action* hydraulic brakes... an all-steel body... a Safety Interior... record savings on gas and oil. Go see and drive *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth

CARNIVOROUS, or flesh-eating, animals all have highly developed cuspids. The single sharp point is perfectly adapted for tearing fibrous foods. The tiger's long cuspids illustrate how the shape of particular teeth indicates the use intended by Nature. Human cuspids are at the corners of the mouth.

THE CLEANING POWER OF POWDER IN MODERN CREAM FORM ...that's Listerine Tooth Paste!

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder *in modern form* . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the lustrous sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

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TOOTH PASTE
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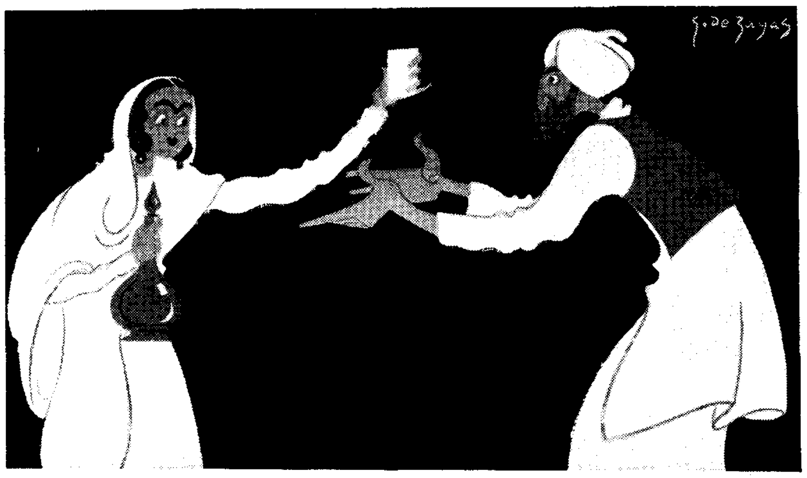
Good Housekeeping Magazine

More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Virtually all Hindu families in India possess a bottle of water from the Ganges River for use in a fatal illness. A sip of this holy water at such a time, it is believed, exempts a dying person from the necessity of returning to this world to live his life again.

Not all coughs are caused by irritation of the throat, windpipe, bronchi or the lungs. A cough is often the symptom of indigestion, inflammation of the liver or disorders of the spleen, pancreas or the kidneys.

The builders of the timber church of St. Catherine, still the most noteworthy structure in Honfleur, France, made an odd compromise when it was constructed several centuries ago. As the church was too weak to support its steeple and there was no room for it in the churchyard, it was built, and still stands, on the house across the street.—*By Mrs. Arthur G. Stout, Wheaton, Illinois.*

In the United States today, nearly 75 out of every 100 fur coats sell for less than $100.—*By Anita Schumack, Pottsville, Pennsylvania.*

The Bureau of Prisons in Washington estimates that 100,000 of the 160,000 inmates in our federal and state prisons today spend their time in idleness.—*By Lawrence Lucey, New York City.*

Many individuals cannot be hypnotized, particularly those who are strong-minded, feeble-minded or insane. On the other hand, persons who are especially susceptible to hypnotism may be put to sleep at once, even by a command in writing.

"Henry" has been the most widely used name of European kings, emperors and princes during the past thousand years. One family, the dynasty of Reuss, which ruled two former German principalities for hundreds of years, called every male member by this name, one of the last being known as Heinrich LXXXIV, or Henry the 84th.—*By Sidney Haas, Los Angeles, California.*

A few years ago on Broadway, New York, several large electric signs won distinction in unusual ways. One became famous because a king purchased a replica for his palace in the Orient, another because it regularly received fan mail from its countless admirers and another because it virtually stopped traffic each night at a certain hour while a number of living chorus girls "danced" up and down on its face to the music of their orchestra.

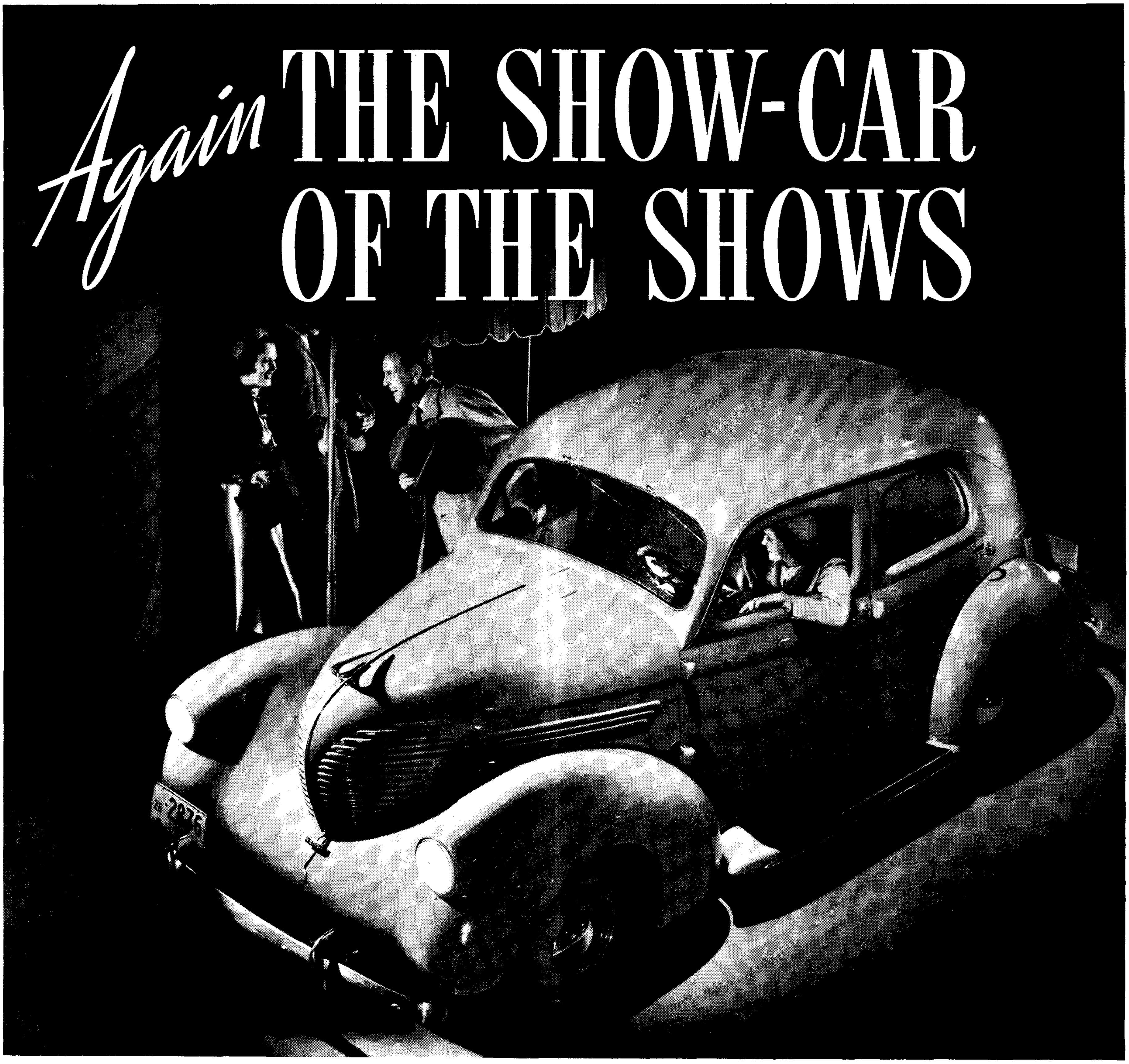
One of the deadliest weapons ever invented was a special Navy model of the Thompson submachine gun, which fired ten shots a second.

One need not be a lawyer to serve on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.—*By Saunder Harris, New York City.*

On October 15, 1930, all countries interested in classical literature celebrated the 2,000th birthday of Vergil, the great Roman poet, with Vergilian exercises, exhibitions, festivals, tours and cruises. Excluding holy persons, no other man in all history, so far as is known, has ever been honored on the bimillenary of his birth.

Excepting famous stories that have been produced more than once, very few of the 16,200 movies released in this country since 1915 have had the same title. Every company owns an alphabetical list of these pictures which it consults constantly in order to avoid name duplication.—*By Don Teeters, Toledo, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**


Again THE SHOW-CAR OF THE SHOWS

— AND STILL THE LOW-PRICE SENSATION

Again, from this famous 35-year-old line of cars, comes another history-making new model—the 1938 Willys.

Again, backed by a year of enthusiastic public approval, the new, greatly improved Willys offers the type of car people have shown they want.

No other car offers such an opportunity to save money. "I am actually saving more than $13 a month . . . getting 33 miles per gallon, but savings are not all . . . my Willys is unusually roomy . . . never have I owned a more all-around satisfactory car," says C. J. Stolp of Godfrey, Illinois.

And owners throughout the country are reporting up to 35 miles per gallon. They tell also how safe they feel with the sturdily constructed, all-steel top and body—the positive-acting, oversized brakes—the safety glass. They like the roominess—the front seat is about three times the width of the average theater seat. The luggage compartment has a capacity equal to the cubic content of seven average-size suitcases.

Low first cost and low monthly payments enable you to own the beautiful new Willys—to save while you feel the pride of driving one of America's smartest cars. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

Save half **YOUR GAS***

** Information indicates national average of all makes of cars 12 to 16 miles per gallon.*

. . . DRIVE THE NEW Willys

THE WEIGHT OF A DOLLAR IS SCALED BY WHAT IT DOES

One of the greatest money-savers in the world today is the process of stencil duplication invented by us. If we could write the full record of its magnificent economies, you would find it an intriguing revelation. But you cannot know how much it will save for you until you have come to understand what it can do for you. In business, in education, in government, even for some of the professions, it is not only reducing costs, but is speeding up efficiency and widening the scope of operation. No matter where your interests lie, why not inform yourself concerning its ability to put dollars to work to your advantage? In your vicinity, there is a factory-trained representative who will gladly demonstrate the money value of Mimeograph performance as applied to your needs. For particulars write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for the local address.

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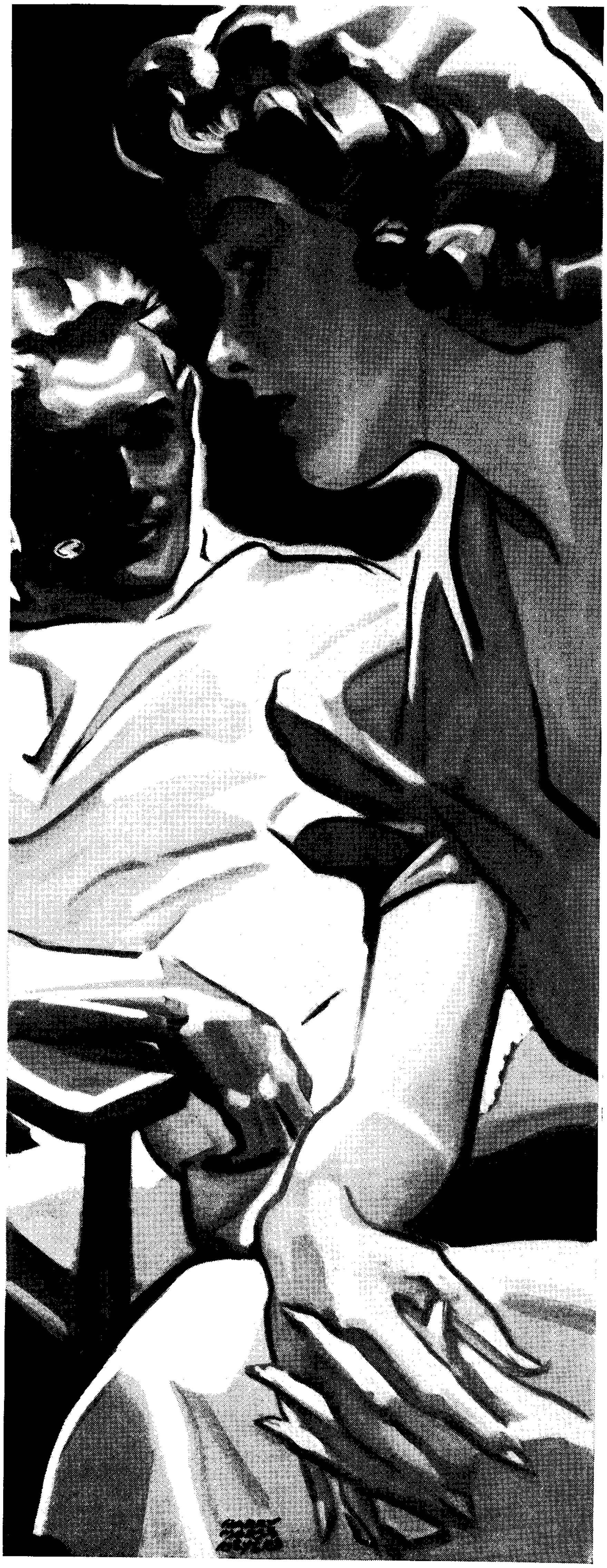
Neglected Wife

By Laurette Knight

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Why did Dino Perugini's wife decide to leave him? It took a far wiser man than Dino to answer the question



He had invited Steve to meet Polly, and soon the boy was a regular visitor, dropping in two or three times a week

MYRA opened the studio door and stood for a moment, a tall woman, slender and calm. "Dino is here," she said. "I think you had better go to him."

Andrea looked at her interrogatively and she said in her quiet, well-disciplined voice, "He has been drinking. In fact, he is quite drunk."

Andrea laid down his paint brush. "Where is he?"

"In the living room."

Leaving his wife in the studio, Andrea crossed the flagged terrace and entered the house. In the living room Dino sat with his head in his hands, but when he heard Andrea's footsteps he took his hands away and said, "Hello, Dad."

"Hello, son."

Andrea thought: "Well, it's happened." But he gave no sign of noticing Dino's rumpled clothes or the dark rings which extended from the inner corners of his eyes to his cheekbones, so deep that they seemed to have been carved in the delicate flesh.

Dino sat up straighter and passed a hand over his hair. "As you can see," he said, "I'm drunk. At least I think so. It hasn't helped much." He looked at his father. "Polly has left me. For Steve Donnelly." Suddenly he abandoned his desperate effort at self-control. "But they won't get away with it! I'll follow them—"

"Wait, Dino," Andrea said. "Sit down and get hold of yourself. Now, then. Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes," Dino said wearily. "Polly left a note. Just like a play: note, best friend, neglected wife. I didn't realize that Polly was a neglected wife, but maybe you never do." His voice trailed off vaguely and he closed his eyes.

Andrea stood up. "I'll make some coffee. Then we can talk about it." He went into the kitchen, to find Myra laying sandwiches on a plate. "I don't know whether Dino told you," Andrea said. "Polly has gone away. With Steve Donnelly."

Myra brought the silver coffeepot and two cups and saucers. When the tray was complete she handed it to Andrea. "I have to go into the village," she said. "I may be gone several hours. Of course you will make him see that Polly is not to be browbeaten into coming back." Turning away, she murmured, "Poor child."

Andrea returned to the living room, poured coffee into a cup and gave it to Dino. "Drink this, son," he said.

Slumped in his chair, Dino took the cup obediently but made no attempt to drink. "I love her so much, Father," he said humbly. Fatigue gave his young face such a look of tragic defeat that Andrea longed to comfort him, to give assurance that Polly would come back and life go on as before. But he hardened himself against the impulse.

"In that case," he said, "you will let her go freely."

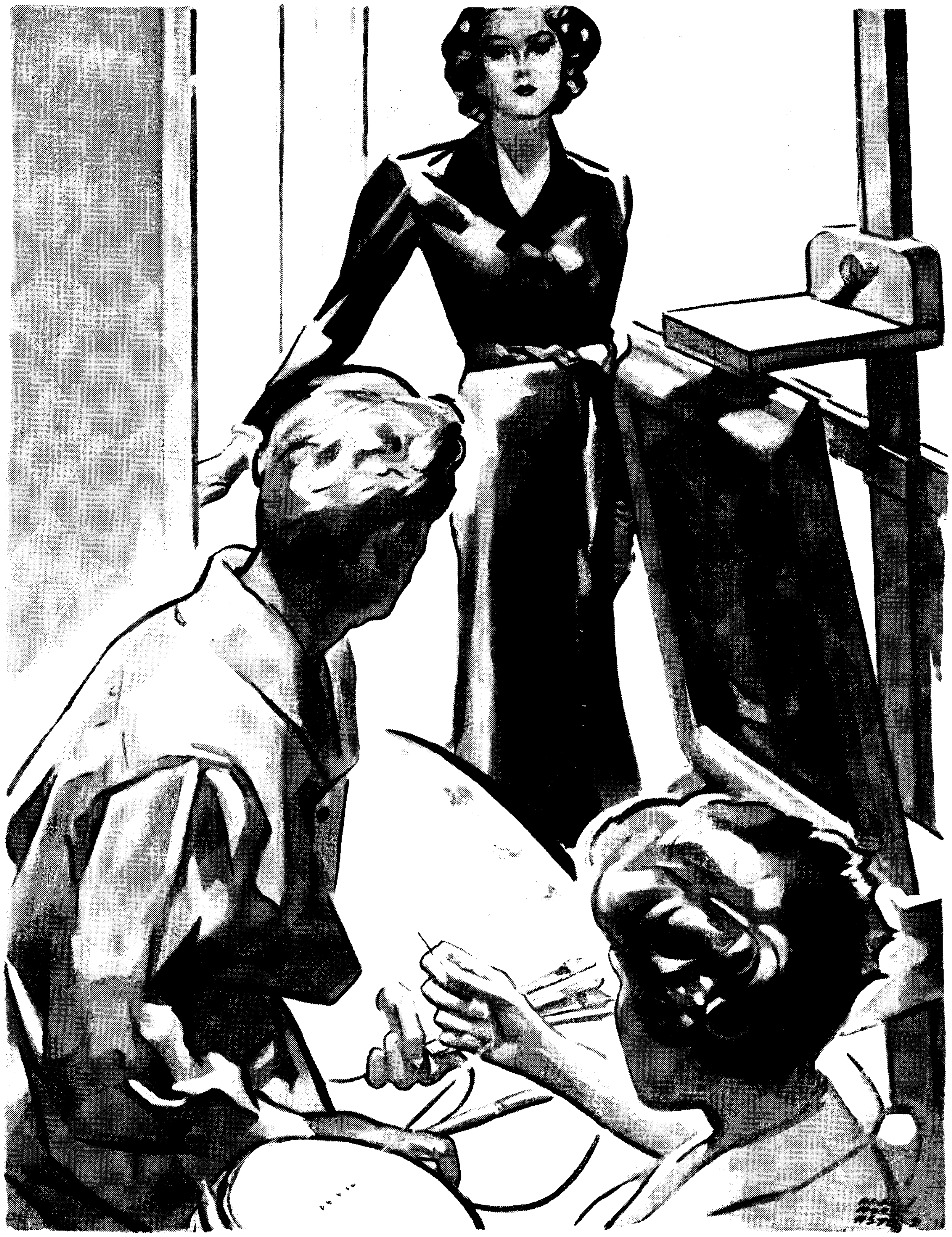
DINO got to his feet, his blue eyes blazing. "Are you insane? Do you think I'm going to sit by idly while my wife runs away with the rotter who calls himself my best friend?"

"You have not been Steve's best friend for some years now, Dino," Andrea said slowly, stressing the pronoun.

But the boy was past comprehending that, or chose to ignore it. "What's the difference? Father, don't you understand?"

"I understand this much," said Andrea: "If Polly has gone away with Steve Donnelly it is because you've failed her. And if you love her as much as you say, you will let her go. Steve is a fine person. He isn't good-looking or clever like you, but there are times, my son, when good looks and charm are not enough."

Andrea forced himself to meet the stricken eyes in Dino's white face and finished what he had to say: "Steve is



"I've heard a thousand times," she said, "that you can't run away from yourself. But I had to walk up a gangplank before I understood"

what Polly believed you to be when she married you—a man."

In the colony at Greenfield it was possible to observe the effects of a creative atmosphere upon people of no talent, children who grew up to be writers or painters through no inner compulsion but because it was all they had ever known. But Dino, thanks to the peasant in him, was too practical to make a mistake of that kind. He could thank the peasant Peruginis, too, for physical strength and the health of a fine animal. A supple, well-made body, sensitiveness and taste: these were the contributions of Myra's family. Well and good. But from both sides and therefore doubly strong came two disquieting traits that had skipped a generation—ruthlessness and the desire for material possessions.

As a child he had been, like his close friend, the sculptor's son Steven Donnelly, a healthy, uninhibited small animal. It was not, in fact until he was eighteen that the disquieting change came about: the metamorphosis from a carefree youngster into a handsome, rather elegant young man with an easy charm of manner. It was in his eighteenth year that Dino elected to go to college.

WHEN he came home for the summer the transformation had taken place. It was then that his parents learned about Psi U, which was not, as Andrea ignorantly thought, a mispronunciation of the word Sioux but an abbreviation of Psi Upsilon. Dino had "made" Psi U.

"You know, Dad," he said, lounging on the window seat in the studio, "it's important to make the right contacts. Not just in college but all through life. I'm realizing that more and more."

Andrea, at his easel, nodded. He was aware of an unspoken criticism hovering between them, and began tentatively, "I'll tell you, Dino—" Afterward he supposed that he might have gone on to answer the implications in the boy's words, but Dino stopped him before he could make a fool of himself.

"Dad," he said, "if you don't mind, I'd rather you called me Dan. The fellows at school do and I'm sort of used to it."

"All right, Dan," Andrea said cheerfully.

That first summer Dino and Steve went everywhere together—to dances, to the weekly movies, to the post office for the late afternoon mail and, following a prescribed custom, across the street to the Eating House for a sandwich. And everywhere they went they discussed life, intently and earnestly. Andrea remembered a conversation overheard through the studio window as the two sat on the terrace drinking coffee.

"*Things* aren't important." That was Steve's voice, slow, deep and halting. "I don't want my life all cluttered up with things. Or people, for that matter. Of course, people are necessary"—Andrea smiled at that—"but it's what's in you, inside yourself, that counts."

Then the articulate voice of Dino: "But you're wrong. One can't just shut himself away from the world and live in a cell. *I* want things. Exciting things—exciting people, too; people who can talk about something besides art. Lord, you artists are like a lot of cloak and suit salesmen, always talking shop!"

Andrea went to the window and looked out at the two boys on the terrace. The one, big, red-haired and bony in a faded green sweater, sat hunched in his chair, frowning at the cup in his hand. The other, tall, dark, slender with his mother's deceptive slenderness, leaned with unconscious grace against a table. Andrea sighed and walked away.

WHEN Dino came home for Christmas of his sophomore year he brought two friends, Doug Cameron and Bertram Wade. They drove up in an expensive car, carried monogrammed luggage to the spare rooms, washed, had lunch and left immediately for a near-by fashionable resort. "Doug is a big man in Psi U," Dino told his father privately. Andrea nodded, smiling a little sadly. He could see Doug Cameron's life stretching before him like a smooth macadam road, with money, health and a complete lack of imagination to make the traveling easy. Doug was deferential; he said, "My father owns two of your pictures, sir." And his pale shadow, Bertram Wade, ventured to observe, "I should think you'd go in more for portrait painting, Mr. Perugini." Andrea could finish that thought for himself: *There's money in it.*

After that there were others, all cast in the same mold. Until, in his senior year, Dino met the Bakers.

"The Northern and Southern chain-store people," he wrote. "*Nouveau,* but rolling in the stuff. I spent last week end at their country place—one of those vast houses done in movie baronial style but everything real. Even the picture collection. You would love the picture collection—a little Rembrandt, two Corots and a Cezanne still-life hanging cheek by jowl with a Fruit and Fish and a Moated Castle at Sunset."

And then: "I shan't be home for Easter. Polly Baker has asked me for a cruise on her father's yacht. But you'll be coming up in June."

When Andrea and Myra went up for the graduation exercises they found him looking well and handsomer than ever. In his "good" suit, the blue serge which served for infrequent trips into the city, Andrea felt awkward; deprived of the comfortable clothes he was used to and which suited him so well, he couldn't help thinking he hardly did justice to so elegant a son. But Myra, with her quiet air of race, was the most beautiful woman present. Dino could be proud of Myra.

So he was graduated. And the four years had not been wasted, for he had made the right contacts.

DINO was not often at home during the month of July. When he was, he spent hours in his room, writing letters which went off urgently plastered with air-mail and special-delivery stamps. Steve dropped in occasionally for beer on the terrace. Then Dino talked amusingly of the people he knew in New

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Tears by Sylvia

By Katharine Roberts

The stormy, tear-inspiring career of Sylvia Sidney, who gained stardom between tumbles

VANDAMM

NOW if you'll just come down those stairs from the balcony to the stage—No! Please—*please*, Miss Sidney—not backward! Face the audience. You'll be wearing a dainty, frilly dress and you must just float down the steps gracefully. Now try it."

The fifteen-year-old student of the Theater Guild School, who was to play the lead in its spring production of Prunella, went gingerly to the edge of the balcony, looked down the ten-foot flight of ladderlike steps and burst into tears. Someone else made the descent to show her how easy it was to waft down the steep steps and keep her face foremost without landing on it. Again young Sylvia peeked over the edge and this time burst into a freshet of weeping.

"She'll *float* down all right in a minute," remarked an exasperated member of the school faculty.

Eventually she made the descent without tears. She had to. They were really tears of rage at herself for being so scared of high places. But dismay at anything she didn't do right in those early days brought on the deluge. Miss Sidney has now got her lachrymal apparatus under better control and it has been distinctly useful in her picture career. She can turn on the weeps at will by concentrating for a second in absolute silence, but so far she hasn't learned to stop so easily. When they were making a scene for You Only Live Once, it took fifteen minutes to get her dried up and reassembled after Director Fritz Lang yelled, "Cut!"

Her emotion is definitely contagious. She not only gives tears; she gets them. Only the box office does not weep. One of the reasons for this is that the stories of her pictures—at least, of the last several—are honest and she has played them that way. She has thrived on the realism of An American Tragedy, Street Scene, Fury, You Only Live Once and latest of all, Dead End—a picture of life on the edge of New York's East River where poverty and luxury are too close for the good of either.

There is a sequel to that Prunella incident which is providing current news. Shortly after the critics who saw the school play had said nice things about her, the fifteen-year-old thespian was kicked out of the Theater Guild School. It had moved for the summer to a house near Scarborough and was presenting what was fondly called school stock, to give the students practical training. Rules were strict. One was that no one was to be out after ten-thirty. Anyone awake after that hour should be studying lines. The little Sidney was an independent young thing and thought that if she was willing to get up and study in the morning, no one should be unreasonable about her evenings.

One night, after a lovely drive with a young man, Sylvia arrived at the front door of the Scarborough house. It was locked. As someone opened it and she tiptoed in, Winifred Lenihan, the head of the school, appeared on the dark hall stairs dramatically waving a flashlight. There is an old poem that begins, "'Twas midnight and the hour was late." That was the gist of Miss Lenihan's first comment. This led into a speech concerning the dignity of the Guild *et cetera,* and wound up with a command to pack and never darken the door again.

Booted into a Career

The next morning Miss Sylvia was in Coventry. As she jammed things into a suitcase, only the furtive whisperings of the other little embryo Duses reached her in disgrace, but temper shot from her like sparks from an electric welder and in that very moment she became a Broadway actress vowing to go out and get a job. She got it, and several others. The fact is now noted that the name of this young lady who was sacked from the Guild School is at the present moment emblazoned on the front of the Guild Theater as the shining star of its first play of the season, Ben Hecht's To Quito and Back.

For some seasons past, whenever a producer has had a script tentatively titled Love Rises Out of the Ashcan, he has sent for Sylvia Sidney. When she first heard about the new Ben Hecht play, she thought it was probably another one of those. But it lets her wear gorgeous clothes on the stage for the first time in years, and she does no really thoroughgoing sobbing, either—merely a gulp or two here and there. But there is a South American revolution in it and she is likewise required to be stanch and brave. So she's still on familiar ground.

When she finishes the run of the play, she is to do a picture of Wuthering Heights and then, of course, a film about the Spanish struggle. No picture of rebellion, social or otherwise, is complete today without her.

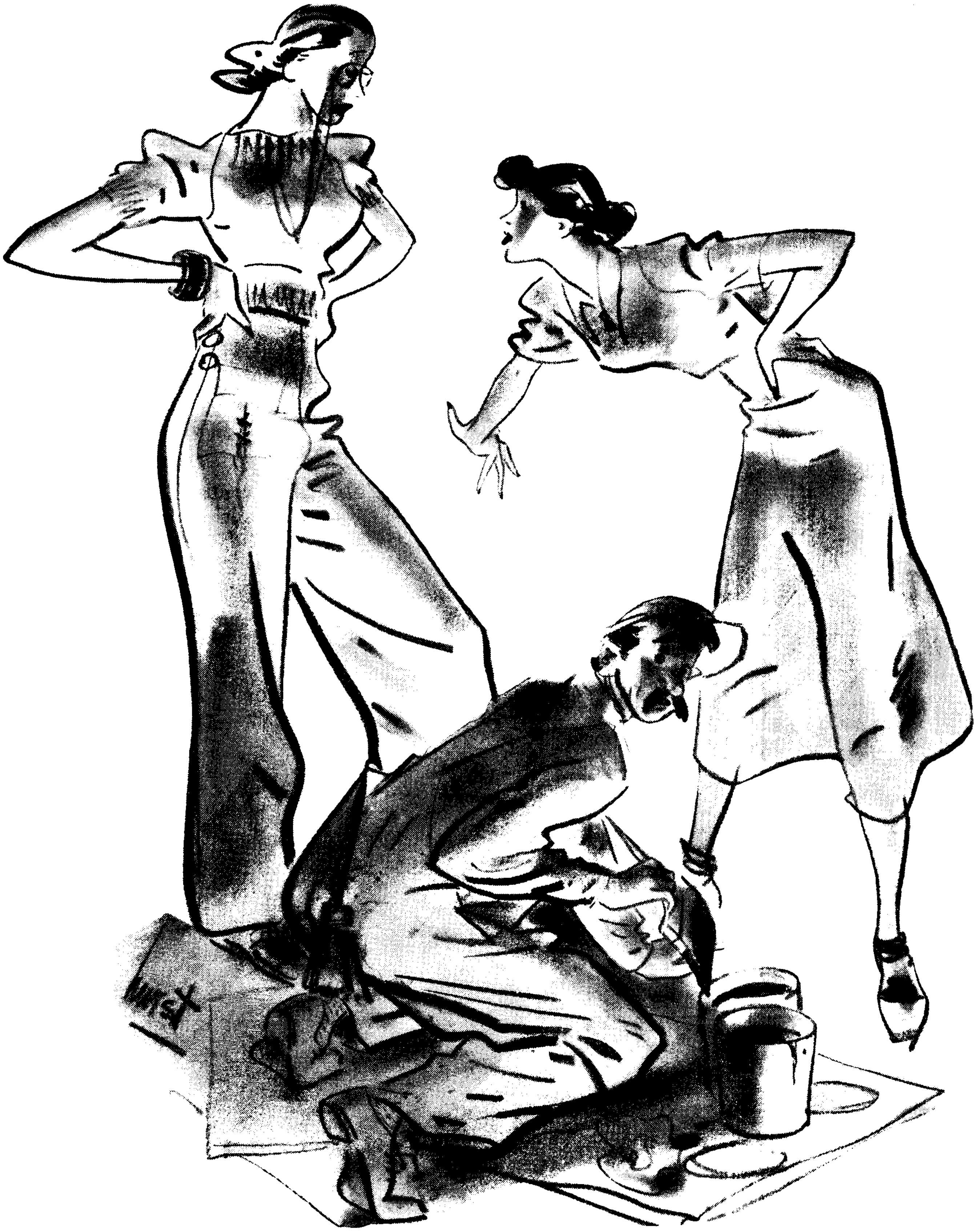
We've never met anyone who looked so little like the public's idea of her. The cinematic Sylvia might be the actual Miss Sidney's older sister by about seven years, for the camera alters the line of her face rather surprisingly. It destroys the very delicate modeling that runs from the high cheekbones down to

(Continued on page 74)

House for a Woman

By Elmer Davis

If ever a man enjoyed a speedy recovery from a jilting, the one in this story did. More power to him—may he and his good Aunt Lucy have many more lucky breaks!



There were Marygusta and his aunt. Also Ab Jones, the painter, who looked harassed

BUSINESS was dull in the bank that afternoon—a May afternoon that might stir even the steadiest of young men to thoughts of something else than notes and discounts; and Rufus Olcott found himself reflecting that nothing was quite so satisfying as building a house for yourself—and your woman. Not that he had a woman yet, but Mary Augusta Fitts had promised to be his in June; and building a home for her gave him a sense of being full-grown at last, of standing on his own feet. Naturally he had never mentioned that feeling, even to Marygusta, New Englanders not being given to promiscuous discussion of their emotions; and other people might have found it hard to understand, in a young man of such solidity. But other people hadn't had to live almost all their lives with his Aunt Lucy. . . .

Just then Marygusta herself came in, nodding to her father in the president's railed enclosure and coming straight on to Rufus' desk.

"What's the matter?" he asked. She wasn't a girl who would intrude on him in office hours for mere idle pleasure.

"Nothing. I just thought I might drive you out, when you're through work, and see how they're getting on with the house. How soon—?"

"About an hour. Aunt Lucy's out there now—to keep an eye on the workmen."

"Oh, she is?" Marygusta's level eyes regarded him inscrutably. "Is your car here? . . . It is? Then I'll go ahead, and you come when you can."

"But then we couldn't drive back together, on this fine afternoon—"

"We'll have all our lives to drive back together," said Marygusta. "I'd better get out there now, to keep an eye on—on the workmen."

Proudly his eyes followed her out—a fine, upstanding girl. Not what you would call a beauty; but, as people in Sundlebury were fond of saying, there was character in her face. And everybody regarded them as a suitable match. Sometimes Rufus had wondered if it weren't too suitable, if this union of the leading families of the town hadn't been predestined, automatic; certainly she hadn't shared, at first, his enthusiasm for this house he was building on the mountain. Sundlebury people, no matter how much money they had, didn't live on the mountain; it would have been wasteful, with summer people willing to pay fancy prices for anything you built there. But Marygusta had let him have his way (after all, it was his own money); and now at last she was taking an interest in the house, too.

SO HE was very happy as he drove away an hour later—down Main Street, past the Common where Aunt Lucy's big house loomed yellow beyond the green of the elms. Thank God, he wouldn't have to live in it much longer; even Aunt Lucy admitted that it was hideous, with its bulging bay windows and festoons of scrollwork. His own house, now— As his car shot out of town he could see it, far ahead among the summer homes on the shoulder of the mountain. A house worthy of Marygusta.

As yet it looked better from a distance; the landscaping was still to be done; the yard, when he drove in, was a litter of lumber. Three or four cars were parked there, but no one was in sight; Rufus walked in and heard voices above him—women's voices, controlled and well-bred, but vibrant with feeling. Uneasily he ran upstairs to the big front bedroom whose broad window looked down the long sweep of the valley; and there were Marygusta and his aunt. Also Ab Jones, the painter, who looked harassed.

"Rufus!" said both women, turning toward him imperiously. With a sudden chill, it struck him that they looked very much alike. Aunt Lucy's figure was as streamlined as Marygusta's; her dark hair was hardly touched with gray; and there was, he perceived, character in both their faces. Too much character. . . . "Rufus!" said Marygusta. "Your aunt told Ab Jones she wanted this room finished in blue. Will you let her—?"

"Marygusta," his aunt put in dryly, "seems to prefer jonquil yellow. Are you going to let her—?" Rufus cleared his throat, with authority.

"Yellow? Blue? . . . Ab, didn't we agree on something in gray-green?"

"You said something about it," Ab amended prudently.

"Gray-green!" said both women in scornful unison. "I must say," Mary Augusta sniffed, "that inasmuch as this is going to be my room—"

It is also, Rufus found himself thinking, going to be my room.

"I should think," Aunt Lucy offered, "you young people would be cozier in the smaller bedroom. This ought to be the guest room." (Easy to guess who would be the guest.) "Of course, I'm only trying to help you—"

"You've helped wonderfully," said Marygusta with venom. "You've found all sorts of antiques for us—fine old stuff, and wonderful values. Only it's your selection, not mine. And when you start telling me how my room ought to be decorated—well, after all, whose house is this?"

The man whose money was paying for it perceived that whosever it might be, it wasn't going to be his unless he took a stand.

"Ab," he began with decision, "we'll do this room in—" Both women looked at him. "Er—we'll decide that this evening," he finished weakly.

If he had dined at home with Aunt Lucy that evening everything might have been different; but he happened to be dining with Marygusta's family, and when he was alone with her after dinner she took a stand.

"Rufus, your aunt brought you up after your parents died, so no wonder you're under her thumb. But I won't have her running my house for me—or running my husband! If I can't please my own taste in my own room—"

"What about my taste? I let you have your way about the honeymoon—"

"That was only common sense; neither of us has ever been to Bermuda, and we have to go somewhere. You wanted to prowl around the country in a trailer! I'd want to know a man pretty well before I did that."

"I SHOULD think," Rufus ventured, "you'd want to know a man pretty well before you married him."

"That's different—for us, I mean. It's the sensible thing, for both of us; you'll be president of the bank, whenever Father— Don't look so scandalized! I believe you want to get married mostly so you can move out of that horrible house of your aunt's. Not that I blame you, but—"

"That's not true! Building a house for you makes me feel like—like—" He tried to tell her how it made him feel, but the words were hard to find.

"It all sounds rather visionary," she complained. "As if you were building a dream house for your dream girl. But I'm not a dream girl—"

"I begin to see that," said Rufus with imprudent emphasis.

So it turned out that Marygusta would not be his in June—or any other time, she stated with vigor. She was going to Bermuda in June, just the same, but going by herself; and it didn't occur to him that perhaps she expected absence to make the heart grow fonder—especially a heart that would have to go on living with Aunt Lucy, in Aunt Lucy's house.

"I can't be very sorry," said his aunt when he broke the news at breakfast. "Marygusta's a fine, capable girl, but you don't want to live with a woman who wouldn't let you call your soul your own." (He didn't, but saw no help for it.) "But in one way it's a pity," she said. "Here you have a house almost finished and nothing to do with it. You can't live alone—"

And he didn't intend to propose that she move out there with him.

"I know," he said. "I'd like to touch a match to it—burn the damned thing down." She gasped in horror. "Oh, I won't, of course," he admitted. "But let it rot and blow away! I don't want it. The furniture— Well, you picked it out; why don't you put it in this house, and throw away this dreadful tasseled-plush stuff we've lived with all these years?"

"Because the house is just as bad. Tasseled plush suits it; good furniture wouldn't. I understand, Rufus; you're sick of your house just now. But I'll put it in order, and you can rent it to summer people."

"Rent it?" It seemed as impossibly intimate as renting his teeth.

"Why not? We get a good type of summer people here. Why let it lie idle, when you could get at least eight hundred dollars for the season?"

EIGHT hundred dollars, for the house of his dreams— But the dreams had blown away; and eight hundred dollars, to the descendant of his ancestors, was eight hundred dollars, even though he had plenty already.

So he told the local realtors the house was for rent, and Aunt Lucy had a good time supervising the workmen. But Rufus did not have a good time—not even when the summer people began to arrive and Sundlebury began to be gay. He was sick of the place, and of himself.

"I've bought a trailer," he announced one evening. "When I get my vacation next month I'm going cruising in it somewhere, by myself. Marygusta took the trip she wanted, alone; why shouldn't I?"

"You mustn't let yourself get neurasthenic," said his aunt in alarm. "Your trouble, Rufus, is that you haven't enough to do. If only Mr. Fitts would let you take more responsibility in the bank—"

"Whose fault is it that he doesn't? Why should other people have confidence in me, Aunt Lucy, when you won't let me manage your property?"

"My dear boy, that isn't due to lack of confidence. Mr. Fudley in Boston has been trustee of my property for so long, and has managed it so well— Don't be downhearted, Rufus; you have a beautiful house and some day you'll find the right woman for it. I've never seen so lovely a room as that big front bedroom. I don't wonder that you're particular about the people to whom you rent it."

For the people who had wanted to rent his house hadn't suited him. A family with small children—not among that good furniture; a couple just married—not in the house he had built for a woman who wouldn't have him.

"Do you want to rent it or don't you?" demanded Ben Hill, the realtor. "I'm tired of showing it to prospects, when you only turn them down."

"I'll stop in this afternoon," said Rufus, "and talk it over."

HE WAS in a hurry that hot afternoon, on his way to swim at the club; in the shaded office he saw, dimly, a young woman beside Hill's desk.

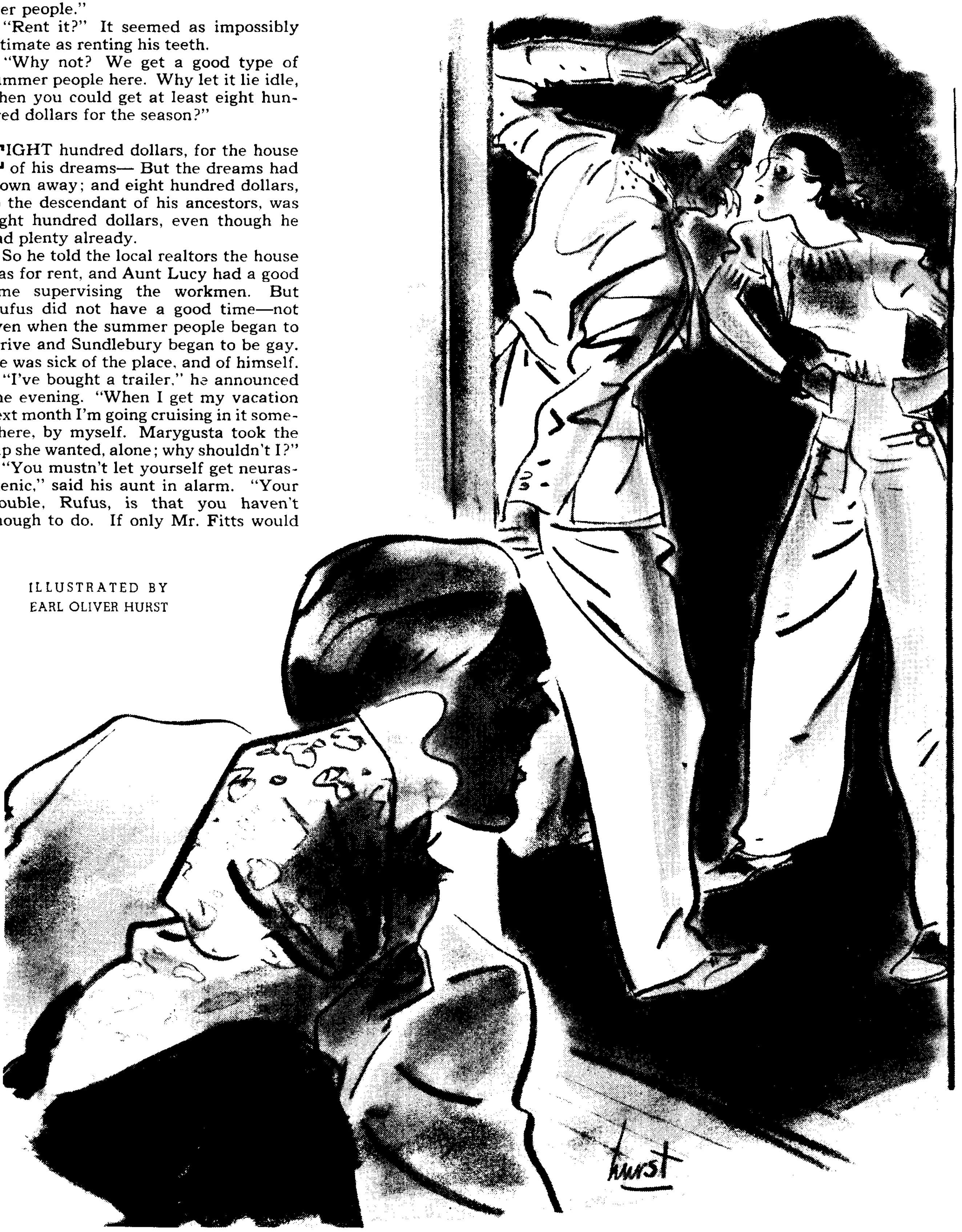
"Miss Demaree," said Hill, "this is Mr. Olcott, who owns that house you liked so much." Rufus frowned; he didn't want a lone woman in his house. "Miss Lila Demaree, Rufus. You probably know her books." Rufus didn't want one of these sophisticated women writers in his house, either.

"He probably doesn't," she said. "I only write children's books."

"Children's books? Well, that's different," Rufus thought aloud.

(Continued on page 108)

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

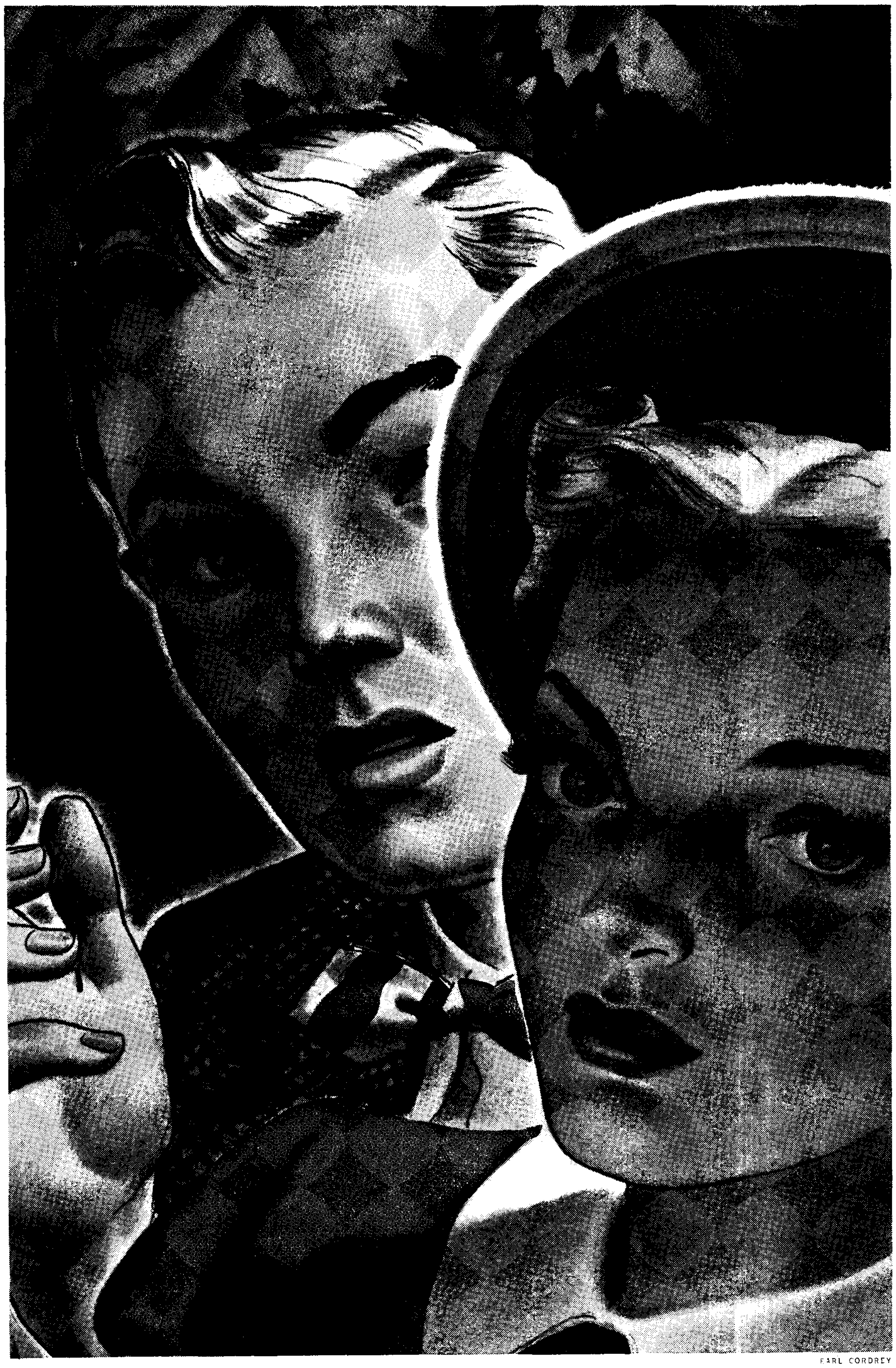


"I suspect she's rather enjoying it," said Rufus. "She doesn't often meet anybody who dares to give her an argument"

A Job on Main Street

By Lucian Cary

Peter Channing the Fourth had an expensive car and a hundred-acre estate. But he wanted a pick-and-shovel job, and a chance to show the town—and a girl—how wrong they were



"Yes," she said, "I trust you. But what's the use? My father hates the Channings"

PETER CHANNING the Fourth came home to Colesville when he was fourteen. It didn't seem like home to him. He had been born in Paris and gone to school in Switzerland and he had never been in Colesville before.

There was a car in the hold of the ship, a car of the make that won the Grand Prix that year. Peter didn't know how absurd it was to ship that car to America and pay the duty on it when there was so little money. He didn't even know that his grandfather no longer owned the Channing Hardware Works, or anything else, though he still lived in the house the first Peter Channing had built, with a hundred acres of lawn and meadow and woods around it.

Peter was out early the first morning to explore the place. There was a big barn with a mansard roof like the house, and a long one-story wing containing a row of box stalls. He found old McIntosh, the gardener, there.

"That," McIntosh said, waving his hand at the box stalls, "was for when we went in for horses. Morgans."

McIntosh was short and broad, with a walrus mustache. He wore an old straw hat without a crown. He jerked a thumb at some trees laid out in squares.

"That," he said, "was when we went in for planting nut trees. Walnuts and hickories."

The car arrived on Saturday. Peter found McIntosh working on it in the barn. The car had an engine hood of polished metal so long that the open four-seater body seemed an afterthought. It was plainly built for speed on the road. It was the kind of car any boy would be eager to drive.

"Your grandfather won't drive a car," McIntosh said.

"What's he going to do with it?"

McIntosh got an old white cotton carriage cover and draped it over the car.

"He says it's yours. He says it's yours when you're old enough to have a junior license. I guess that will be when you're sixteen."

IT WAS that afternoon that he found the pistols. He had explored half a dozen closed rooms in the house before he saw the flat case of polished wood. He opened the case and there they were—a pair of dueling pistols, with all the accessories in depressions that fitted them. He took a pistol out and knew it for something fine, from its stock of richly figured brown wood, delicately checked, to the muzzle of its long barrel, brown, with hairlines of silver showing the twist of the metal.

There was a flask of powder and a box of caps and a bullet mold and a few bullets, like gray marbles, only heavier. Peter loaded the pistol and carried it outdoors. When he was far enough away from the house he fired it at a tree. It made a grand roar.

He used up all the bullets that afternoon. He carried the pistol wherever he went, looking for things to shoot at. He was walking along the stone wall that bordered the Channing place on the north when he saw a chipmunk. It disappeared with a flick of its tail into a crevice between the stones. The chipmunk stuck his head out of the crevice and he fired.

Peter saw a big white cat running as the smoke went down the wind. It ran toward a house across the street and a woman screamed at him. He stood there staring as she picked up the cat and fondled it. She thought he was shooting at her cat.

He was still carrying the pistol an hour later when a car stopped in the driveway and a big policeman got out.

"Give me that," he said.

Peter gave him the pistol. The policeman examined the pistol and put it on the seat of his car. "I'll just take it with me," he said.

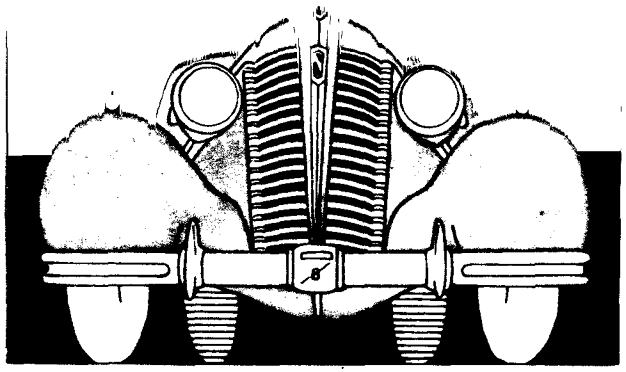
"I'll tell my grandfather you took the pistol," he said.

"You think," the cop said, "you can get away with anything because you're a Channing. You can't. Tell your grandfather that Dan O'Connell said so."

Peter went to a school in Winchester, fifty miles away, that fall, the school his father and his grandfather had gone to. He found it wasn't a good school any more. Peter made few friends.

He spent a long, lonely summer in Colesville. There were a few fellows of his own age that he spoke to when he saw them. He knew they called him the "Prince of Wales" among themselves. They were glad, the whole town was glad, that the Channings weren't what they had been. He sat sometimes behind the wheel of the automobile as it stood in the barn and imagined he was driving it.

He got the car to running the following summer, when he was sixteen. He learned by driving the car from the barn to the house and back. When he was confident of his skill he drove out of the driveway into the public street and around *(Continued on page 113)*



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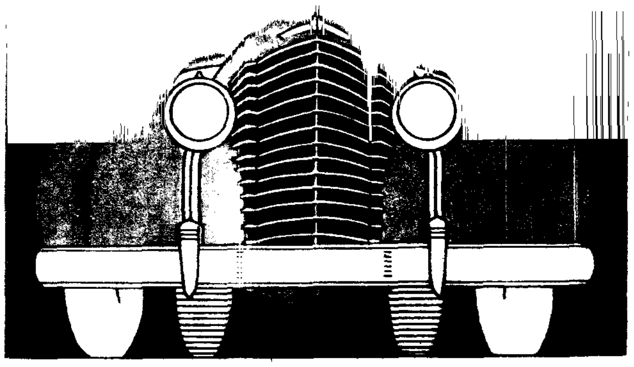

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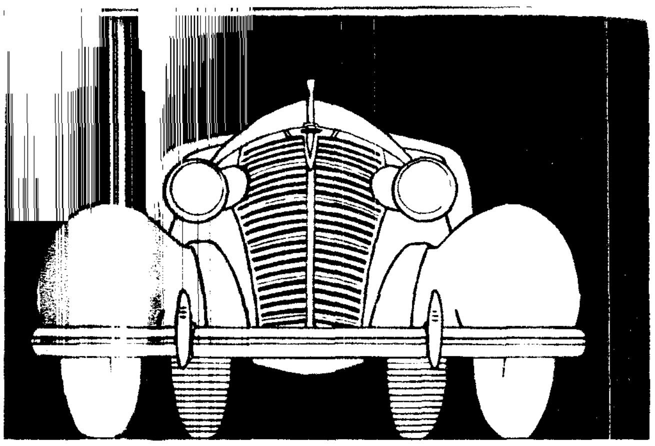


CHEVROLET

Why Your Car is Safe

By Captain Eddie V. Rickenbacker

GENERAL MANAGER, EASTERN AIR LINES

WHEN you put your foot on the starter of your car and drive off you believe it's all your own idea. You are doing the driving, aren't you? You and who else? You and the best engineers in the world. You can't escape them. Their ideas are inseparably built into your car and they are working for your protection the minute the engine starts to purr.

The new cars you will see next week represent another step forward in the safety program these engineers have devised.

That may surprise you. You have been driving safe and reliable cars for years. Mechanical failure is almost a thing of the past. Some accidents, to be sure, are still attributed to it—ten per cent, at a liberal estimate. But when these accidents are carefully examined it turns out, as John T. Flynn showed recently in Collier's, that the driver was the real cause of the trouble. He had failed to keep his brakes in order or hadn't noticed a dangerously thin front tire.

Your present car is safe all right. Nevertheless, the 1938 cars will be safer. The engineers have succeeded in building more safety into them.

This idea of deliberately incorporating safety in the design of a car is comparatively new. What it amounts to is saving a driver from his own human shortcomings and protecting him, as far as possible, from the consequences of his own mistakes.

The campaign got started because the automobile manufacturers were disturbed. They had reason to be, for if there is one thing that annoys a manufacturer more than seeing his fine shiny cars turned suddenly into scrap metal, it is seeing his customers turned suddenly into mincemeat. Both these things were happening much too often. The manufacturer built a car that he knew was reliable, a car that went when it was supposed to go and stopped when it was supposed to stop and turned in a record of steady performance day in and day out, winter and summer, at sea level and mountaintop. Still drivers insisted on running into one another and off the road and into telegraph poles. What could the manufacturer do?

He might have wrung his hands and groaned, "Fools will be fools; you can't change human nature." But the automotive industry hasn't been built on the hand-wringing principle. He called in his engineers and said, "See here."

Your present car shows some of the results. You can observe them as you drive along. You have backed out of the garage and you shift into first and then quickly into second and third. Your car has a synchronized gear-shift and you don't have to think about the operation. You don't have to time the shift as you used to in the old cars. That's a great convenience, but you probably don't think of it as a safety factor.

Let me illustrate: In a few minutes you are climbing a long hill. Your car has plenty of power and takes the grade in high without trouble. But presently you see a car coming toward you that is clearly out of control. Instantly you realize what has happened. The driver of the other car isn't used to mountainous country. He became absorbed in watching the scenery at the top and didn't realize how far it was to the bottom. He has gone on watching the scenery as he rolled down. He has also been applying the brakes steadily instead of intermittently. After long-continued application the brakes are hot and aren't holding as well as they did at the top. The car is rolling faster than he had planned and he is coming straight toward you.

This situation is entirely the other driver's fault and by this time he realizes it. He should be in second gear. A few years ago both you and he would have been out of luck. Only an expert could have got back into second at that speed and even an expert would have stood a lovely chance of sending a shower of gears all over the lot. This man is certainly no expert. He isn't even a good driver or he wouldn't be in this particular jam. But he has no trouble getting out of it. As soon as he sees the danger he shifts into second, speeds up the engine, lets in the clutch and everything is under control again.

The engineers got him—and incidentally you—out of that nasty spot. They will be with you both as long as you are driving.

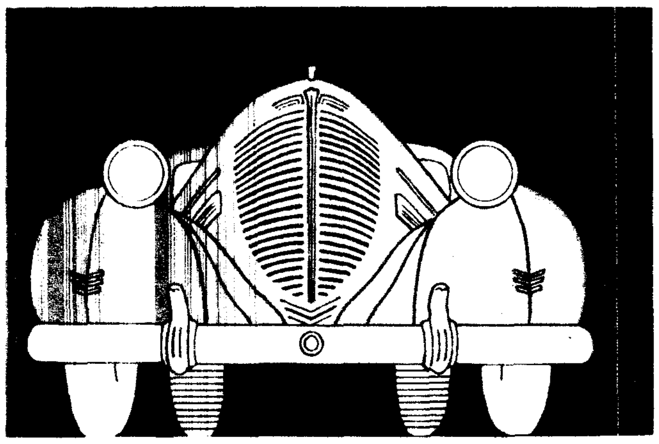
Quick Action

Coming down the other side of the hill, you catch sight of a child just as he dashes out in front of your car. You have to swing sharply to one side to avoid hitting him. You think nothing of it; it's all in the day's drive.

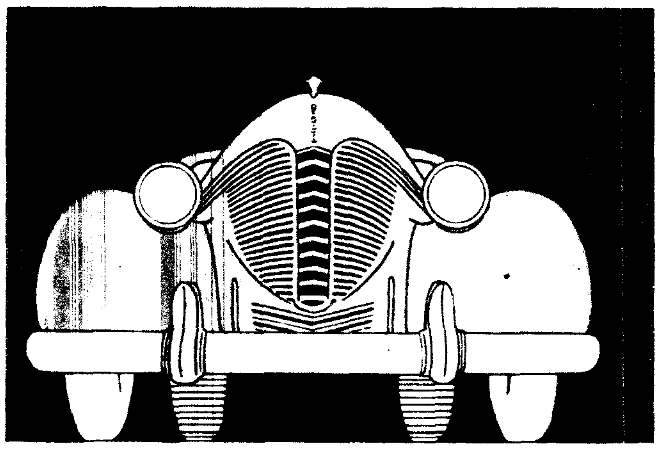
Although no child ought to behave that way, it's possible that you were a little at fault yourself; you were traveling pretty fast, considering the nature of the road. Your car, however, behaved perfectly. But if you stopped to think about it you might be thankful for the efficiency of the steering gear. In the old days you used to hear occasionally about broken steering knuckles. The circumstances were usually very much like the ones you have just been in. A driver, going fast, had to turn suddenly, and the steering knuckle gave way under the strain. That doesn't happen any more. The reason is that the metallurgist has turned out new materials and with them the engineer has designed a knuckle that can be completely relied on.

That's an essential part of what he has done to the steering gear, but by no means the whole story. The feeling of confidence your car gives you is due in large measure to the steadiness of the wheel and the ease with which you can turn and then come back to a straight path. The engineer has given you these advantages by working out some highly complicated problems in what he calls "front-end geometry."

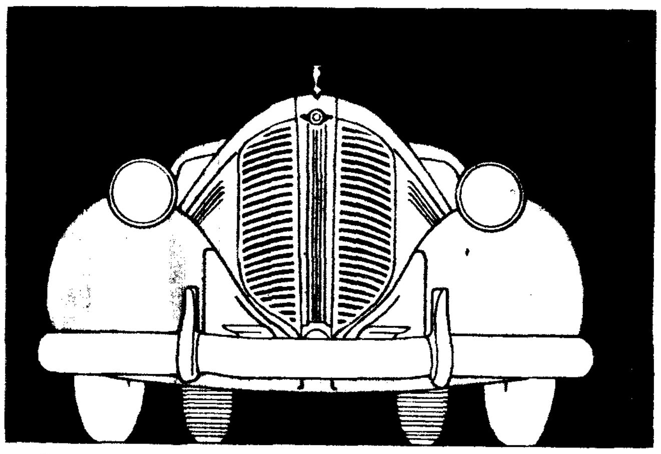
There's an interesting point about that. European



CHRYSLER

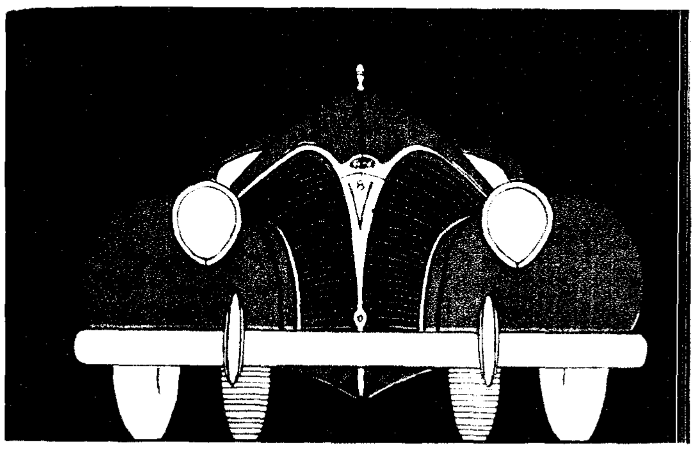


DESOTO



DODGE

DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP



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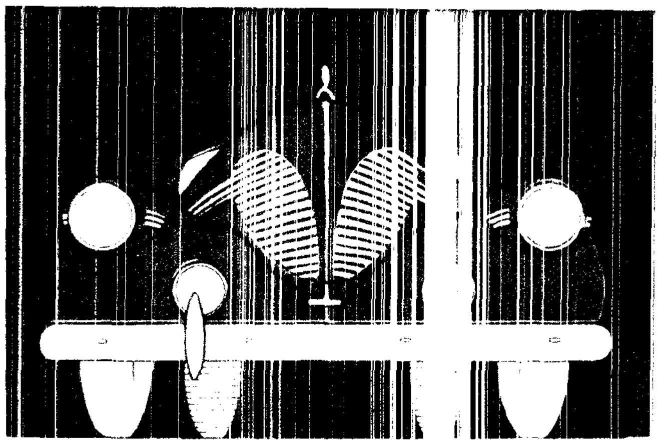

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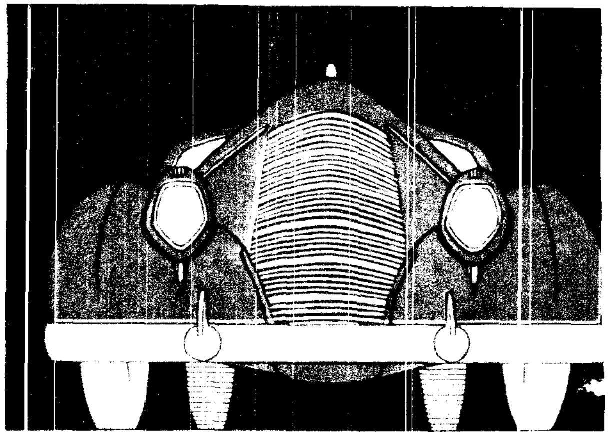
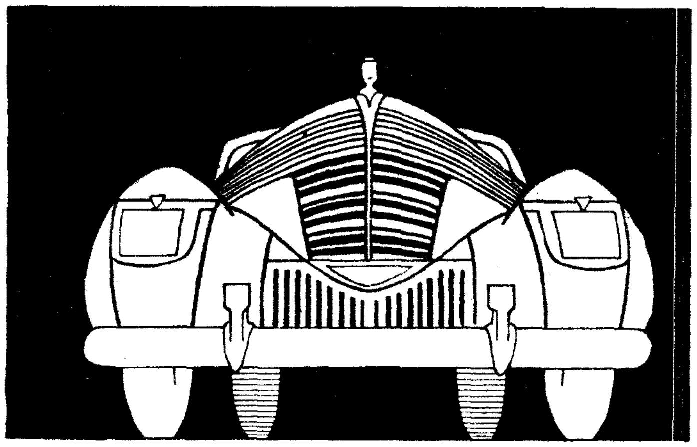
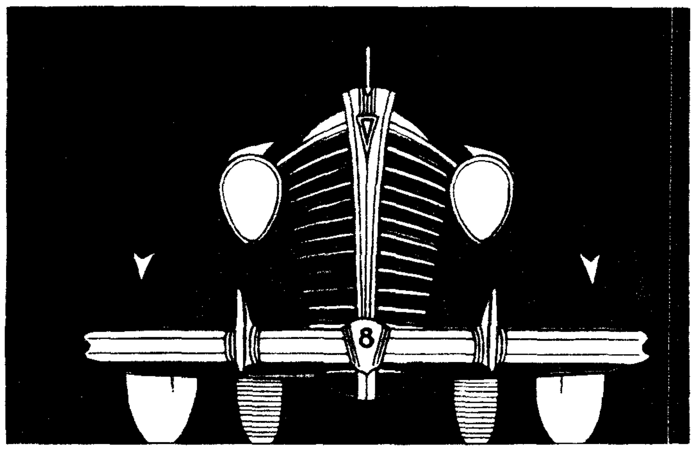


STUDEBAKER



GRAHAM



HUDSON

drivers prefer cars that “oversteer”—which means that when you take one of them into a curve the car has a tendency to turn more and more, unless he [illegible]k. The reason for this odd preference seems to be that low-priced cars in Europe are underpowered as compared with American cars. As a result, they are sluggish in accelerating, and the driver is anxious not to slow down more than necessary in rounding a curve. So he rushes into it much faster than an American would, swings the wheel abruptly and steps on the gas.

Watching a Frenchman go round a [illegible] always reminds me of what we used to call a racing turn when I was a boy. It consisted in locking your back wheels, skidding through a right angle and then accelerating. In case you are ever tempted to try that maneuver, let me warn you that it won't work with four-wheel brakes.

The disadvantage of oversteer is that it makes a car unstable. If your car had that characteristic, you would probably have wound up in the ditch a few minutes ago when you had to swerve, for oversteer automatically increases any deviation. A sudden gust of wind or an irregularity in the road surface will get you in trouble if you don't correct for it immediately. In a strong quartering wind you have to be pretty good to keep on the road at all.

We in this country like a moderate degree of understeer. That keeps the car steady on the road and makes it easy to bring out of a turn. The engineers were glad to give it to us, for it too is a safety factor.

While you are going downhill you may have to use your brakes on a curve. You do it without giving the matter a second thought. The brakes take hold evenly and smoothly. Of course. But the engineer has been at work there too, and he has taken care of you far beyond your present needs. He has thought about the possibility of panic braking on a curve. Suppose for an instant you are guilty of that. What happens? Well, if your back wheels lock first, our friend oversteer pops up immediately and you are headed for the ditch. On the other hand, if the front wheels begin to skid first you get a bad case of understeer and unless you look sharp you will find yourself squarely across the path of oncoming traffic. No dice either way. The engineer's problem has been to make the brakes take hold uniformly and to keep them behaving that way, as nearly as possible, under varying conditions of load and throughout the life of the car.

You remember when you met the driver from the Great Plains tobogganing down that long hill his brakes weren't holding very well because he had been applying them steadily for five miles and they were hot. Heat is generated whenever you apply your brakes—probably more heat than you realize. For example, if you are rolling along at forty-five miles an hour in a car that weighs thirty-five hundred pounds, and you decide to stop, you can do it very easily by a moderate pressure on the brake pedal. But the energy that has to be dissipated is tremendous and the power quired to do this is measured in hundreds of horsepow The energy is actually enough to raise 120 tons one fo All this energy is converted into heat in the small space time between the moment you press down on the pedal a the moment your car comes to a stop.

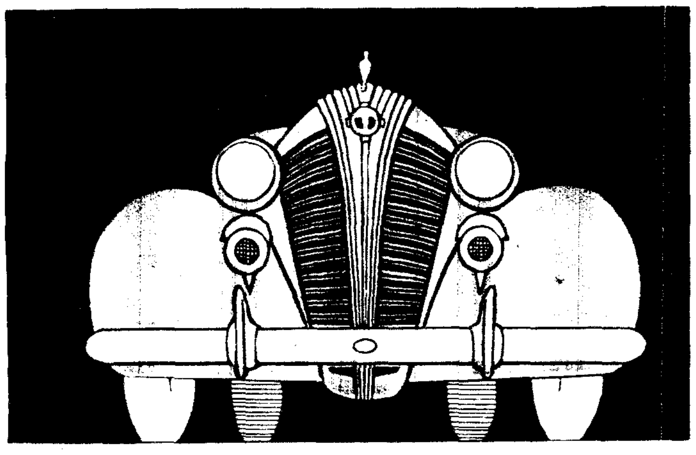
That means that your brakes take quite a beating fr heat alone, to say nothing of wear. The engineer and t metallurgist have seen a chance for improvement in t directions—better materials to resist the effects of heat, a brakes designed so that they will cool off as fast as possib They have done wonders along both these lines and are s at work. The surface of a modern brake drum is an obj lesson in long-suffering—it will take almost anything a like it.

When the engineers came to the headlights they ran i a dandy little obstacle, the human eye. If they threw enou light down the road for safe driving even at moder speeds, the eyes of oncoming drivers were dazzled. If th didn't throw enough light, in addition to exposing th driver to the hazards of the road they made his eyes m sensitive to the glare from the other fellow's lights. Y can easily see why that is so. If you are peering inten down an inadequately lighted stretch of road, the pupil you eye, helping all it can, expands to let in more lig Then, smack, along comes another car, and you're blind the proverbial bat.

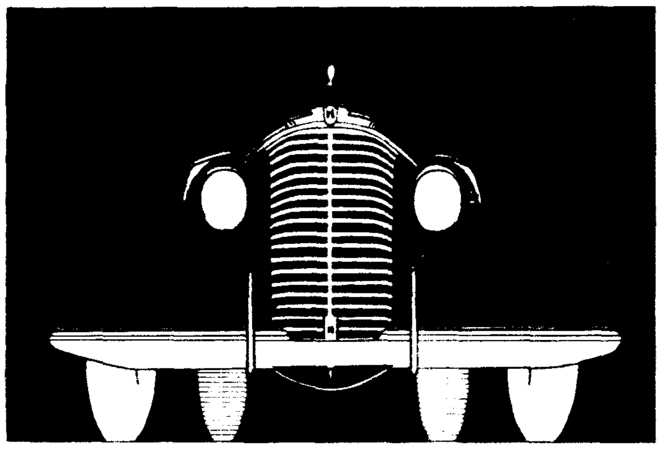
Science vs. Outdated Laws

Just to complicate the picture, the states, in a spirit helpfulness, enacted laws about the strength of the bulbs engineer could use in his headlights. Most of these la were written before much was known about the proble involved, and so it was not the legislators' fault that t laws are no longer any good. The objection is that they still on the books. As long as they are the law in so states, most cars are going to be built to conform to the for it's very awkward to find that you're breaking the l just because you've crossed a state line.

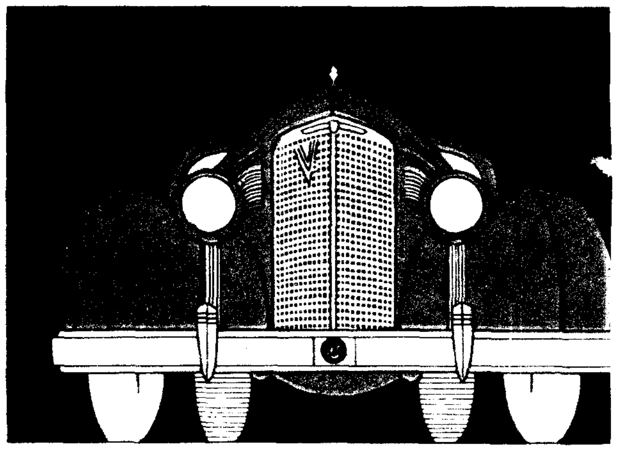
The conflict between what engineering science dema and what outdated laws impose comes about in this w Many states still have a legal limit of 32 candlepower both headlights. That is about equivalent to the light p vided by one 60-watt bulb such as you use in your hon As you know, one of them is not enough to light even a sm room. Yet that's the amount of light the engineer has at disposal to illuminate a strip of road forty feet wide a three hundred feet long, or 12,000 square feet of space. Y may say that the strip doesn't have to be lighted as brigh as a room, but consider this: A man walking on the ro three hundred feet ahead of you looks no bigger than an ject one sixteenth of an inch wide at a distance of fourte



HUDSON-TERRAPLANE



HUPMOBILE



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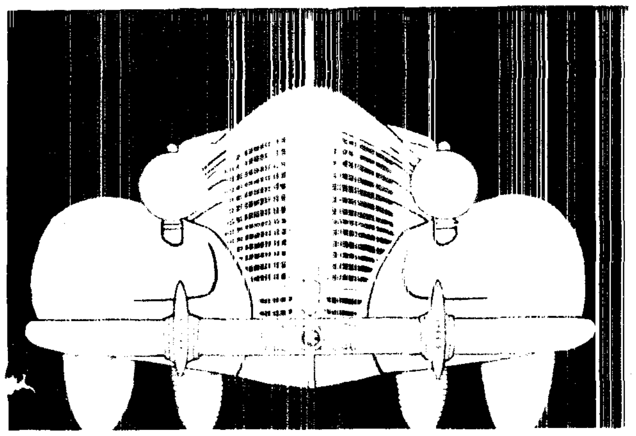

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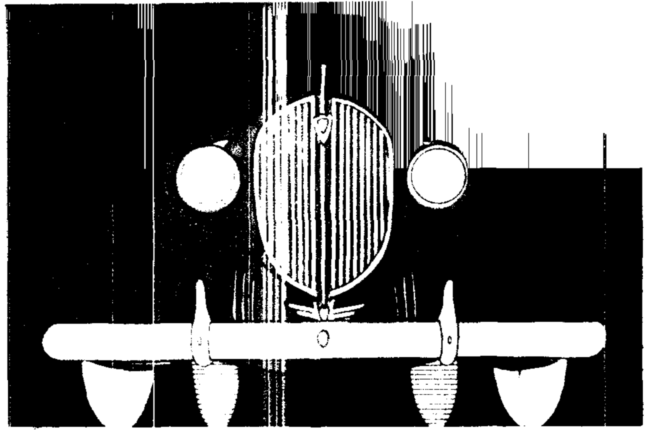
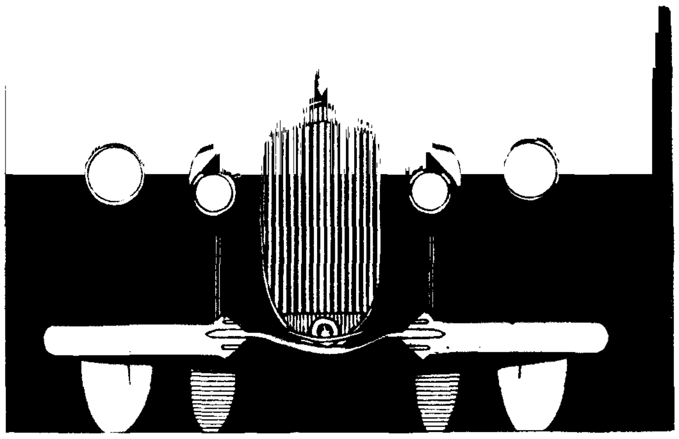


PLYMOUTH



PIERCE-ARROW

ches. Take an ordinary paper match, turn it sideways and ou'll get an idea of what a sixteenth of an inch amounts to nd you will probably agree that you'd like all the light you an get to see the animated match-stick down the road specially as he is quite likely to be wearing dark clothes.

These laws were enacted with the idea of preventing lare or at least of keeping it within limits. But even for hat purpose they're no good. Engineers have become very xpert in designing reflectors. They could, if they were so inded, take your 32 candlepower, concentrate it all in one igh-intensity beam and blind anyone they shot it at. Of ourse they wouldn't want to do that, but the fact remains hat the law does not accomplish its purpose. What it does s hamper the engineer in properly lighting the road in front f you, for no arrangement of reflectors will increase the *mount* of light that he has to start with.

The answer that was worked out for this headlight ilemma was the multiple beam that has been standard quipment for ten years. It consists, as you know, of a drivng beam, directed straight ahead and usually parallel to the oad and designed to give maximum visibility, plus one or nore other beams which can be switched on at the driver's iscretion. These subsidiary beams are aimed either sidevise or down, with a view to keeping the glare out of the ther fellow's eyes and at the same time lighting up the ight-hand side of the road so that you will neither land in he ditch nor pick up a pedestrian or two on your bumper.

The flaw in this pretty picture is covered by the words at the driver's discretion." Ten years haven't been enough o teach people the proper and consistent use of the multi le-beam headlight. Often they don't even know which eam they are using. That part of it can be remedied. Most cars now have on the instrument panel a small light r series of lights that keep reminding you of just what your eadlights are doing. With this equipment it should now be ossible for the first time to tell how efficient the multiple eam really is.

There has been a lot of happy speculation about the use f polarized light. The picture is an attractive one: Down he road ahead of you a flood of light that will give you perect vision but which, filtered through the glass in your eadlights and the glass in the windshields of oncoming ars, will be all but invisible to other drivers; they will be rotected from glare and so, in the same way, will you.

We may have that someday, but at present the project s strictly in the experimental stage. Nobody knows vhether it will prove practical. If it does, the engineers will e called on for some very heavy thought and quick action, or the difficulties of the switch-over will be tremendous.

In the first place, the system calls for a great deal more ight. What is to happen to the drivers of old and unproected cars when the new headlights appear in all their azzling glory is a problem to which no solution exists at the moment. In the second place, new generators and batteries will have to be designed to provide and store electricity in the amounts required by the new lights. These are serious problems, but if the laboratories and testing fields prove that polarized light is the thing, the engineers can be counted on to devise ways of using it.

OLF KLEP

Tires came in for their share of attention. From the point of view of safety there were two obvious things to be done: improvement of material to increase the life of the tire and improvement of design to bring a greater area of the tire's surface into contact with the road. The first was primarily a job for the chemist. He succeeded so well in improving the methods of compounding rubber and in toughening what is called the carcass of the tire that today's tire delivers seventy per cent more mileage than did the tires of twelve years ago.

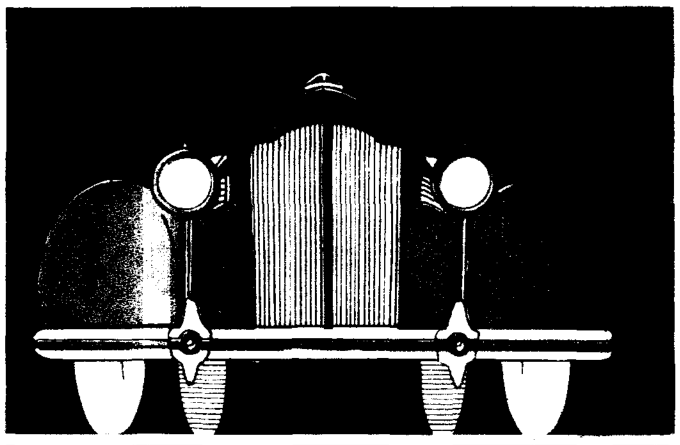
That's very pleasant. It means that you, the average driver, buy one replacement tire a year whereas there was a time when the average driver had to buy eight. But the important thing is that, for anyone who exercises reasonable care in checking his tires, the danger of blowouts has been eliminated.

It's easy to see the advantage of getting more of the tire in contact with the road—the tire takes hold better both when you are accelerating and when you are putting on the brakes. This result was accomplished by widening the tread and flattening the curve. It brought the added benefit of increasing the life of the tire by distributing the wear over a larger area.

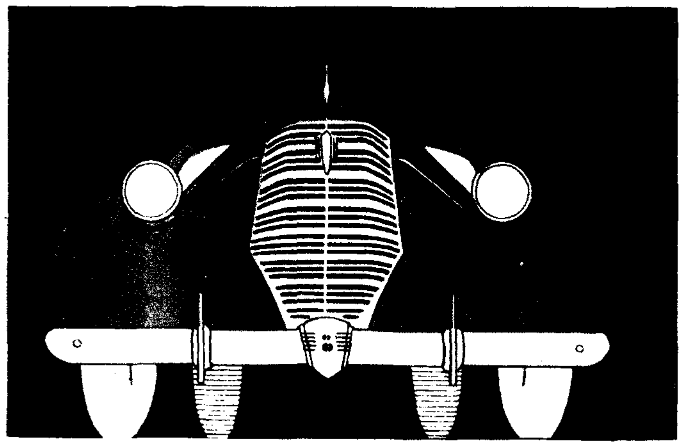
Indirect Factors of Safety

So far we have been talking about things that can easily be recognized as safety factors. But when the engineers got really hot on the scent of safety, they realized there were a lot of other features of a car that could be made to yield indirect contributions to the good cause. In fact these secondary safety features have become so numerous that it is now standard practice when *any* part of a car comes up for consideration to spend some time seeing whether in one way or another it can't be made to give its quota. A program of this kind is bound to be a long-haul proposition; improvements come slowly and often imperceptibly; old cars still litter the road; and increased safety will not be reflected suddenly and dramatically in reduced accident rates. That would be too much to expect. But the engineers have faith in their program, and once you understand what they're up to you will see why.

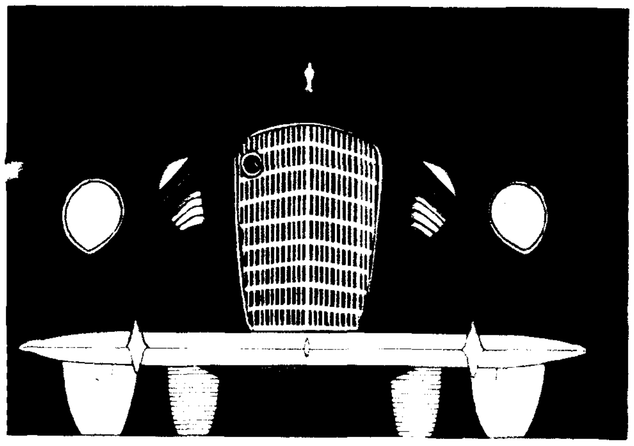
Take another example. They knew they couldn't actually increase the efficiency of the driver's eyes, but they found a way to accomplish the same result. Tests had shown that if you tell a driver to be on the lookout for some obstacle he will actually see it *(Continued on page 47)*



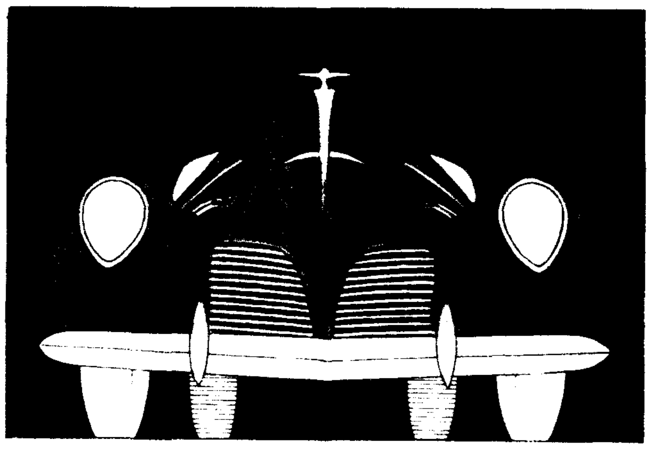
PACKARD



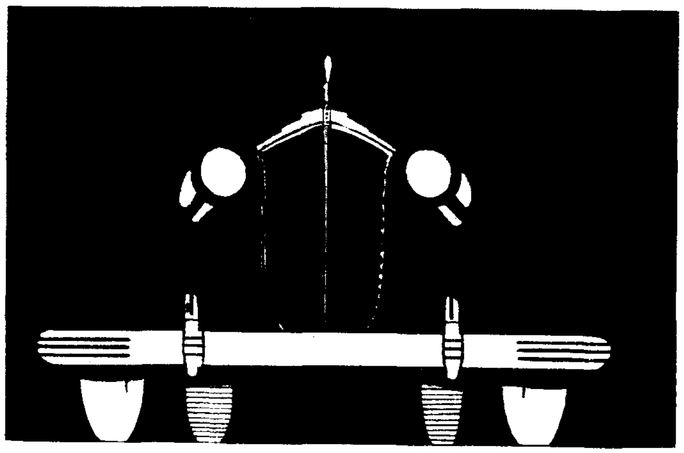
OLDSMOBILE



LINCOLN V-12



LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12



NASH

Deep Harbor

By John Hawkins

The comeback of Jamie Strund. A dramatic and moving story of a sailor's farewell salute to an honest ship

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Jamie Strund was an old man who'd poured his future out of a bottle

THEY'LL tell you that whisky ruined Jamie Strund.

Sure, they'll supply facts and details. They'll tell you how he went from chief engineer of the Montcross, the finest of the Pacific luxury liners, to oiler in a dirty little steam schooner in two short years. And how, finally, he lost even that job. They'll be right, too, dead right.

Jamie Strund, failure. Two years from the top of the heap to a lonely, windswept lumber dock in Seattle. Two years, and he was a shadow-thin, stooped old man who'd poured his future out of a bottle.

The Jap found him there. He wanted failures. They were his business. He liked Strund, for he came cheaper than the rest.

He had other failures, two of them, and Strund fitted neatly into the picture. They wrote the finish then. Three who'd reached the bottom, the Jap, and the North Pacific.

The end? A decent burial for one of them.

But it began, really, in Jamie Strund's home, the trip before he lost his berth in the Montcross.

Sure, you've heard how Strund's wife left him, and how she took their savings with her.

But it wasn't like that, not quite. She told Jamie about the other man, told him in a flat, dead voice while her eyes clung to her clenched hands. She didn't want to look at Jamie's face, didn't want to see something in his eyes die.

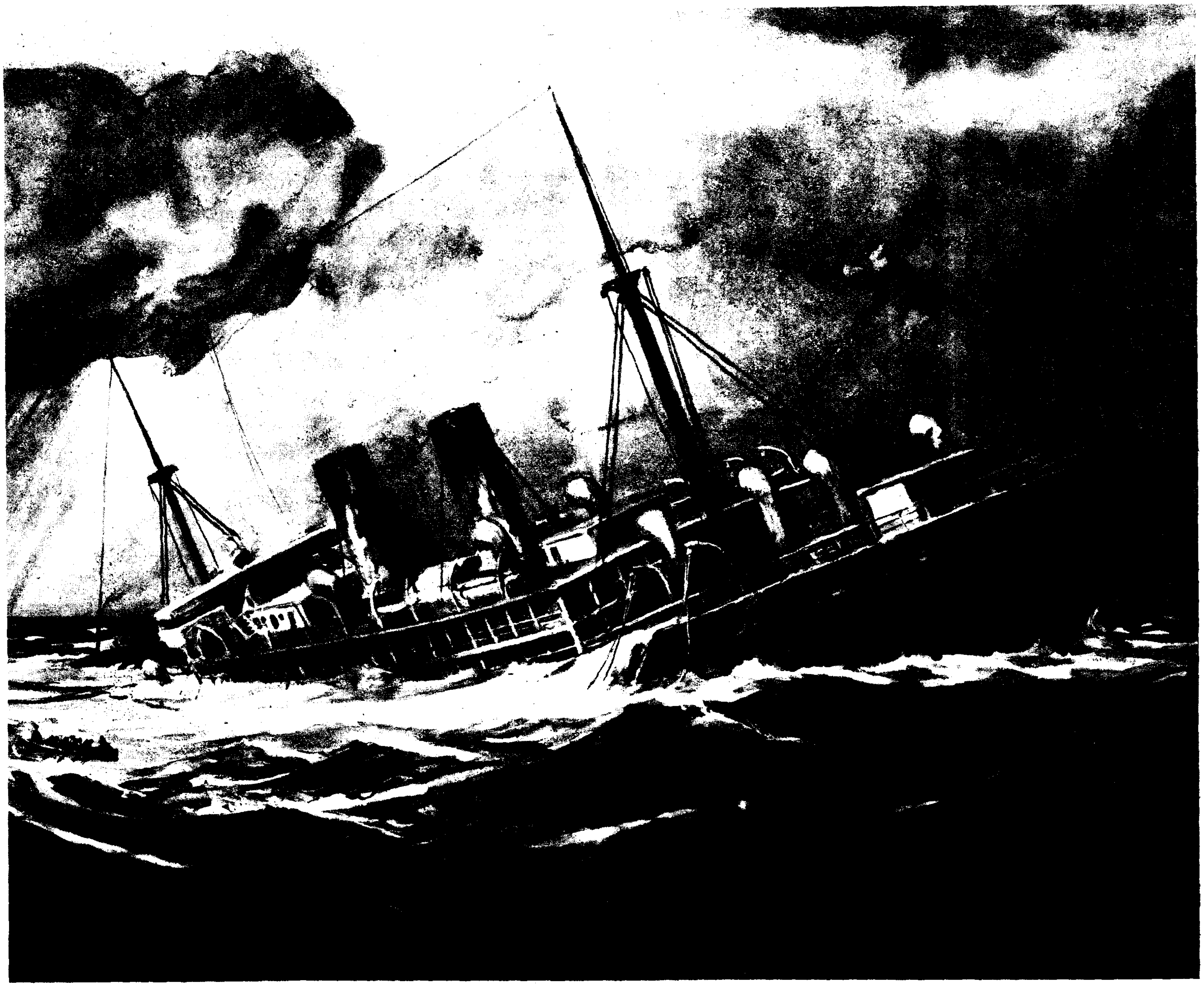
The savings? Jamie gave them to her.

He gave her the money. He wouldn't need it, not now, not after she'd torn his heart out by the roots. There were words he wanted to say, plenty of them, but they never got past the lump in his throat. Jamie Strund got blind drunk that night. And he stayed that way.

The line officials were due to ride the Montcross to the islands next trip, and the captain had run the crew ragged for a week. The bright-work shone, and the ship was freshly painted from maintruck to Plimsoll mark. The captain, the chief steward and the purser were waiting at the head of the gangway, with their neat speeches all rehearsed, when the president's party came aboard. And Jamie Strund was a half mile away, propped against the bar in a water-front saloon.

He stayed too long. He came back to the ship, just at sailing time, with more cargo than even he could carry.

YOU might have seen that, five hundred passengers did, and the story's never been allowed to die. Strund went past the hooded passenger gangway to the crew ladder aft, remember? You watched him sway to a halt a full ten feet from the ladder. The lines were going inboard, and the white-faced third



He'd just given his best friend, his last friend, a sailor's burial. And that was the only clean end for an honest ship: a decent burial

yelled a warning. Strund nodded, lurched toward the ship, and walked blindly, gravely past the ladder end, and into the bay.

The sailing was delayed for ten minutes. Two seamen hauled Strund aboard. The skipper's face was almost purple as he hung over the rail of the bridge and bellowed unnecessary orders. A couple of stewards helped Strund below. One of them got him into a clean uniform and towed him off to the de luxe suite; the other packed his clothes.

You heard the president of the line shouting. Everybody on A deck did. You saw Jamie Strund come out and pause, still swaying, in the doorway. You saw him turn, and heard him say with terrible distinctness:

"You potbelly, I hope you fry in hell."

That finished Jamie Strund. He went ashore with the pilot. He went back to that barroom and finished the job. And from there the way was all down.

He didn't look for a berth until his money was gone; until he'd sold his tailored uniforms, and turned the money into bottles too. And then he had the shakes.

The shakes aren't pretty. He had to use both hands to get a coffee cup to his lips, and sometimes both hands weren't enough.

But even when his money was gone Jamie Strund didn't go near the shipping offices. He knew he hadn't a chance there, not after the president's promise to blacklist him with every shipping company in the country.

So he went down to the docks where the tramps come in. The salt-crusted, grimy wanderers from a thousand ports. Gold braid doesn't matter down there—an officer's cap is a full uniform—and they don't ask too many questions.

Drunks are common—even drunks with tickets—and a month later Jamie Strund was second assistant in a grubby well-decker, outbound to the Orient.

Strund was happy enough in that ship, for they let him alone. But he missed her in Manila the second trip out, and came back to the States as a wiper on an Empress boat.

TWO years, and he was an oiler on a steam schooner, at less than a wiper earned on the Montcross. The chief in that schooner was a big-shouldered Swede who'd hated Strund from the day he came aboard. He seemed to sense that Strund knew engines better than he ever would. So he fired him in Seattle, after Strund had spent his pay on a two-day drunk, and left him on a wind-swept dock with twenty cents in his dungarees.

Soto found him the next day. The smooth-faced Japanese cornered him in a hiring hall and asked, "You have an engineer's ticket, yes?"

Strund grinned. It was funny that anyone, even a Jap, should ask about his ticket. Two years can be a long time—too long. It was a gag.

But Soto's moon face held no hint of a smile. "I need an engineer. You have a ticket, yes?"

Strund blinked. This shiny face was serious! With desperate haste he got his ticket out. "Sure. Here, look for yourself." The paper crackled in his shaking hands.

You can't know how he felt. You'd have to be steeped in bitterness, in grime. You'd have to be old and tired and hungry—and through. You'd have to see a slim chance to pull yourself up out of the ruck of the black-gang fo'c'sle, and into an officer's cabin. Strund didn't expect much, he knew better, but a little—say a third's berth in a tramp.

Strund didn't ask what the job was as he walked beside the Japanese to the Customs House. He didn't dare, the Japanese might change his mind.

Then Soto was telling the clerk, "This man is the chief engineer for the China Queen. He is the last of the crew."

Chief engineer! The words burned in Strund's head as he scrawled his name on the articles. Chief engineer. . . .

Jamie Strund remembered little things, a lot of little things. Mess boys, a private cabin, clean sheets. His thin shoulders were trimly squared, and his old eyes gleamed.

There was no pier shed, just a long wharf, stacked high with scrap iron. Strund went along a narrow aisle and down to the dock edge. He saw the China Queen then, and his breath caught in his throat.

SHE wasn't a ship. Not the way a sailor thinks of a ship. She was a wreck, a hulk from rotten row. Her once white deckhouse was streaked with yellow; great patches of rust showed on her funnel, and every other port was an empty, staring eye. Her cargo booms were gone; half the lifeboat davits were empty; the glass in the wheelhouse was cracked.

Strund stayed there, his thoughts running deep and dark within him. And then he saw what even littered decks and open hatches couldn't hide. She had been a ship, this China Queen. She had clean, honest lines, and Strund had a hunch that the rails would be teak, if a man could get through the coating of grime. But now—a skeleton!

(Continued on page 53)

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

STEFAN ZORANE, a powerful labor agitator, is being shadowed by one of his enemies' gunmen in New York City when, for reasons not yet divulged, Sally Porter, Manhattan's cleverest (and prettiest) newspaperwoman, goes to his Park Avenue apartment, gives him a disguise, and enables him to slip away undetected.

Before she can leave the apartment house, however, Sally encounters a man who tries to detain her. To elude him, she opens the door of an apartment, steps in; the man follows her.

An attractive young man greets the intruders. Sally informs him that her companion is a blackmailer who has been pursuing her. The young man orders the "blackmailer" to get out. The man leaves the apartment.

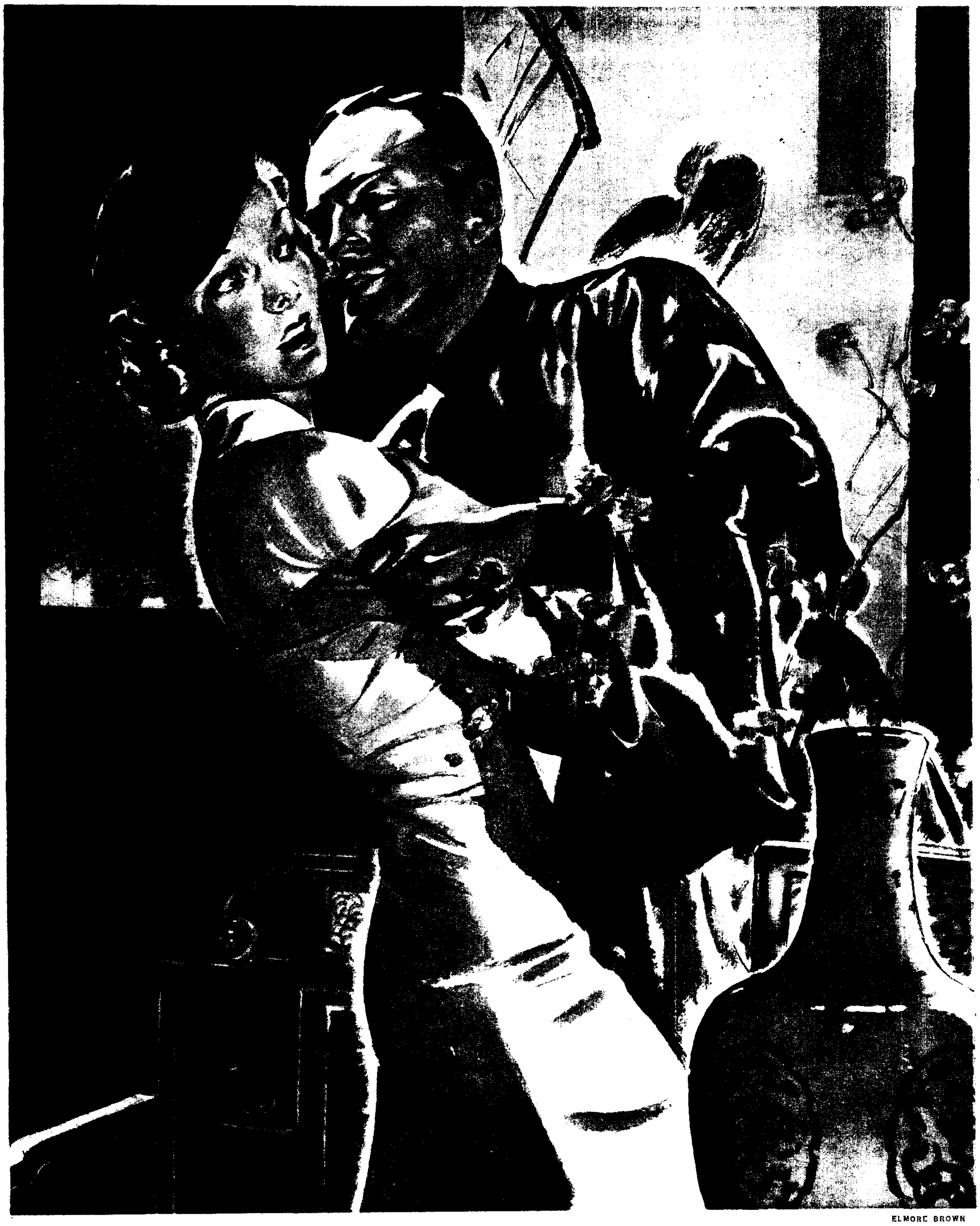
The young man is Eric Larsen, whose father, Senator Larsen, is chairman of a senatorial committee which is investigating the activities of Stefan Zorane and other alien labor racketeers. Eric is co-operating with the senator; taking orders from John Featherly (a government agent who has succeeded in becoming Zorane's valet), he is keeping an eye on Zorane *—and he is looking for a young woman (said to be beautiful) who is rumored to be the "master mind" of the Zorane forces.* He believes that Sally is the girl he is seeking.

Alone with Sally, Eric questions her. Then, having made some clever deductions, he tells her that he knows who she is, what she has been doing; and he threatens to turn her over to the police unless she will dine with his father and him, that evening*—and pretend to be his fiancée!*

Sally already has a dinner date—with the man she loves and whom she is to marry within a week: Barney Teel, a newspaper reporter. But, badly frightened, she phones Barney and tells him she cannot meet him.

When she leaves the apartment, Eric phones the city editor of Teel's paper, and, posing as Senator Larsen's secretary, requests that Teel be sent to the Dubonnaix that evening for a little after-dinner chat with the senator. A short time later, he reports to Featherly, tells him of his encounter with the girl.

Featherly is of the opinion that Sally Porter should be placed under arrest, at once. Eric does not agree with him. Featherly smiles. "You've fallen for this girl," he says. "You want to protect her." But he promises to let Eric handle Sally, which Eric proceeds to do in his own suave, charming way.



She twisted away from him and said furiously, "I'm doing nothing more for you. I'm through!"

II

SALLY PORTER had the cab stop at a drugstore at Fifty-ninth and Madison. She went in and telephoned the Evening Globe and asked for Benson Hodge.

"Ben, it's Sally. What do you know about a man named Eric Larsen?"

"Is this a game?" the dramatic critic asked. "Are you and Eric in some evil cocktail bar playing pranks?"

"I just met him."

"So he just mentioned. Aren't you together?"

"No."

"You ought to be."

"I'm really serious, Benny. Tell me about him."

"All right, divinity. Eligible is the word for Eric. He is probably the most desirable young man on Manhattan Island. His father is Senator Larsen, the air-conditioning king. His family goes back unswervingly to the Vikings. Socially, he is tops. Debs cry for him. Fond mothers pray he'll launch their daughters socially by merely glancing favorably at them. He is also the creator of a famous cocktail, the Deacon Fuser, which dispels that foggy feeling, puts wings on the heels and lines the blackest clouds with chromium. He is not the best-dressed man on Broadway, as some columnists claim, but something about the way he wears his clothes makes him the most imitated. Observe the angle at which all smart young men are wearing their hats today. It's homage to Eric Larsen."

"Stop joking, Benny."

"I am not joking, precious. The young man is not only popular and brilliant, but he's one of the decentest eggs I know. You ought to be familiar with his reputation as a producer. He's so young they still won't take him seriously, but they will, Sally, they will! He has the rarest thing on Broadway—artistic integrity. And the people who work with him and for him claim he is the most generous, decent, honest man in the show business. He's wide-gauge. And all the time I thought you were in love with Barney Teel."

"I am," Sally said. "Eric Larsen aroused my curiosity, not my predatory instincts."

"Many a lane named curiosity leads into the broad boulevard of experience, my little cabbage. I told him you were marrying Barney Teel next week. Did I commit a typographical error?"

"No, Benny. It's supposed to be an office secret, but it doesn't matter now. And thanks so much."

"Don't forget that the Benson Hodge lonely hearts department is open at all hours to clients in good standing."

ERIC returned to his apartment. He was having a hard time reconciling Sally Porter with all that he had learned about her. It was mystifying. If she was in as deeply with Stefan Zorane as she appeared to be, why had she phoned the account of his getaway to Barney Teel? If she was as nice as she appeared to be, why was she running dangerous errands for Zorane and letting her column be used for instructing alien labor agitators scattered about the country?

The telephone began to ring.

"It's Jim, Mr. Larsen. I'm at Fifty-seventh and Madison. She stopped to telephone in a drugstore at Fifty-ninth. I slipped into the next booth. She talked to some guy named Ben and asked him a lot of questions about you.

(Continued on page 34)

No Smoking

By Hugh Wiley

Another adventure of James Lee, wherein the suave detective finds a cigarette good for his health

ON FRIDAY morning in San Francisco, James Lee summoned two of his assistants, Riley and Wilbur, to his Grant Avenue apartment. "They're letting Joe Maletti off the Rock tomorrow," he said. "He will be deported, but you know his record as well as I do. Have your men tail him day and night until he gets out of the country. Hong Kong and Macao are loaded with opium. Spot Maletti's visitors. The Immigration people will get the links on him as soon as Alcatraz lets him go, but they're only riding him to Canada. He'll probably be at work again a week after Immigration delivers him across the line. California is short on hop and Maletti won't overlook a bet. Let me have daily reports on him until Vancouver reports him in."

A week after Joe Maletti was turned over to the Canadian authorities Vancouver lost his trail. Vancouver's report of failure wound up with a hopeless note: "Probably heading for New York or Yokohama, but definite information zero." Reading this, James Lee smiled grimly.

To Riley and Wilbur ten minutes later, "Open the Joe Maletti file again," he directed. "He's probably back in California—maybe in San Francisco." After a moment, "Did you read yesterday's report from Hong Kong?"

Riley answered. "We read it," he said. "What's the guess?"

James Lee picked up a mimeographed news bulletin. "Listen to this," he said: " 'Architects for Mrs. Sarah Canning Stolb, wealthy and eccentric founder of the Mystic Destiny cult, have completed plans for the temple buildings to be erected in the colony of Mrs. Stolb's followers in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco. The central edifice will be a replica of the Sea Guard Tower of Canton. This tower or temple, its pillars and beams of teakwood lacquered and gilded, built in the time of Hung Ming, will be duplicated in every detail by Chinese craftsmen in Canton. Chinese artisans will be sent to California under bond to assist in the construction of the historic Oriental structure.' "

WHEN he had finished reading, "The Sea Guard Tower is five stories high," James Lee said; "the roof beams in the second and third stories are very heavy timbers — twelve - by - eighteen stuff, thirty feet long. I have a hunch, nothing else, that we might do well to look that timber over pretty carefully when it gets here. . . . They would have been more adroit to have waited with their lacquer and their gold leaf until the timbers were in place."

"That stuff warps mighty bad in this climate," Riley said. "They'll have to store it some place for a year."

"Yes," James Lee agreed.

"The gilt and the lacquer mean that the timbers will be boxed carefully or wrapped some way to protect them," Wilbur offered.

James Lee smiled. "Right. Don't forget that international amenities will block the job of having a looksee out in the open—you'll have to work under cover."

"Where do you suppose they'll store the stuff?"

"It's heavy and hard to handle and it's got to be protected from the weather," James Lee suggested. "Some of the local hardwood importers will probably be asked to lease storage space."

After a moment, "Has Joe Maletti got anyone working in Canton?" Riley asked.

James Lee frowned. "You forget old Yut Sung and his millionaire son-in-law, Chang Wing. They're still operating. They've furnished Maletti with five million dollars' worth of stuff in the past. . . . I'd say offhand that Yut Sung will be on the job at his end of the line. I've asked Hong Kong for a weekly report on his opium stocks."

WITHIN the week, justifying James Lee's accurate prediction, old Yut Sung left his house in Hong Kong and caught a steamer for the thirty-five-mile trip to Macao. He was met in the Boa Vista Hotel by two Europeans who took him at once to the office of the Double Treasure gambling house. A fan-tan game with fifty patrons in the front room received a casual glance from Yut Sung. A gamble for heavier stakes engaged him.

In the sanctuary of the Double Treasure office, "The price for immediate delivery?" he asked, getting down to business.

There was some haggling and then, "A sample of the opium!" Yut Sung demanded.

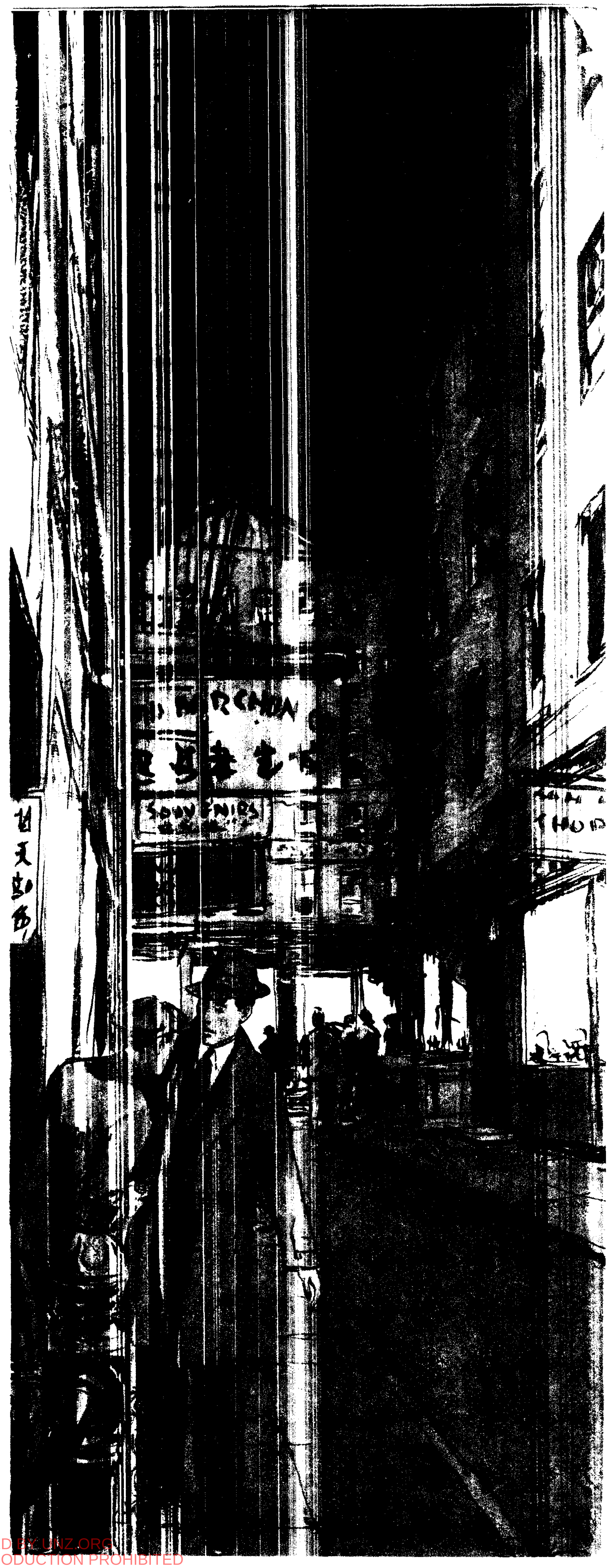
When this had been furnished and after he had inspected it, "It is of good quality," Yut Sung agreed. "I will pay the price you ask."

"The place of delivery?"

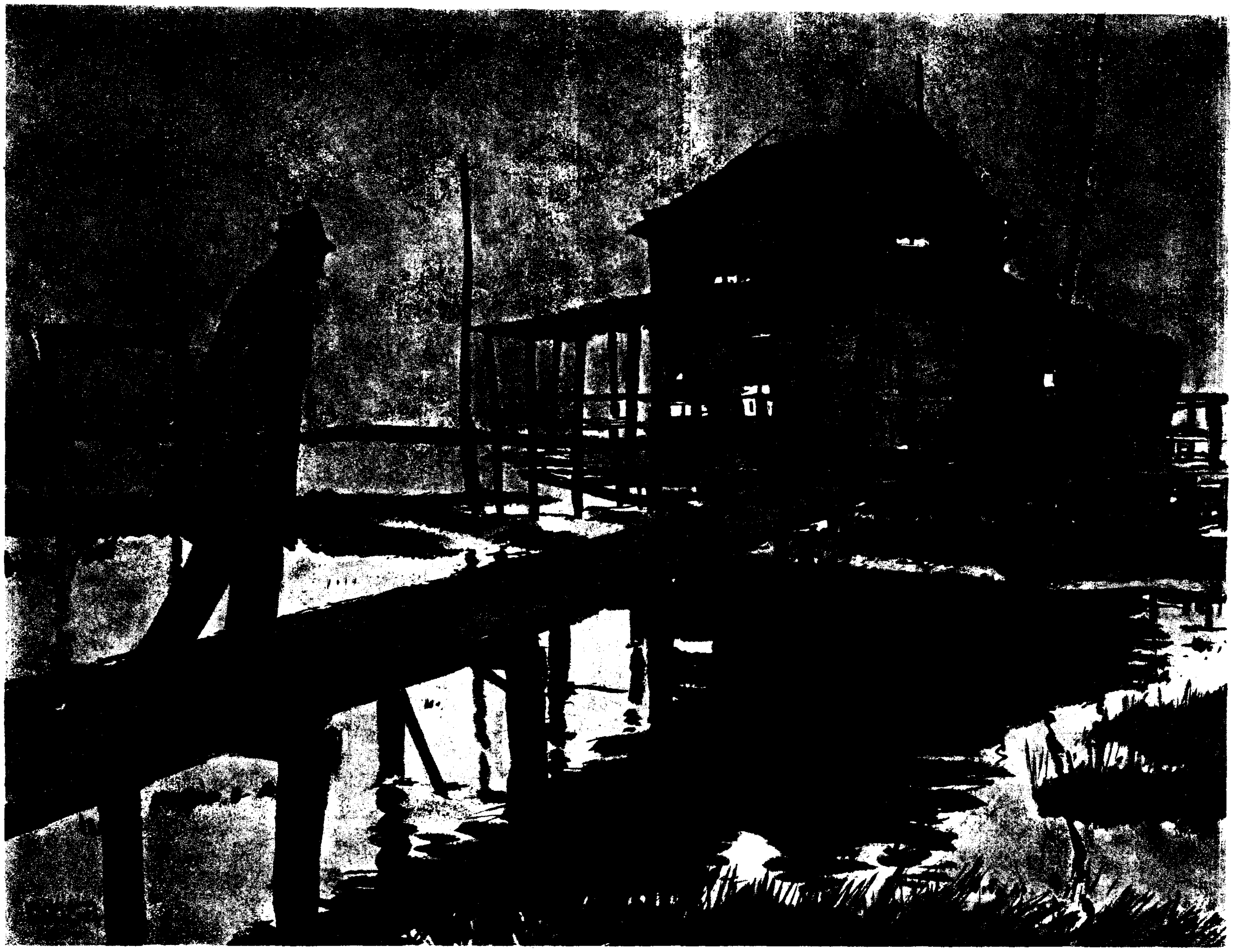
"The house of the Blackwood Cutters' Guild on Tai Sun Street in Canton."

This accomplished, Yut Sung returned to his Hong Kong house. To his son-in-law, Chang Wing, "I have made a good bargain today," Yut Sung boasted. "It remains for you to see that our profits are not lost."

On the day following, to James Lee's apartment on Grant Avenue, there came a message in code. Translated, it



A man stepped out of a doorway. "Death comes now," the man said in Cantonese. James Lee felt the muzzle of a pistol against his ribs



Up ahead lighted windows marked the main building. "I wonder if they have an alarm system rigged," he thought

read: "Yut Sung large purchase opium Macao immediate delivery Canton."

To his assistants, Wilbur and Riley, "Yut Sung is on the job again," James Lee announced. "It probably means that Maletti has resumed operations at this end. Sung is taking delivery at Canton. Maybe our guess about the teakwood beams for the Sea Guard Tower will ring the bell."

Routine work on a dozen other cases for seven weeks, and then one night a Chinese man stepped out of a darkened doorway in Chinatown to confront James Lee.

"Death comes now," the man said in guttural Cantonese.

James Lee felt the muzzle of a pistol against his ribs.

"The place of your departure from life is the Cavern of Silence in Gamblers' Alley."

"What if I prefer to meet death here?" James Lee asked.

"Be silent!"

"There is a time for silence. This is not the time. What has your master paid you for this job?"

"Enough. Be silent!"

"I will purchase my life with yours," James Lee suggested quietly. "Two men behind us . . . that man crossing the street toward us. Put your gun away if you desire to live."

The killer faltered. "He said your guards would not accompany you tonight. That you would be out alone."

"He is a notorious liar, this master of yours. I know him well."

"You know him!"

Instantly, "Maletti," James Lee said in an even voice. "Now, you poor treacherous dog, if I am right, come with me and I will buy my life with more gold than your master gave you to destroy it."

"Who am I to question the Will of Heaven?"

"What did Maletti promise you?"

"One hundred dollars."

"In cash or in the drug of dreams?"

"Thou art of deep perception."

"Come quietly with me," James Lee directed. "Two five-tael tins! Opium of a quality fit for the governor of a province shall be your reward."

AT HIS apartment, from a cache of evidence reaped in an opium raid of the previous year, James Lee presented his acquaintance of the evening with two tins of opium. Still speaking Cantonese, "Accept these as a trophy of our encounter," he said. "And now, what are your plans?"

"First of all, master, I shall forget tonight and this world in the vapors of your princely gift."

"Naturally. And then?"

"Who knows? I could not serve you?"

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

"I would work very faithfully for you."

"I fear that your pledges can be bought," James Lee said curtly. Then, "There is a possibility that you will communicate presently with the man who hired you to destroy me. You would do well to avoid him for a while. If you ever see him—"

The telephone bell on James Lee's desk interrupted the speaker. Ten seconds later, "Riley speaking. Yut Sung has sent his son-in-law, Chang Wing, to San Francisco. He is in an apartment within a block of your place."

"Thank you. What else?"

"Another Chinaman is with him. Wilbur thinks he is one of the shrimp crew."

"Probably. Get a couple of men on the job—Sabin and Parrish if they're free. Come and see me in half an hour."

"Right—9:45."

Jim Riley hung up the phone. James Lee turned to his visitor and completed his interrupted statement. "If you ever see Maletti, tell him, for me, that a stone lion does not fear the rain." James Lee's eyes narrowed. Hard lines lay at the corners of his mouth. "Tell him that he owes me for the lives of two men—and that I shall collect the debt. That is all. Now go your way."

At the doorway of the apartment the man hesitated. "A wise man understands a nod," he said. "Master, I will work faithfully. I will repay your favor."

"Be gone!" James Lee interrupted harshly. "Over the gates of hell is written, 'You repent too late.'"

When the man had left, James Lee returned to his library. He summoned his servant. "A glass of sherry," he said. A sudden black reaction claimed him. For a brief moment it seemed that a fatigue, born of an overwhelming sense of futility, would stay the energy, the power of action, that characterized his constant struggle with each succeeding crew of criminals.

THEN under the influence of the warming sherry, zest for the intricate game against the foes of society returned. Alert confidence marked his demeanor when, ten minutes later, he greeted his assistant.

"Sabin is on the job tonight," Riley reported. "Parrish relieves him at eight o'clock in the morning."

"Fair enough. We have some plans to make. The presence of Yut Sung's son-in-law indicates that we can begin the job of spotting his customers," James Lee suggested.

Riley nodded. "What's your last report on the teakwood timber shipment?"

"Hong Kong reported a dozen junks out of Macao ten days ago. The timbers for the Sea Guard Tower have been shipped. Three or four weeks more and

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

"Do smokers appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?"

A QUESTION ASKED BY MANY PEOPLE ——

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

THE BEST ANSWER IS...

Camels are the Largest-Selling cigarette in America!

HELEN HICKS *(right)*: "I smoke Camels constantly without a sign of 'jittery nerves.' That's a big thing to me. I know Gene Sarazen, Lawson Little, and a lot of other top-notchers in golf smoke Camels too. They must feel as I do—that Camels are the last word in mildness."

SIR HUBERT WILKINS *(left)*: "Where I go, Camels go with me. When I'm up in the Arctic, for instance, I'm never without Camels. I give credit to the Camels I smoke for helping to make my monotonous explorer's diet taste good and digest more smoothly."

Camels have given more people more pleasure than any other cigarette!

AND this didn't happen by chance. Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America . . . and in the *world* . . . because people *can* and *do* appreciate finer, costlier tobaccos.

Millions of men and women have given Camels the severest test — they have smoked them steadily. And have learned to trust those finer tobaccos to give them more of the pleasure they want in smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, try them. See if you, too, don't agree with those who find more enjoyment in *Camel's finer, costlier tobaccos.*

RADIO ANNOUNCER, Ray Winters *(above)*: "I'm on the air 40 hours per week — some wear and tear on the throat! I've smoked Camels for 10 years and they've never roughed up my throat. That shows they sure are mild!"

JOSELYN LIBBY *(right)*: "I smoke Camels—nothing else! As a secretary, I have to be on my toes every minute. When I feel fatigued, I take time out for a Camel and get a quick 'lift.' 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

SHIP'S ENGINEER, George Buckingham *(left)*: "Ashore or afloat, you won't catch me without a good supply of Camels handy. No sir! I've been smoking 'em for years. I just never tire of that agreeable, natural taste of Camels."

NEW CAMEL CARAVAN

2 great shows in a single hour's entertainment!

Includes "Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! 60 fast minutes of grand fun and music. Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.

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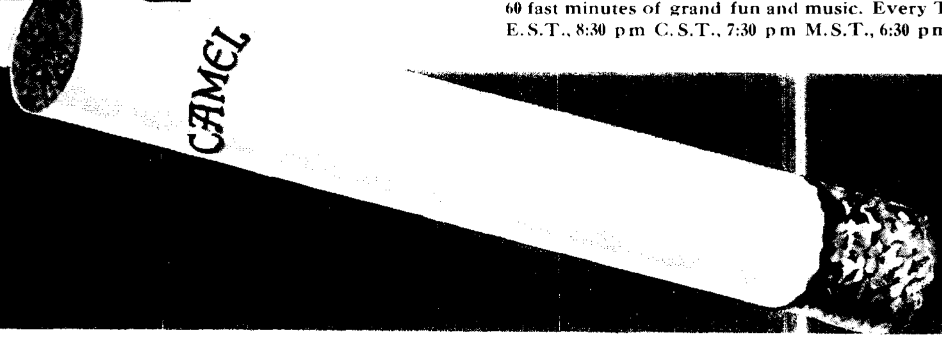
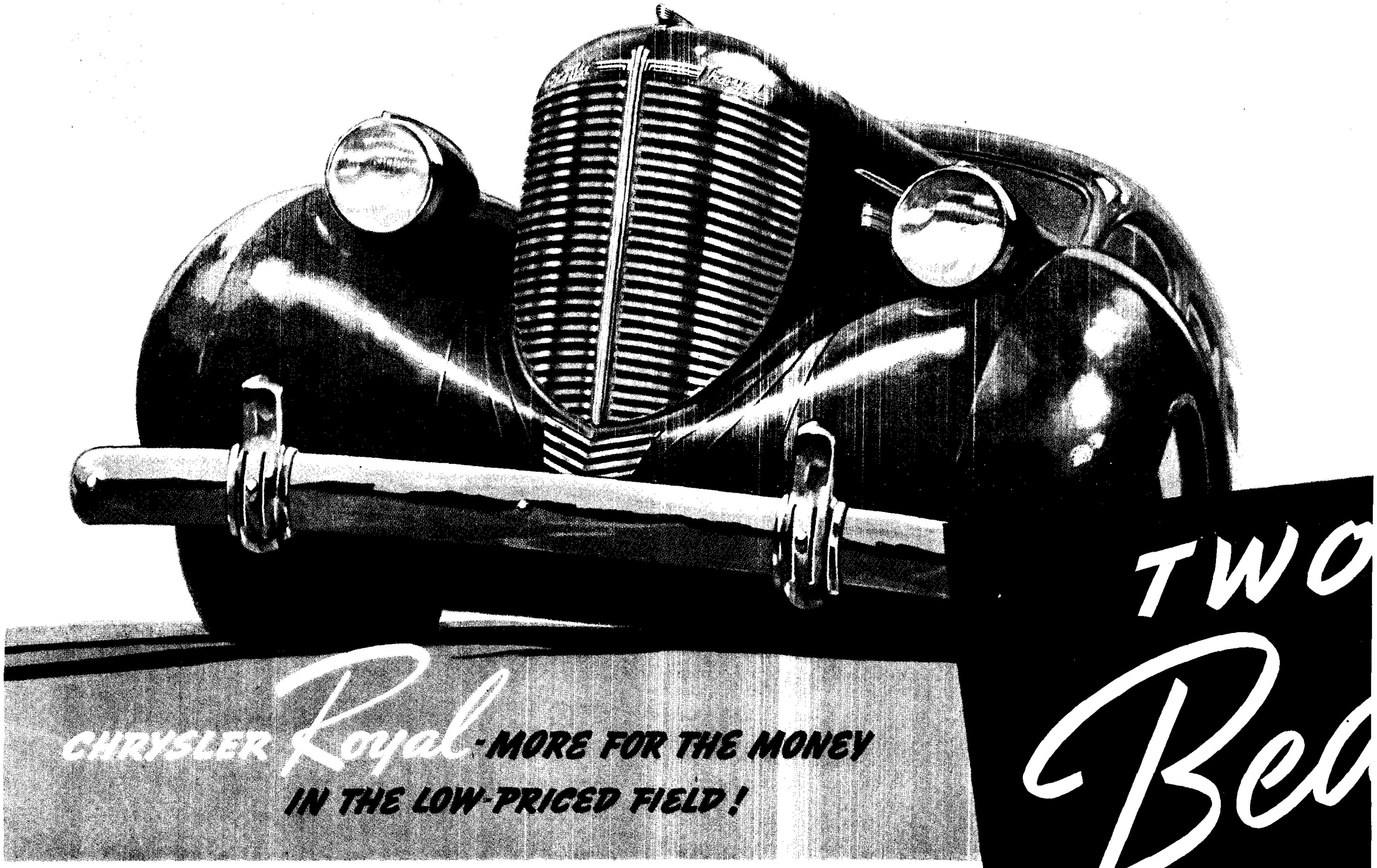


Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic.

Chrysler

IN THE LOW-



BIGGER . . . *and a beauty!* That's the new Chrysler Royal for 1938. It has three inches more wheelbase than the 1937 Royal which invaded the low-priced field with such spectacular success last year.

Look at that proud, commanding radiator in the picture above! Note the jewel-like modeling of the radiator grille . . . the graceful union of hood and fenders . . . the smart new position of the streamlined head-lamps!

When you look inside, beauty greets you again! The instrument panel sets the keynote . . . rich, smart, luxurious . . . blending in color harmony with the striking new steering wheel and its ring-type horn control . . . complementing the superb upholstery in new short-nap mohair or broadcloth.

More power! A new Gold Seal engine, with that same thriftiness that so delighted owners last year. And this new wonder of Chrysler engineering delivers 95 horsepower . . . silky smooth with Floating Power!

Glorious roominess! 119 inches of wheelbase. 96¼ inches from windshield to rear window! A 49 inch rear seat! The most spacious luggage capacity you ever saw!

High-priced riding comfort . . . Chrysler's matchless combination of long wheelbase . . . scientific weight distribution . . . slow-recoil Amola Steel springs . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . independently sprung front wheels.

Safety leadership with Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . Chrysler hydraulic brakes . . . 14 years time tested! Such fine-car engineering features as valve seat inserts . . . finger-touch steering . . . silent-synchronized gear-shifting . . . with Automatic Over-drive as optional equipment.

Craftsmanship such as only Chrysler provides. Chrysler's top-ranking standards . . . dozens of extra precision operations to assure reliability and long life.

Truly, for 1938, Chrysler again tops 'em all in the low-priced field!

TWO Bea

SMART NEW BEAUTY

Dynamic new front end design . . . vertic radiator profile . . . graceful, sweeping fende

LONGER WHEELBASES

Royal . . . 3 inches longer—now 119 inche
Imperial . . . 4 inches longer—now 125 inche

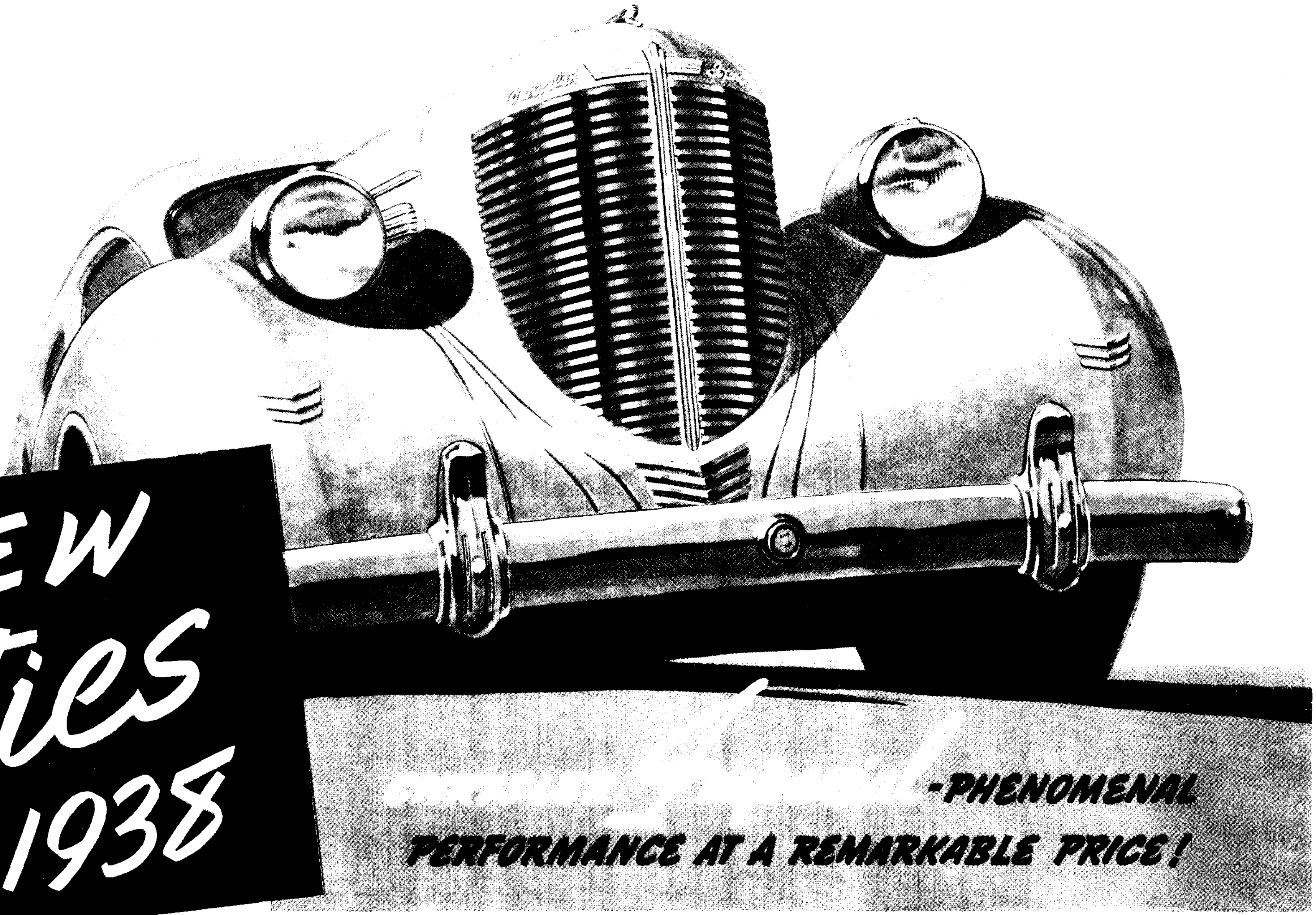
NEW LARGER ENGINES

Chrysler Royal increased to 95 horsepow
Chrysler Imperial now has 110 horsepow

Better ENGINEERE

Sweeps On

PRICED FIELD!



NEW
utíes
FOR 1938

ICH NEW INTERIORS!

eautiful new instrument panels . . . new steerng wheel . . . mohair or broadcloth upholstery.

UTSTANDING ECONOMY!

ew larger, high efficiency Gold Seal engines . . . new masterpieces of Chrysler engineering.

EW BALANCED RIDE!

ndependently sprung front wheels . . . Aero ydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . balanced weight.

THE BEAUTIFUL, high-powered Imperial for 1938! More fine car for the money than America has ever seen!

Long famous as Chrysler's top-ranking car, the magnificent Imperial is now in the medium-priced field!

Under that long, impressive hood, a new, bigger engine . . . the most thrilling in Chrysler history! The electrifying response of 110 horsepower . . . cradled by Floating Power . . . made trigger-quick by advanced dual carburetion.

The proud, commanding beauty that comes from added length and size! Wheelbase increased to 125 inches . . . for low-swung smartness and grace . . . for the roominess of true fine-car luxury!

Deep, wide, chair-high seats! Beautiful appointments! Matchless riding ease . . . the buoyant, gliding smoothness of longer wheelbase . . . balanced weight distribution...independently sprung front wheels...and Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

The safety and reliability of Chrysler's great engineering features . . . all at their finest expression. Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . steering and gear-shifting perfection that makes this big, powerful car as effortless as the breeze. Automatic Overdrive is optional equipment.

You'll want to drive this split-second performer . . . you'll thrill to its ability, marvel at its price!

See Chrysler's two great new beauties at the automobile shows. Prove to yourself that again in 1938 Chrysler sweeps on to new leadership in beauty, performance, comfort and value!

* * *

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL** . . . 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL** . . . 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

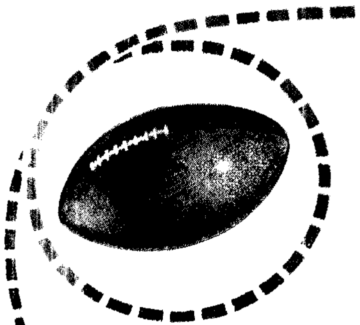
"IT MUST BE MIGHTY SIMPLE, CHARLES, MY 2 BY 4 QUARTERBACK, IF YOU'VE MASTERED IT"
"LOOKIT, MR. FIELDS, EVEN YOU COULD DO IT!"

LISTEN TO W. C. FIELDS AND CHARLIE McCARTHY ON THE CHASE & SANBORN HOUR EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8 P. M., E. S. T., ON NBC RED NETWORK.

$15** DOWN PUTS THIS ELECTRIC TUNING RADIO IN YOUR HOME

The beautiful instrument at the right is RCA Victor Electric Tuning Model 811K. Push a button—there's your station! An 11-tube standard and foreign reception superheterodyne with Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, RCA Metal Tubes and a dozen other features that improve performance. The lovely cabinet is hand-finished and designed to add to tone perfection. As little as $15** down puts this superb console in your home. As much as 18 months to pay the balance!

Electric Tuning



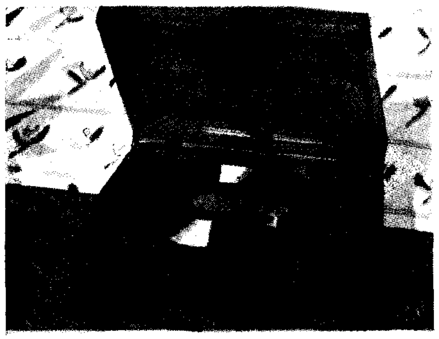
PUSH A BUTTON —YOU'RE ON THE 50 YARD LINE!

Get new thrills now—and for years to come—with an RCA Victor Electric Tuning instrument, the all-American star of radio

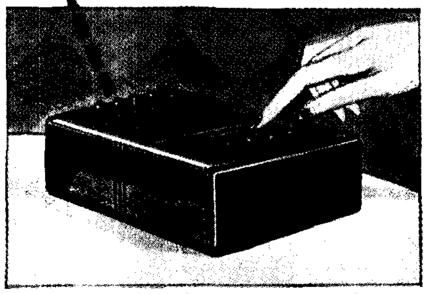
A push of your finger and you're following your favorite football team. With equal ease you tune programs on any one of your 8 favorite stations. That's how RCA Victor Electric Tuning works. *Push a button—there's your station.* No wonder RCA Victor Electric Tuning instruments are more sought after than any radio in years.

When you watch the lively program selector of an RCA Victor Electric Tuning instrument glide from station to station at the touch of a button, you'll want to trade in your old set on the spot. For here's tuning that is *really* automatic, that brings stations in "right-on-the-nose," that's like having a private radio engineer operate your set. The final touch of RCA Victor tuning luxury is Armchair Control described at the right.

An added thrill in these superb instruments is the Sonic-Arc Magic Voice. This is radio's most famous expression made richer and more tone-*full* than ever. Most popular, fastest selling of RCA Victor Electric Tuning Models is 811K. Almost all lovers of fine radio can afford its reasonable cost and low down payment. Let your RCA Victor dealer show you how RCA Victor Electric Tuning can make radio far more enjoyable.



RCA Victor Record Player, R-94. Plays Victor Records through any AC radio. Can be played from your armchair. Plays 10- and 12-inch records. **$32.50.*** Other models from **$19.95.***



Armchair Control—Final tuning luxury

Tune your RCA Victor Electric Tuning Model from across the room, or from another room with Armchair Control (pictured above). Price $14.95.* It makes Electric Tuning even more luxurious.

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. **Down payments vary slightly in some sections.

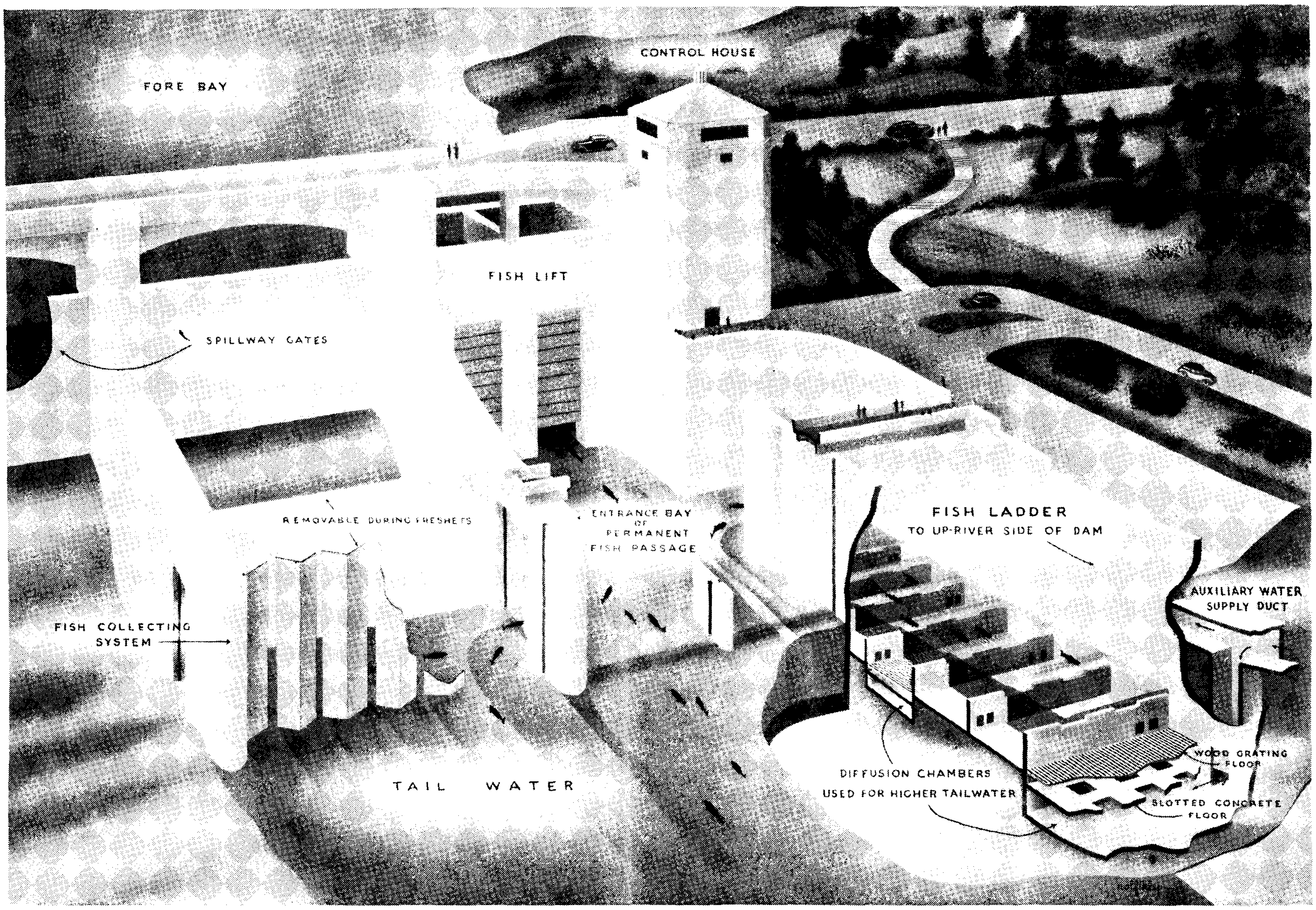
RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T., on NBC Blue Network.

RCA METAL TUBES
Sign of a Modern Radio

For renewal use, specify RCA Radio Tubes—world's most widely used brand.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA


FORE BAY
CONTROL HOUSE
FISH LIFT
SPILLWAY GATES
REMOVABLE DURING FRESHETS
ENTRANCE BAY OF PERMANENT FISH PASSAGE
FISH LADDER TO UP-RIVER SIDE OF DAM
AUXILIARY WATER SUPPLY DUCT
FISH COLLECTING SYSTEM
TAIL WATER
DIFFUSION CHAMBERS USED FOR HIGHER TAILWATER
WOOD GRATING FLOOR
SLOTTED CONCRETE FLOOR

ROLF KLEP

The Bonneville fishways from below the dam. After reaching the entrance bay, salmon will be raised directly to the river above in the fish lifts (details on page 30). Fish not entering the lifts will find their way into the ladder and be guided to an exit on the river above. While fish in the ladder appear to be swimming downstream, they are really climbing steadily against the current, as the ladder loops to avoid precipitousness

Climb, Fish, Climb!

By Richard L. Neuberger

There's a surprise in store for the Columbia River salmon. When they head upstream next spring they'll find a set of new and expensive elevators ready to carry them safely over Bonneville Dam. But will the salmon co-operate? That's an important question—if you like salmon

OVER the knife-edged brink of Celilo Falls the Columbia River poured in a great sheet of green water and frothy, plumed whitecaps. With a roar like massed artillery it crashed on the jagged rocks below. Jets of spray billowed into the air. The clatter of a transcontinental train rolling along the Oregon bank of the river was silenced to a muffled hum by the thunder of the falls. Only a faint treble and wisps of steam against the somber cliffs of the canyon told when the engineer pulled hard on the whistle cord.

Watching the long train as it clicked swiftly on its way to Chicago was a primitive, solitary figure that might have been there more than a century before, eying Lewis and Clark, the first white men to penetrate the frontier. Until the observation car had dwindled to a speck in the distance the tall Indian scanned the railroad right of way. Then he looked back at the swirling river. He stood on a frail, ramshackle wooden platform perilously near the brink of the falls. A rope fastened to his waist was tied to a near-by rock: a thin thread of life should he totter from his hazardous perch. Over his shoulder was a long pole that tapered to an arrow point. He held it poised, like a modern collegiate javelin thrower or some spearsman of ancient Rome. And always he watched the river. Each eddy and whitecap and rivulet he eyed. Minute after minute, while the minutes merged into hours, he stood motionless on the rickety platform. Finally he shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of despair, unfastened the rope that had been around his slender waist, and turned and leaped nonchalantly from rock to rock until he stood on solid ground once more.

Klinquett of the Klikitat tribe pointed at the river that has supplied more salmon than any other waterway in the world. He glanced downstream toward Bonneville and upstream toward Grand Coulee, where the federal government is building the largest dams in history. He showed his dry salmon spear to the other Indians who clustered anxiously about him. "No salmon like it used to be," Klinquett said stolidly.

George Red Hawk, aged chief of the Cayuse Indians, who was spearing salmon in the Columbia before the line of rail reached the great Northwest, looked grimly at the surging river. "White man's dams," he said, "mean no more salmon."

And with that masterpiece of understatement in our ears, we thought of the millions of American housewives who every so often buy Columbia River Chinook salmon for their families' dinners, and of the maîtres d'hôtel on distant ocean liners who make a specialty of planked salmon jardiniere, and of the stewards on swiftly rolling dining cars who urge their passengers to eat boiled salmon hollandaise, and of temperamental chefs in faraway palaces who prepare salmon soufflé Florentine for their royal trenchermen, and of buxom German hausfrauen stirring vast pots of salmon sweet and sour, and of tobacco-chewing cooks in lumber camps who periodically fry mammoth pans of salmon and hash-browns, and of Foreign Legionnaires in the desert and soldiers on the march and Royal Mounties in the wilderness who smack their lips over canned salmon on brittly chunks of hardtack.

Prevalent throughout the principal salmon-producing region of the world today is the almost unshakable opinion that within a few years the fighting fish with the flaky pink flesh will be one and the same with the dodo bird—extinct.

These alarms and fears stem from the fact that

Listen: HERE'S THE ENGINEERIN

Featuring the DYNAFLASH ENGINE and TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING—in the Most Modern Chassis in the World

THE GAS TREADLE to which you put your foot in the new Buick looks like any other.

The wheel has a familiar feel in your hand.

Gas still flows in measured draughts—spark plugs spit their intermittent fire.

But you won't drive a hundred yards behind the Dynaflash engine without sensing that something marvelously new and different is happening here.

It is something that happens in no other car, in no other engine—something so *desirably* different that a full explanation is due you.

★ ★ ★ ★

WHAT happens, briefly, is this:

Speeding from the carburetor through the intake manifold, the fuel charge hurricanes into the cylinder at something like 250 miles an hour.

Leaping to meet it is the piston, with a unique device called a Turbulator built into its face.

Such is the carefully calculated profile of this Turbulator that it churns the fuel draught into a sudden cyclone of terrific turbulence.

Then occurs something more than high-compression—literally *cyclompression*—as this swirling gale of gasoline vapor is compacted around the spark plug.

The fat spark leaps, a fiery, fist-size hurricane lets go.

Pressures jump to four times normal, the piston flashes down in a swifter, stronger power stroke — *gasoline vapor gives up more performance than it has ever given up before in a commercial engine!*

★ ★ ★ ★

YOUR foot on the throttle gets a smarter, livelier answer to its slightest pressure.

The hills that lift before you suddenly seem to level out less steep.

You greet the green lights with a thrill in every take-off, the car has *lift,* you thread traffic with new mastery and ease.

All this might seem enough for inspired engineering science to lavish on a car in a single season.

But *matching* Dynaflash *power in importance as a major engineering advance* is Buick's new Torque-Free Springing, and the arroflite ride it provides.

★ ★ ★ ★

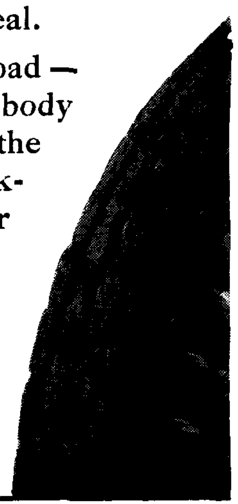
TAKE A BUICK over a railroad crossing — there's none of that rear-end thud and chatter you've known.

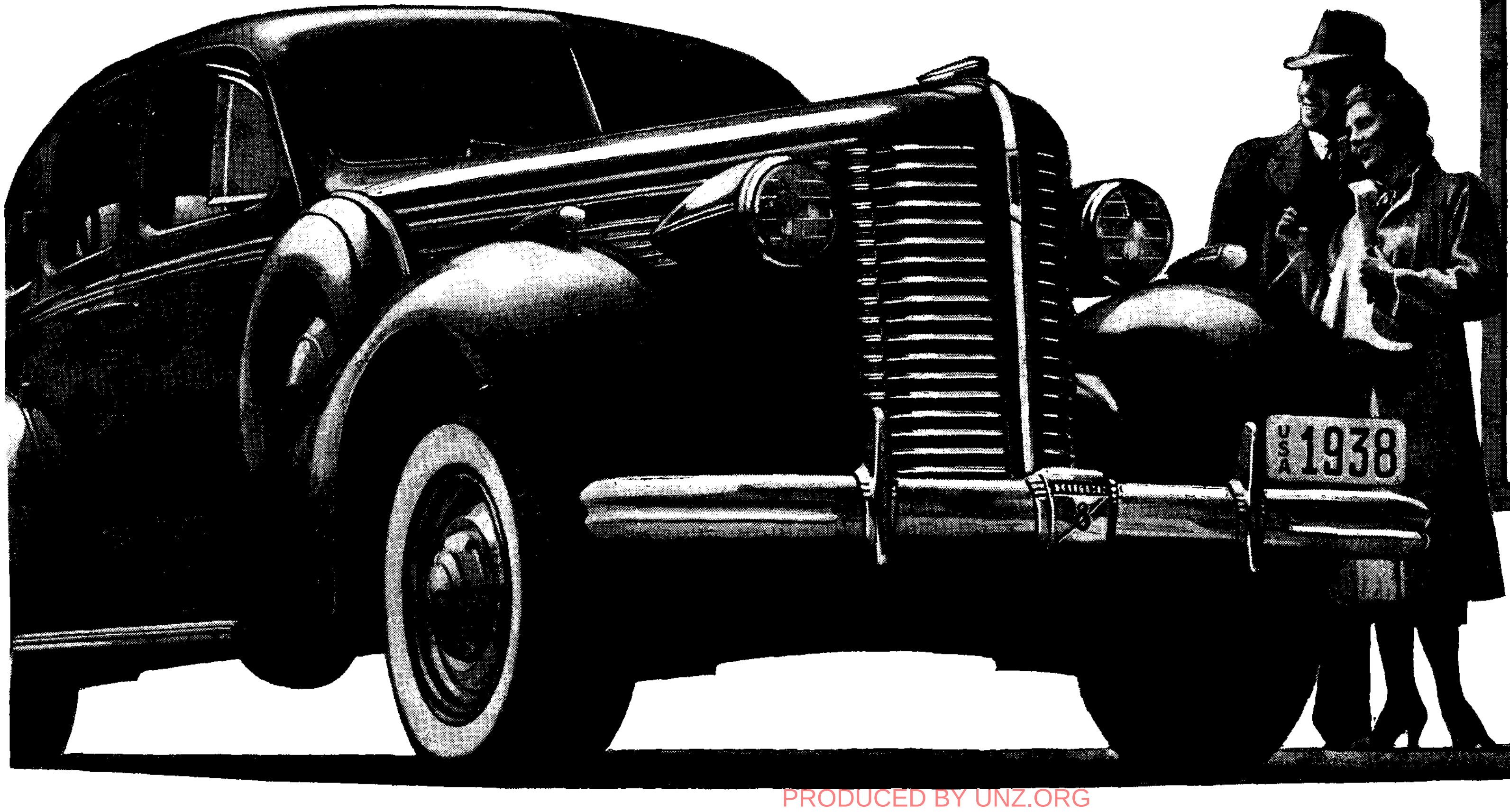
Swing it around a curve—there's no tail swing, no roll, no under-steering or over-steering, no squeal.

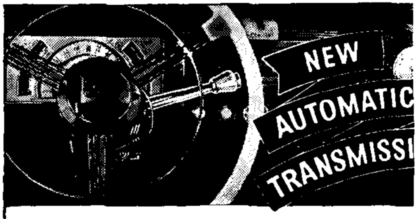
Search out a bumpy road—wheels may dance but the body rides level, you cover the rough going with the silk-smoothness of a panther on the prowl!

For the source of this magic, look at Buick's rear springs.

The old leaf-type spring is gone.







THIS CAR SHIFTS FOR ITSELF!

Buick SPECIAL, Series 40 models can be obtained on special order with the new Buick Self-Shifting Transmission, built-in at the factory, at extra cost. In all ordinary driving, gear shifts are made u or down automatically, without attention to clutch or gas treadle and witho taking your hand from the wheel. 90% of all travel is in a new quiet "fourth" speed which saves 10% or more on ga and up to 50% on oil. Front seat floo is cleared by removal of gear shift lever.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

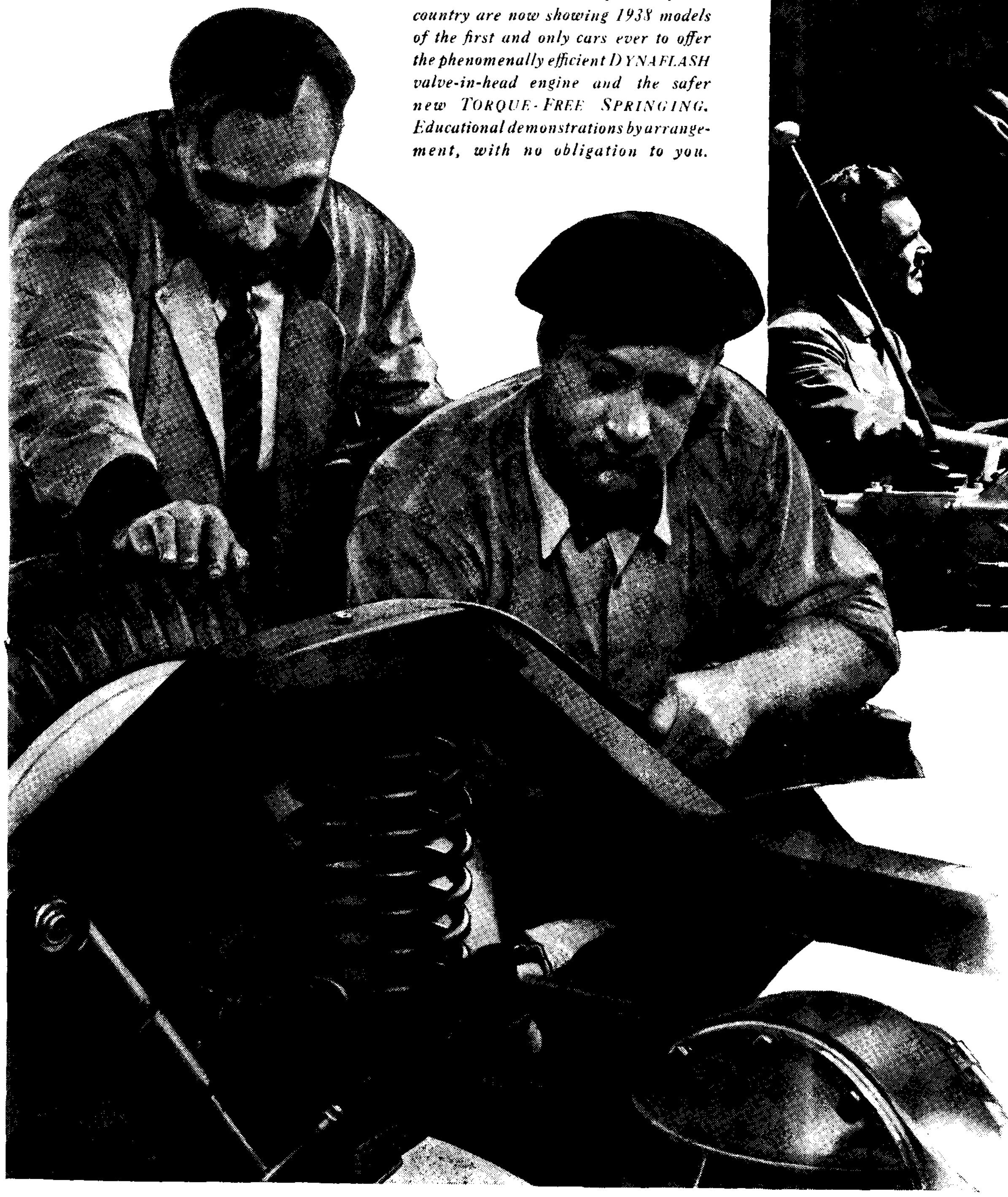
"Buick carries the banner forward"

GM
AN EYE TO THE FUTURE
AN EAR TO THE GROUND

MUST STORY OF THE YEAR!

NEWS NOTE:

Buick dealers in all parts of the country are now showing 1938 models of the first and only cars ever to offer the phenomenally efficient DYNAFLASH valve-in-head engine and the safer new TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING. Educational demonstrations by arrangement, with no obligation to you.



BUICK DYNAFLASH 8

n its place each wheel has a soft, shock-mothering, uniformly flexing cushion of tout *coiled* steel.

No shackles, no spring covers, no rease points to watch. Nothing to go wrong, wear out, or clog with dirt, rust, rease.

You're safer — skid risks are blessedly reduced. You save money — rear tires last measurably longer. You're more comfortable — the whole eager car handles more surely and easily because of TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING.

And summer or winter, with 50 or 50,000 miles behind you, you have the same soft cushioning unaltered by either wear or weather!

★ ★ ★ ★

IF it's thrilling and thrifty power you're after, you'll choose Buick this year for its amazing DYNAFLASH engine.

If it's matchless comfort and security, you'll want the safety-cushioning of the TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ride.

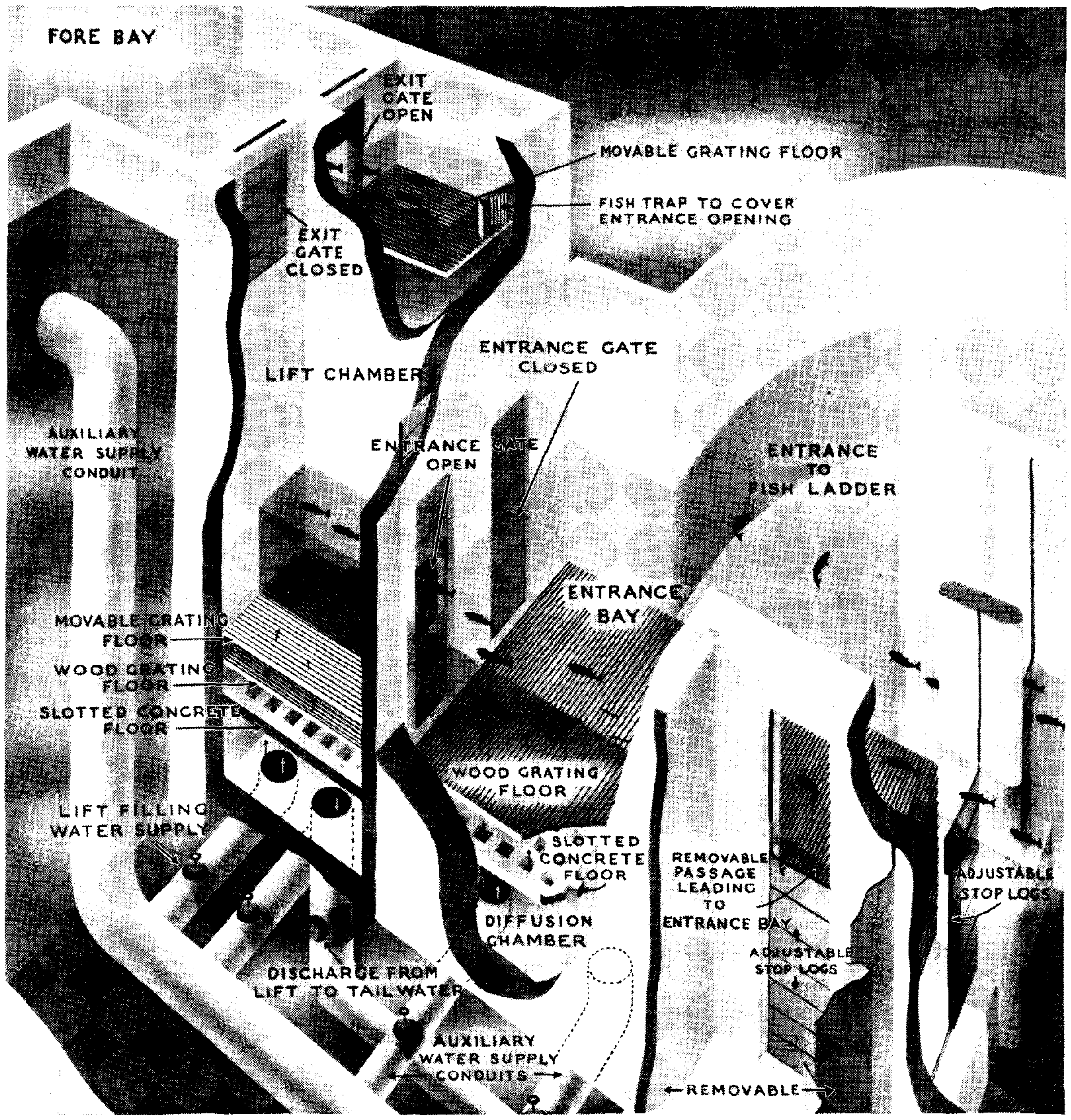
With either you get the other—plus half a score important features that would be headline news in any other car.

You can learn about them all from the nearest Buick dealer, now waiting to show you this modern engineering marvel.

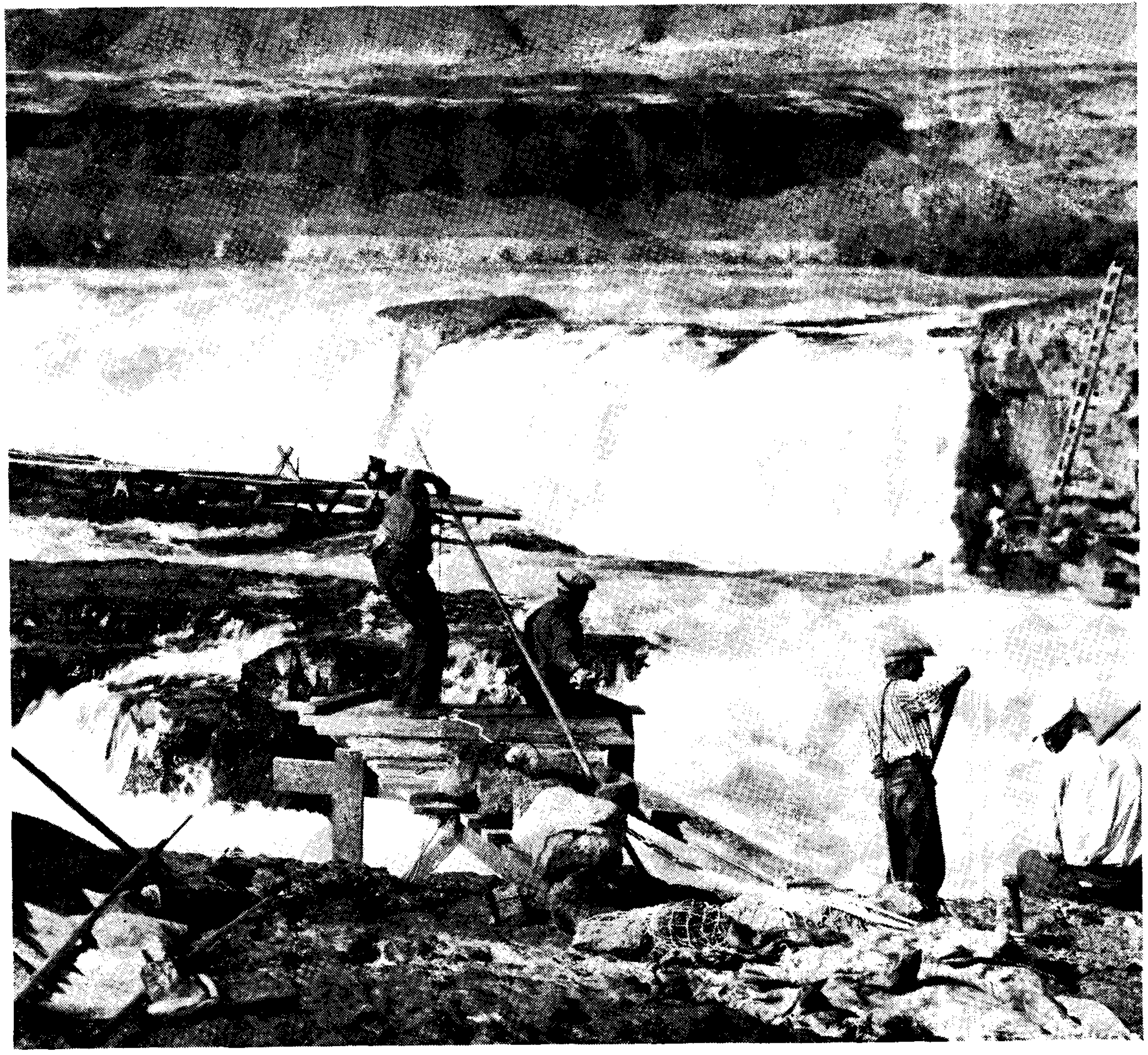
Please don't stop with looking at it. Give yourself the full knowledge of DYNAFLASH power and the lullaby ride of TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING by sampling them first-hand on the open road.

"Better buy Buick!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR


FORE BAY
EXIT GATE OPEN
MOVABLE GRATING FLOOR
FISH TRAP TO COVER ENTRANCE OPENING
EXIT GATE CLOSED
ENTRANCE GATE CLOSED
LIFT CHAMBER
AUXILIARY WATER SUPPLY CONDUIT
ENTRANCE GATE OPEN
ENTRANCE TO FISH LADDER
ENTRANCE BAY
MOVABLE GRATING FLOOR
WOOD GRATING FLOOR
SLOTTED CONCRETE FLOOR
WOOD GRATING FLOOR
LIFT FILLING WATER SUPPLY
SLOTTED CONCRETE FLOOR
REMOVABLE PASSAGE LEADING TO ENTRANCE BAY
ADJUSTABLE STOP LOGS
DIFFUSION CHAMBER
ADJUSTABLE STOP LOGS
DISCHARGE FROM LIFT TO TAILWATER
AUXILIARY WATER SUPPLY CONDUITS
REMOVABLE

ROLF KLEP



RALPH GIFFORD

Details of the fish lift. One lift is shown with the entrance gate open and fish entering to be lifted over the dam. In the other lift the fish have been raised to the level of the water above the dam and are on their way to the spawning grounds. Below: A group of Indians spearing and netting salmon on the Columbia River

the salmon is what the scientists call an anadromous fish. This means that at certain seasons it must ascend rivers from the ocean to breed. If it cannot get upstream to the headwaters of the river, it perishes without spawning and the species thus ultimately dies out. *The salmon must get up the river!* That is the principal rule with everyone who has ever hauled in a fifty-pound thrashing Columbia Chinook—whether with a rod and reel for sport, a gill net for a livelihood, or a spear to feed some Indian squaw and her chubby-faced papoose. And the salmon must get up the Columbia River most of all, because it is there that the world obtains the bulk of its supply of the giant Chinook or king salmon.

The possible destruction of the Chinook salmon runs was a major item on the agenda of the annual convention of the American Indian Federation, held recently in the heart of the Columbia River country at Lewiston, Idaho. A resolution passed overwhelmingly demanded that the federal government protect the Indians' fishing grounds on the great waterway. One of the chiefs rose solemnly to point out that the red man gave up his lands only when the white man promised that he could fish forever for the giant salmon. "Those rights were given us," the old Indian said, "for as long as the river flows, the sun sets, and the grass grows on near-by hills."

A Violation of an Eighty-Year-Old Treaty

The Indian Federation protested that not only may Bonneville block the passage of the salmon up and down the Columbia, but that the vast lake formed behind the dam will flood choice fishing sites expressly reserved for the Indians by the Treaty of Walla Walla in 1855. This compact was negotiated by bearded Isaac Stevens, first governor of Washington Territory, and proclaimed by President James Buchanan. Ironically, Governor Stevens, who assured the Indians their fishing grounds would be forever protected, was a friend of the Army frontiersman, Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, for whom is named the dam which may invalidate the promise that has been faithfully kept more than eighty years.

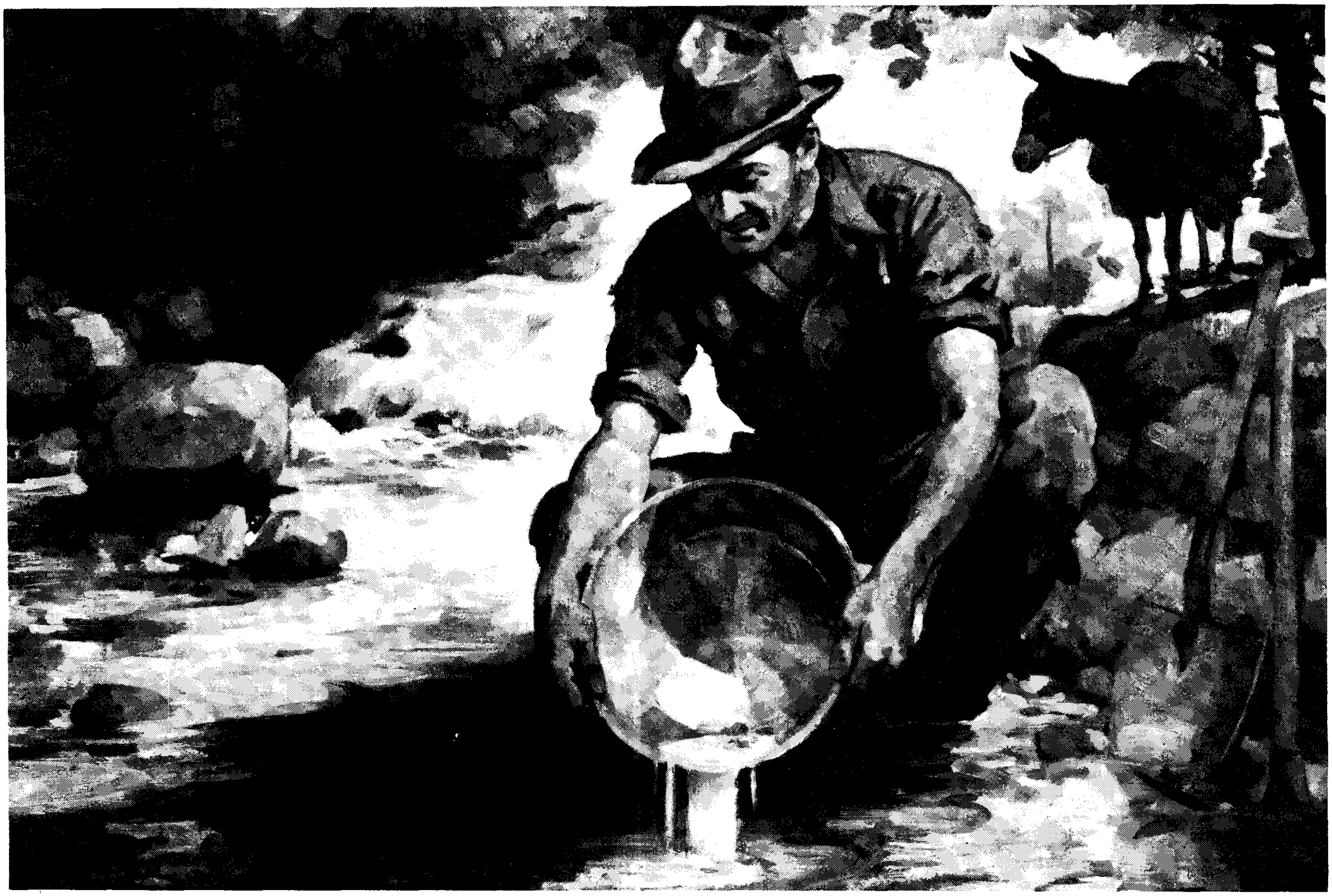
Let's have a look at the habits of the salmon and see just why PWA dams on the Columbia River threaten to annihilate a large section of the most important food fish caught on the Pacific Coast. The life cycle of the salmon goes about like this:

The baby salmon emerge four or five months after the parent fish have deposited the eggs high in the mountains, near the headwaters of the river. By September the fingerling salmon are six or seven inches long, and they are carried downstream—millions of them. Those that survive this mad dash eventually reach the sea, and there they remain for three years. They feed on the marine life common to every ocean, and it is possible they do not stray far from the mouth of the river through which they first entered salt water. After three years in the sea, the salmon—a fingerling no longer, but a slim, fighting fish strong enough to conquer rapids and tear a hook from an angler's line—heeds the call of the river, just as once it responded to the urge of the sea. The salmon goes upstream, stemming against the spring freshets, and beside it swim all the other salmon that came down the river three years before and have withstood the hazards of stream and ocean. Through rapids, over eighteen- and twenty-foot falls, and high into the uplands thrashes the silver-scaled horde. Finally the salmon reach the gravel bars and eddies where they themselves were spawned. There the fish deposit their eggs. This done, the span of their life has been completed and they drift downstream, tails foremost, until they perish naturally a few days later or are battered to death against some jagged rock.

This is the life pattern of the fish that provides the main course for so many American family meals. One factor—and one only—ever varies the cycle: inability of the salmon to gain the headwaters of the river in which they were spawned.

If, due either to the whims of nature or the calculated plans of man, the *(Continued on page* 50*)*

YOUR FUTURE...



how will it "Pan out"?

SOME men have a natural gift for making money. Others make it only by patient, earnest industry. Most admit, however, that it is easier to make money than to manage it.

Ask yourself: "Have I the knowledge to invest my money wisely? . . . What will my family do if I go before I can accumulate enough to provide for them?"

Through Life insurance you can protect your wife and children. You can make certain that their future will "pan out" with the pure gold of security and happiness. If you die, they will receive the amount you had *planned* to provide as the years went by.

Life insurance helps you in other ways. It helps you to conserve a part of your earnings, which are kept safely and busily at work. In later years, when you may want to take things easy, your Life insurance makes available a fund which will provide a regular monthly income.

Why not set up a definite Life Insurance Program now? A Field-Man will gladly give you the benefit of his experience and suggest a practical plan. Telephone today to the nearest Metropolitan office, or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues Life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ **STATE**__________

117-C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LEROY A. LINCOLN, **President**

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THE MOST BEAUTIF

Agai

BETTER LOOKING • BETTER BUILT • A BETTER BUY!

At the right there's a vivid picture of the 1938 Silver Streak. Below there's a partial list of 1938 features. Picture and list tell a story of beauty and value not matched by any other low-priced car. Yet they fail, by a wide margin, to do justice to the superb six and eight presented by Pontiac for 1938 and now on display at all Pontiac dealers. And they fail because the new Pontiacs are so different from previous low-priced cars that only first-hand information tells the story. *They're better looking*—the shining Silver Streak, new front-end, new instrument panel, new, roomy, club-car interiors have no counterparts for smartness at any price. They're *better built*—the new Safety Shift Gear Control, *the greatest advancement in handling ease in the low-price field,* is proof enough of that. And they are far *better buys*—for, despite all-round advancements, Pontiac prices are still near the lowest and Pontiac economy is still phenomenal! So see these great cars at your Pontiac dealer's showroom and let your own hands and eyes convince you that *the most beautiful thing on wheels again outvalues them all.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Sales Corporation

TWO GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS: *"News Through a Woman's Eyes" every Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 2 p. m., E.S.T., Columbia Network. "Varsity Show"—direct from the leading college campuses every Friday night, NBC Blue Network at 9 p. m., E.S.T.—8 p. m., C.S.T.—7 p. m., M.S.T.—6 p. m., P.S.T.* TUNE IN!

1938 PONTIAC

SILVER STREAK

LATEST AND GREATEST FEATURES OF AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

NEW SILVER STREAK STYLING • NEW SAFETY SHIFT GEAR CONTROL (optional at slight extra cost) • NEW CLUTCH PEDAL BOOSTER • NEW SAFETY-STYLED INTERIORS • NEW BATTERY LOCATION • PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDE • IMPROVED CENTER-POINT STEERING • ADJUSTABLE, TILTING 3-PASSENGER FRONT SEAT • EXTRA-LARGE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT • BIG-CAR WHEELBASE (117" on Six, 122" on Eight) • TRIPLE-SEALED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER • FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION • COMPLETELY SEALED CHASSIS • SAFETY MULTI-BEAM HEADLIGHTS • PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS.

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

THING ON WHEELS OUTVALUES THEM ALL!

A secret your friends discover...

NOT every human has a secret desire to broaden his horizons, to know and understand what happens in the world beyond Main Street. Perhaps only one man or woman in ten has that inner aliveness.

If you are that person, you can be sure your friends or business associates are aware of it. And if you are, you are one of the very people for whom TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was invented.

● For you, an invention

TIME helps you keep intelligently informed about the changing world you live in. It tells each week about what is being invented, voted, written, painted, about what is being discovered in medicine and science. It gives you the news, fully, concisely, *fast.*

TIME gets its news from the world Press, from the two great news organizations, A. P. and U. P., and from hundreds of its own fact-gatherers and correspondents.

Each week The Editors of TIME organize the essential news into twenty-one departments, from *National Affairs* to *Books*. Then they write each bit into a living story that strikes sharp into your mind—and sticks there.

And what sticks is no clutter of half-truths, but the big story of the world's week, readable, reliable, expertly checked and rechecked until all human precaution against error has been taken.

For The Editors of TIME could not be content to be writers and story-spinners, however brilliant. They are responsible men, dealing in things that matter intensely to many people. Their watchfulness must be unflagging so that you may know you can trust TIME.

● No chore, but a hobby

It may surprise you at first to realize that keeping well-informed, with TIME, is no grim task but a stimulating hobby. You will come upon many things in its rich pages, gather up anecdote as well as fact, find suspense and surprise.

Discover TIME today, tonight, by going to your newsstand. Or be TIME's guest for three weeks. Simply write today to TIME, Dept. C-4, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., and the next three issues will be sent, free.

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine

Smart Girl

Continued from page 20

Then she got back in the cab and went down to Fifty-seventh, to Mr. Van Arden's apartment. She's there now."

"Okay," Eric said. "Drop it. Go to the Newark airport and meet the senator. He took the three-o'clock plane from Washington. He's bringing the alligator briefcase. You'd better be armed. Don't say anything to him about this girl. Not a word! I'm handling her myself."

WHEN Barney Teel entered the lavish reception room of the Kresco Construction Company, he had the slightly feverish, mirthful air of a man in the throes of a secret, pleasurable excitement.

The receptionist said gaily, "Go right in, Mr. Teel." And she followed his tall, trim figure with approval and speculation. Slim, attractive, audacious, he was just like the interestingly ruthless reporters she saw on the screen.

Barney Teel went jauntily into Pop Kresco's cream, cork and chromium office. He was still glowing from the handsome things Hurly, his city editor, had said because he had beat the field on the latest development in the Zorane-Kresco feud. Pop Kresco's comments should make a good follow-up. Pop Kresco would probably blow up.

The contractor was seated at his immense desk, as incongruous as a frog on a debutante's dressing table. He did not look at all friendly. With his gray hair short and bristly and showing the white scar running diagonally across his skull, and with his thick, self-indulgent lips and his cornflower-blue eyes that always looked at your shoes when you were talking, a heritage perhaps of his days in the ring, Pop Kresco was not a man to inspire confidence when he looked unfriendly.

The reporter said breezily, "Hello, Pop! Well, I hear Zorane took a powder."

"Yeah. Sit down." An injury to his Adam's apple, in the pugilistic era, had left his voice soft and whispery.

The cornflower-blue eyes were cold. The heavy lower lip was pendulous.

"I thought we were good friends."

"Aren't we?"

The contractor's lids were heavy. "Why are you double-crossing me?"

Barney Teel raised his dark eyebrows quickly, then brought them down. His features seemed to sharpen as his eyes brightened.

"Did I double-cross you, Pop?"

THE pale blue eyes in their fatty creases seemed to freeze solid. The thick lips scarcely moved for their whisper. "You see," Pop Kresco said, "I know who delivered that interne suit to Zorane."

"Do you?" Barney Teel said.

"Yeah. Do you know what I'm talking about, Barney?"

"Not yet."

"You ain't lying to me, Barney?"

"Why should I lie to you?"

The old man looked at Barney Teel's oxfords, neat in spite of the weather.

"If you ain't lying, then something is very, very funny. Your girl friend delivered that interne suit to him, Barney. Are you sure you didn't engineer the whole thing, so you could get a scoop?"

Barney said wearily, "I'm sure." He started to get up.

"Wait a minute. There's something more. Do you know an Immigration Department agent called Guy Van Arden?"

"Yes."

"He is hot on Zorane's trail, ain't he?"

"He's supposed to be."

"What do you know about Van Arden and this?"

"I think he is sore at the way you're gumming things."

The contractor smiled briefly with his lips, his cornflower-blue eyes remaining frozen. "Why didn't he call off this mad dog when I asked him to? Let me tell you something off the record, Barney. You don't know the half of what Zorane has done to me. You think he started some strikes among my men. Do you know that he absolutely tied up construction on two new apartment buildings, a hotel and a forty-story office building? Do you know I am building these buildings with a forfeit clause in every contract? And that this guy Zorane has already cost me close to two million dollars?"

"Can I quote you?"

"Not yet. Things are going to break. Now, about this girl of yours. She runs this Let's Be Smart column, don't she?"

"Yes."

"You tell her something straight from my shoulder. You tell her Pop Kresco ain't a man to get funny with like she did. You tell her I don't forget people who throw Stillson wrenches in my machinery. As for you, young fellow, I will find out whether you are double-crossing me and lying to me. If you are, you will be sorry, too. Now, get out of here before I say something. Scram."

Barney was out of the chair and bending over the desk. His eyes were lively and he was smiling.

"Save your breath, Pop," he said gently. "Don't ever threaten me. I don't like it. And I don't like being called a double-crosser and a liar. You're going to eat that and like it."

Pop Kresco nodded ponderously. "Sure. Scram."

Barney Teel betrayed no anger until he was in a taxicab. His face became stone white and his eyes resembled the eyes of a staring cat.

It wasn't Sally's lying that made him furious; it was why she had lied. He knew that Guy Van Arden was behind it all. She was helping Van Arden again. That meant she was seeing him again in spite of her promise.

She was helping Van Arden and being magnanimous. Ah, yes. Be nice to Barney. Toss the poor sap a tidbit.

Pop Kresco was not a liar. If he said that Sally Porter had delivered the interne suit to Zorane, she had delivered it. She had lied to cover up her renewed dealings with Van Arden.

He wondered again why he bothered with Sally when he might have been engaged at this very moment to a girl like Coral Mayberry.

Coral Mayberry was what he actually wanted. She was worth millions, her social position was unsurpassed, and she was as beautiful in her smooth, dark way as was Sally in her vital golden way. He knew that Coral liked him. She might even be in love with him. And next week he and Sally would be married.

THE somewhat explosive voice of Senator Larsen said in the receiver at Eric's ear: "I'm at the airport. Did Al phone you?"

"Yes, Dad. I'm having dinner with you at the Dubonnaix and I'm bringing along the most beautiful girl in New York."

"Who is she?" the senator barked.

"My fiancée. Her name is Sally Porter and she has red hair, vast blue eyes, a superb sense of humor, and you'll be mad about her."

"Is this serious, Eric?"

"We think so."

"Isn't it sudden?"

"You won't think so when you've met her."

"Who is she?"

"A newspaper girl from Virginia. She runs a column called Let's Be Smart. Are you familiar with it?"

"Vaguely. Bring her, by all means. What's the latest on Zorane?"

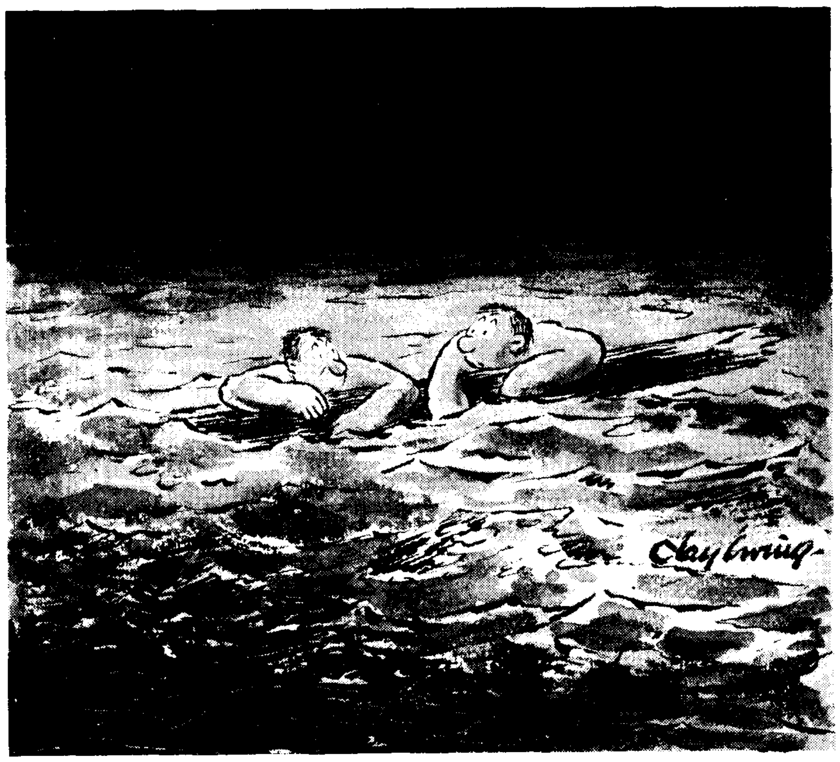
"He made a getaway from his apartment disguised as a Bellevue interne, stole an ambulance, transferred to a rented limousine, and is now at Van Arden's."

"What about the mystery girl?"

"She's still mysterious, Senator."

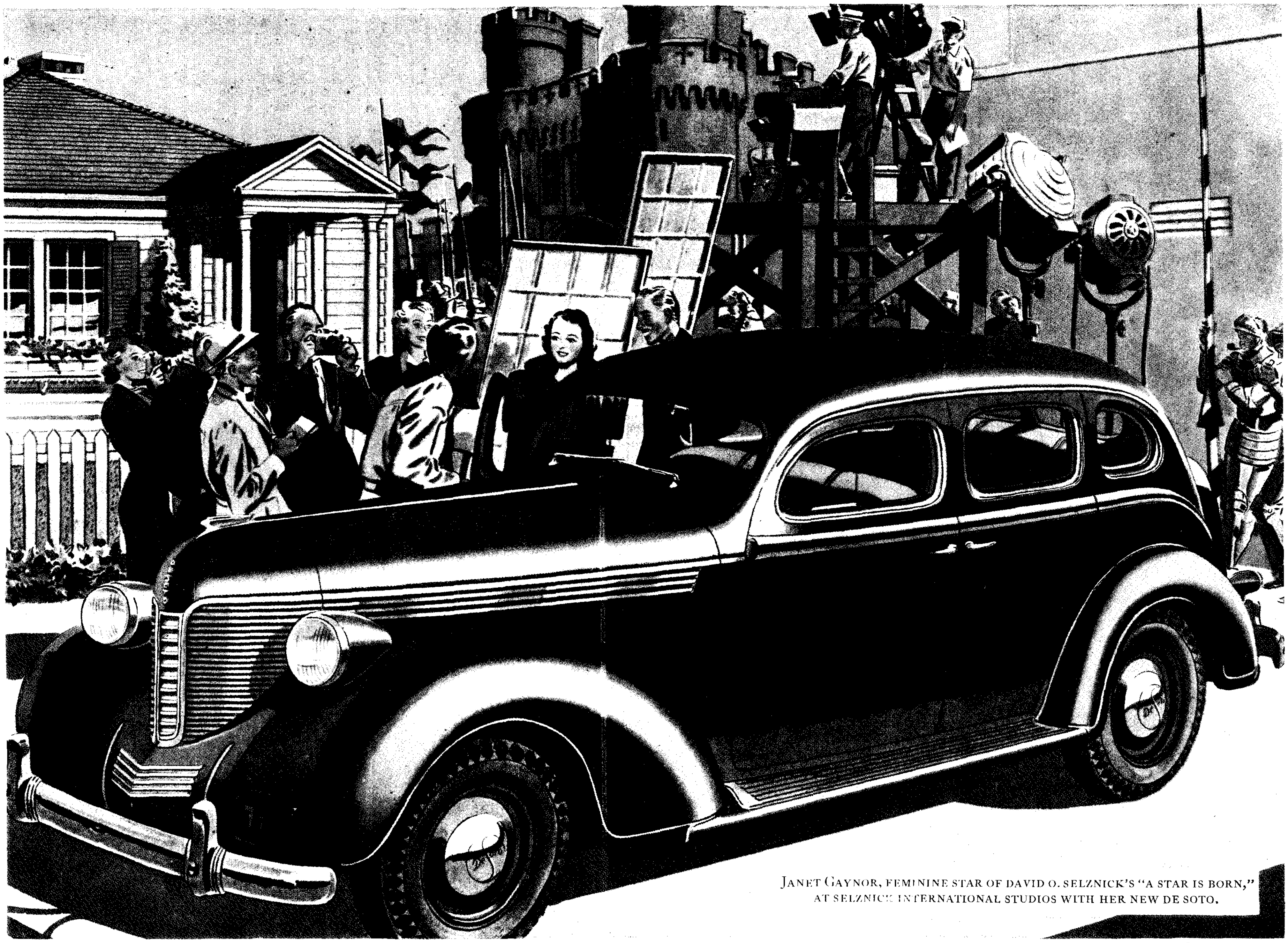
"You've done fine work, Eric. Be careful."

"The same to you, Dad. I had a mes-



"Oh, well, I wasn't in a hurry anyway" JAY IRVING

A GREAT STAR IS BORN: [NEW DE SOTO FOR 1938]



JANET GAYNOR, FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S "A STAR IS BORN," AT SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS WITH HER NEW DE SOTO.

And here's Janet Gaynor Stepping into her New De Soto...Smartest Car in Low-Price Field

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! World Premiere of the year's smartest car...and from Hollywood to New York, smart people like Janet Gaynor are picking this new De Soto.

The reason? Just look at De Soto's sweeping, modern lines—the new styling that makes ordinary cars seem old-fashioned. There's room for six people in De Soto's big, luxurious Safety Interior—and they'll ride cushioned on rubber with airplane-type shock-absorbers to smooth even the roughest road.

Take the wheel yourself—feel De Soto's *faster* getaway in traffic. Red light ahead? A touch—and De Soto's *bigger* hydraulic brakes will stop you surely and evenly.

Expensive? Neither to buy nor to *own!* De Soto is priced just above the lowest. This *big* car costs no more to run than most *small* cars! See your De Soto dealer today—and discover what you've been missing. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

"MISS GAYNOR, YOU CERTAINLY PICKED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR OF THE YEAR."

IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

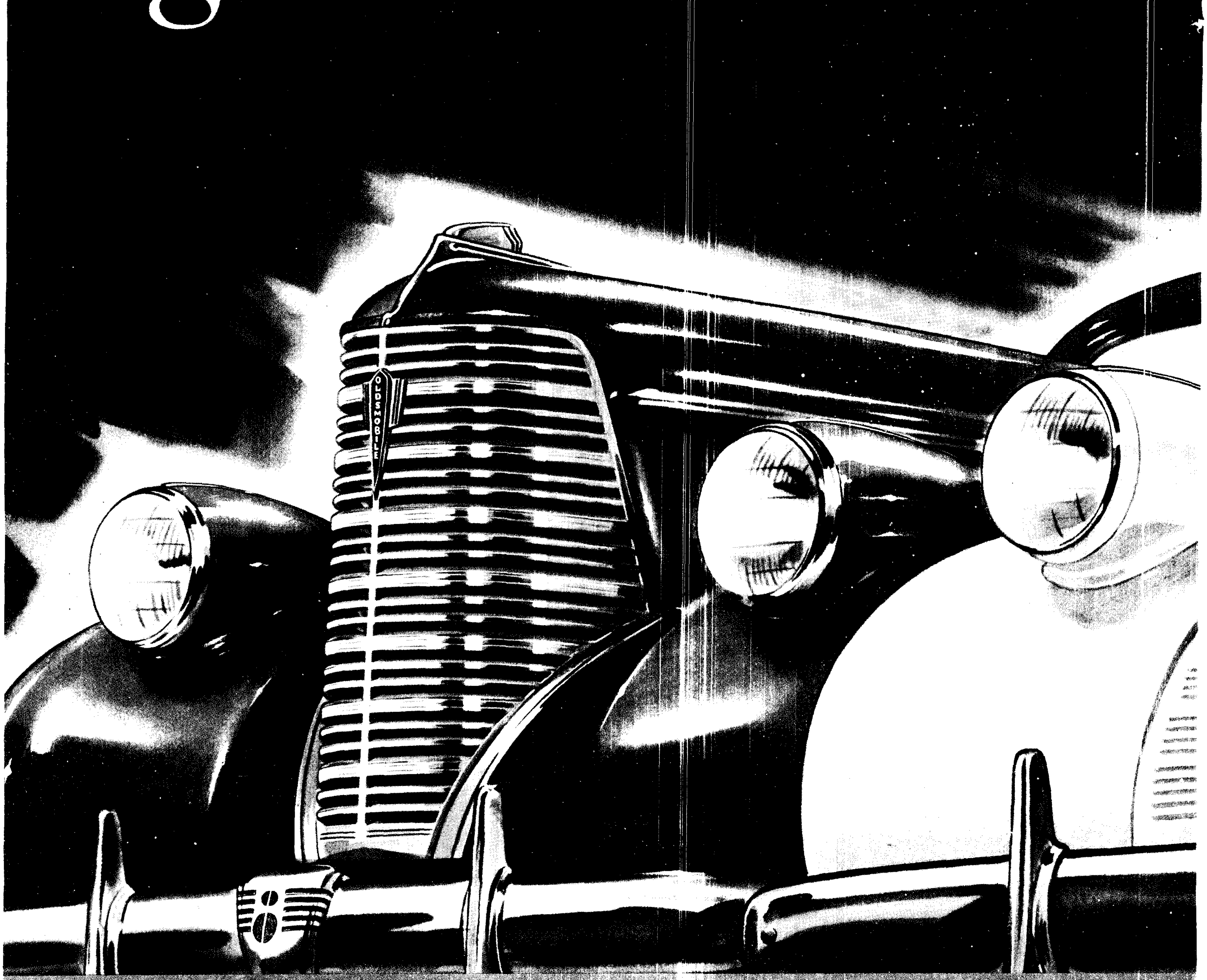
QUICK FACTS: 1. "Lightning-fast" pick-up... Improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. Longer wheelbase...119 inches. 4. Bigger hydraulic brakes. 5. Easier shifting. 6. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 7. Luxurious Safety Interior. 8. "Cushioned" ride with airplane-type shock-absorbers. 9. Easier steering...no "road-shock." Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

SEE YOUR DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE AND A SQUARE DEAL

Again - Oldsmobile

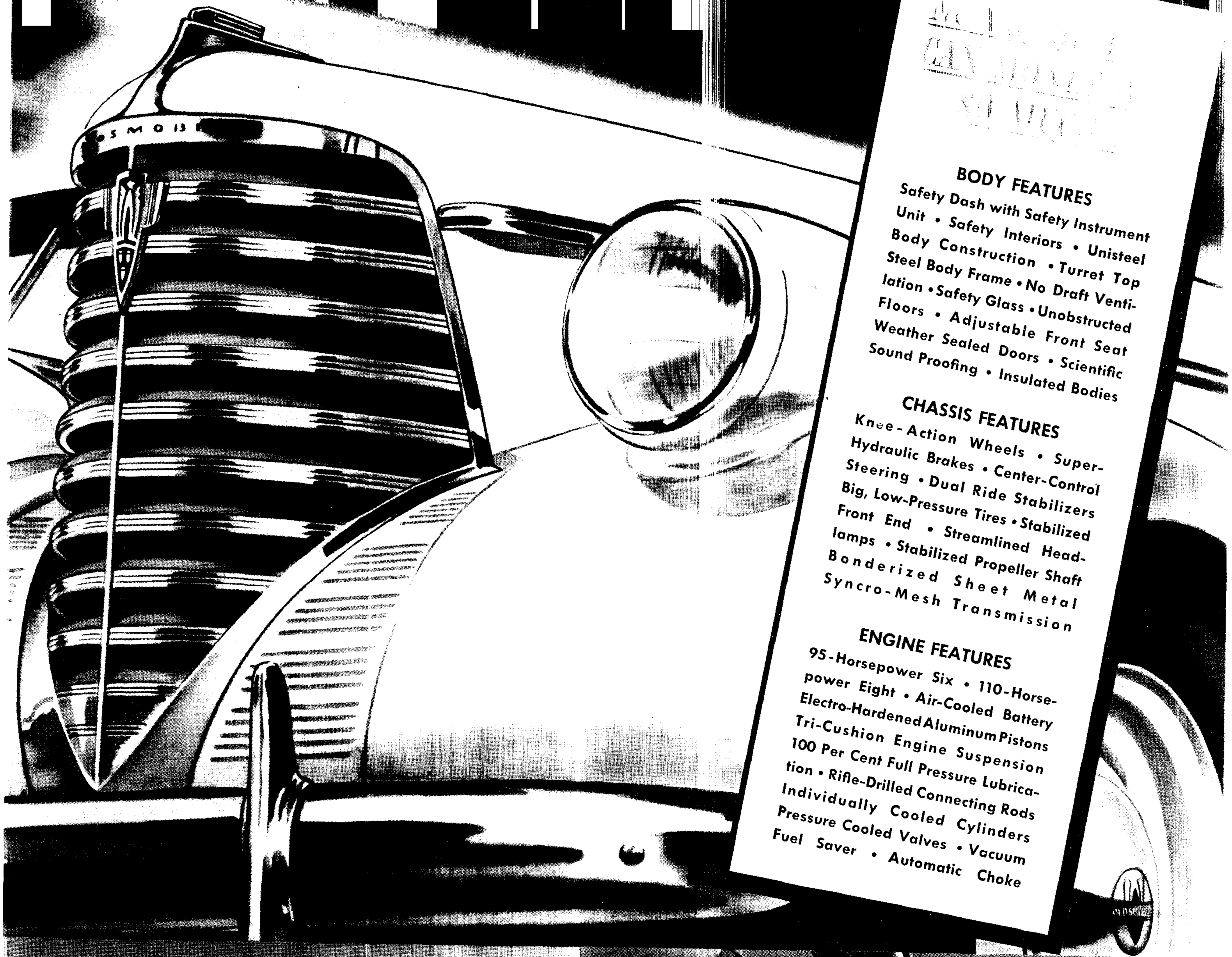


WITH TWO DASHING NEW STYLE LEADERS

SETTING the motor car styles again for all America to follow, the 1938 Oldsmobile Six and Eight are on display and on the road! In striking beauty, dashing action and record making value, there simply is nothing like these superlative new Oldsmobiles. See them at the Automobile Shows—or in Oldsmobile dealers' displays—and you see two distinctively streamlined cars that are unmistakably Style Leaders. Try them on the road and you enjoy performance at its top-flight best. In everything, they are the finest cars Oldsmobile's forty years have produced. They have every latest advancement for safety, for easier, smoother, more responsive operation. They have the Oldsmobile Safety Instrument Unit, the new Oldsmobile Safety Interiors. And, crowning all new features, they offer the driving sensation of the year —Oldsmobile's new Automatic Safety-Transmission. See these brilliant new cars now, at your dealer's showroom!

" *THE 1938 CARS THAT HAVE EVERYTHING* "

Steps Out Ahead!



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BODY FEATURES

Safety Dash with Safety Instrument Unit • Safety Interiors • Unisteel Body Construction • Turret Top Steel Body Frame • No Draft Ventilation • Safety Glass • Unobstructed Floors • Adjustable Front Seat Weather Sealed Doors • Scientific Sound Proofing • Insulated Bodies

CHASSIS FEATURES

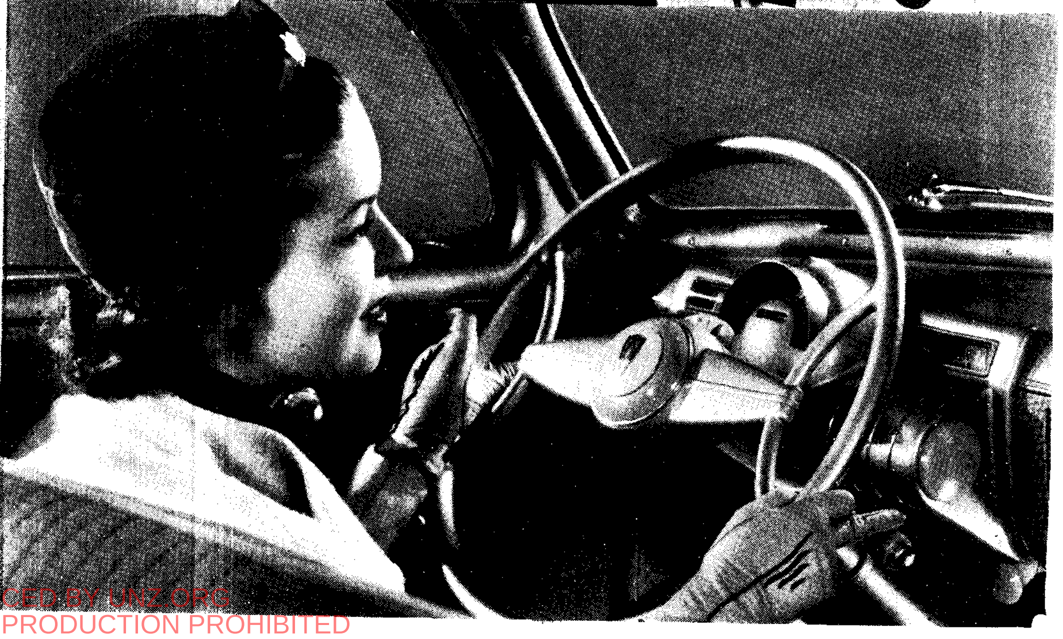
Knee-Action Wheels • Super-Hydraulic Brakes • Center-Control Steering • Dual Ride Stabilizers Big, Low-Pressure Tires • Stabilized Front End • Streamlined Headlamps • Stabilized Propeller Shaft Bonderized Sheet Metal Syncro-Mesh Transmission

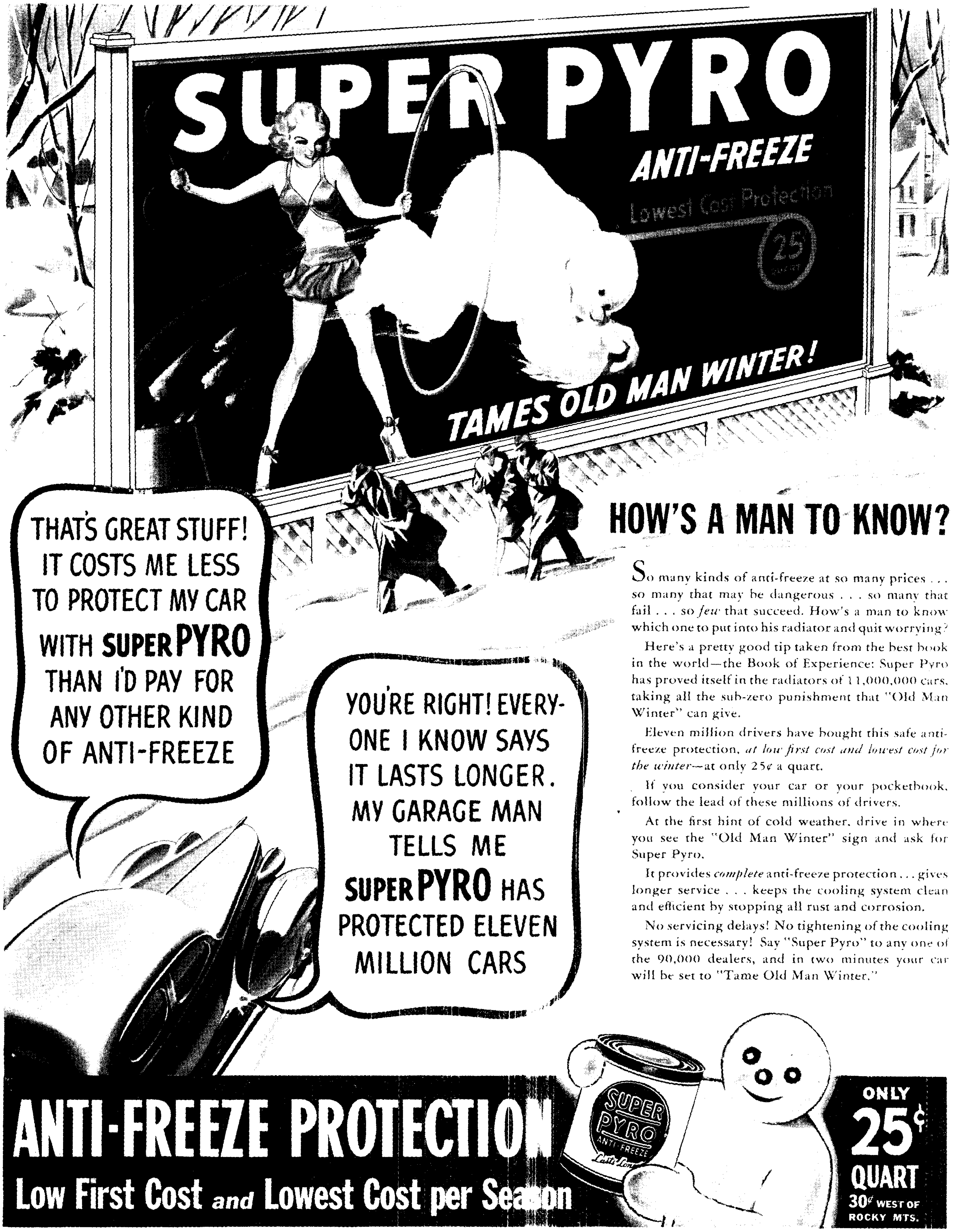
ENGINE FEATURES

95-Horsepower Six • 110-Horsepower Eight • Air-Cooled Battery Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons Tri-Cushion Engine Suspension 100 Per Cent Full Pressure Lubrication • Rifle-Drilled Connecting Rods Individually Cooled Cylinders Pressure Cooled Valves • Vacuum Fuel Saver • Automatic Choke

Both Offering
AUTOMATIC SAFETY TRANSMISSION!

[illegible] Transmission is literally a [illegible] for shifting gears, [illegible] cuts fuel consumption [illegible] easier, simpler, safer. It is [illegible] Six and Eight as optional [illegible] extra cost. Try it today!




SUPER PYRO
ANTI-FREEZE
Lowest Cost Protection
25¢ QUART
TAMES OLD MAN WINTER!
THAT'S GREAT STUFF! IT COSTS ME LESS TO PROTECT MY CAR WITH SUPER PYRO THAN I'D PAY FOR ANY OTHER KIND OF ANTI-FREEZE
YOU'RE RIGHT! EVERYONE I KNOW SAYS IT LASTS LONGER. MY GARAGE MAN TELLS ME SUPER PYRO HAS PROTECTED ELEVEN MILLION CARS
SUPER PYRO ANTI-FREEZE Lasts Longer

HOW'S A MAN TO KNOW?

So many kinds of anti-freeze at so many prices . . . so many that may be dangerous . . . so many that fail . . . so *few* that succeed. How's a man to know which one to put into his radiator and quit worrying?

Here's a pretty good tip taken from the best book in the world—the Book of Experience: Super Pyro has proved itself in the radiators of 11,000,000 cars, taking all the sub-zero punishment that "Old Man Winter" can give.

Eleven million drivers have bought this safe anti-freeze protection, *at low first cost and lowest cost for the winter*—at only 25¢ a quart.

If you consider your car or your pocketbook, follow the lead of these millions of drivers.

At the first hint of cold weather, drive in where you see the "Old Man Winter" sign and ask for Super Pyro.

It provides *complete* anti-freeze protection . . . gives longer service . . . keeps the cooling system clean and efficient by stopping all rust and corrosion.

No servicing delays! No tightening of the cooling system is necessary! Say "Super Pyro" to any one of the 90,000 dealers, and in two minutes your car will be set to "Tame Old Man Winter."

ANTI-FREEZE PROTECTION

Low First Cost and Lowest Cost per Season

ONLY 25¢ QUART
30¢ WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

sage sent to Barney Teel, the Globe reporter, that you'd like him to drop in for coffee with us after dinner. He's a smart boy. He's making his reputation on this Zorane story and it would pay you to play ball with him."

"But I don't like him."

"He's a good man to have on your side."

"Yes, yes. You're quite right, Eric. I've been thinking the same thing myself."

Eric, smiling, said, "I'll see you at eight."

GUY VAN ARDEN'S apartment was done just as his sort of man always does an apartment. It was very substantial, a little heavy and junky with its sarongs and tapa cloths and Buddhas.

He stood in the middle of the living room, smiling at Sally Porter as he shook a silver cocktail shaker. She was perched on the bellying blue arm of an overstuffed chair, with a watchful expression. Actually, she knew very little about Guy Van Arden except that he was brilliant and dangerous. He came from a fine old New York family. He had been bored by the usual stockbroker sort of career of the rich young man without particular talents, had gone dabbling in diplomacy for the fun of it, had lived abroad and gone on vague diplomatic missions in the early days of the Brain Trust. He had grown enthusiastic about government work, and had done sensational work for the Immigration Department of the Department of Labor.

He was exceedingly attractive. With his slender figure and wide shoulders, he gave an impression of bigness, of hard strength without bulk. His hair was very black, his eyes were cobalt-blue, clear and steady, with a dark-browed look. He had a thin black mustache, and there were saturnine lines that looked as if they had been carved beside it by his restlessness.

Sally Porter said, "It was really very simple. I delivered the suit and phoned for the ambulance and he got away as you planned."

"I see." With his quick wolfish smile, his heavy tan, his lack of resilience, he was much less obvious than he seemed. "Did you come directly here?"

"No. I had to see some new gowns at Magdorp's and check up on a rumor about Cornelia Van Zandt."

"Do you happen to know who's coming to town tonight?" He took the cap off the shaker. "Senator Larsen."

Her heart made a little jump. She said innocently, "Will that affect you?"

"It may ruin everything I'm trying to do. Why," Van Arden said angrily, "didn't he stay in the cold-air manufacturing business where he belongs? He needs a dose of his own product, the damned old hot-air merchant! He's a dangerous busybody. He's a publicity snatcher and a limelight thief. I'm handling the Zorane case, and I don't want his interference and meddling."

He made Sally uneasy when he talked so violently. He gave her a feeling of danger through his very vitality and vigor.

He said: "I want you to squeeze an item into your tomorrow's column: 'The ideal restaurant would serve half a lemon, in a nest of ice, with every fish order.' It's to my man in Detroit. It means, watch Thirty-three — that's Nicholas Murfa, the agitator, operating in Flint."

She looked at him curiously. She hesitated and said, "You said there wouldn't be any more."

"This is very urgent."

"I'll have to hurry."

She telephoned the Globe office and gave the item to her secretary. "Drop out the lipstick-and-powder-puff verse," Sally said, "and run this instead."

Van Arden was standing beside her when she put the phone down. There was a look in his blue eyes. She would have got up from the chair arm but he blocked her way.

He said, "You're so terribly pretty." He put his hands on her shoulders, slipped his fingers halfway to her elbows and pulled her quickly to her feet. Before she could twist away, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. She twisted her head around and his lips trailed roughly across her cheek and into the hair above her ear.

She twisted away from him. Her face was white. She said furiously, "I'm doing nothing more for you. I'm through!"

His surprise gave him an air of whimsicality. One eyebrow was up and his eyes were amused. "Do you really mean that, Sally?"

She held his eyes for a moment, then the breath went out of her. "No, I don't mean it. Of course I don't mean it. But," she said with spirit, "our agreement doesn't carry this far. It seems silly to call it a business agreement, but as far as I'm concerned it's just that. Nothing more. I've got to do what you say or you'll talk. You can force me to do anything you want me to do."

His eyes remained amused, but the eyebrows had come down. He said gravely, "You make me sound very villainous. And I'm not. There are things you can do for me that no one else can do. I'm sorry I have to force you to do them."

She said swiftly: "Even so, you couldn't force me to do them if—"

"Yes," he stopped her, "I know. If it were you I had something on, you'd never stand for blackmail. You'd tell me to go to hell. I've taken advantage of your gallantry. I'm sorry, because I'm in love with you. Whenever you've been here, whenever you leave this place, it aches with emptiness for hours. You see, you're in my blood."

Sally lit a cigarette. She could not trust herself to speak.

"Oh, I know you're in love with Barney. And I think you're making a great mistake. He's jealous of your career. He's jealous of every man you know. He'll make your life miserable, and sooner or later he'll force you to choose between him and your career."

She said defiantly, "I'd give up my career without an instant's hesitation."

He nodded. "I know. It's a great shame. And it's a pity you don't love me, Sally. I'm going places."

"So is Barney."

"Yes, but these are different places. I'm moving to the State Department as soon as this mess is cleaned up. I want a wife like you, brilliant and beautiful, to go with me all the way. I've decided this country needs an Anthony Eden. Sally, I'm going to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's before I'm through. And you're marrying Barney next week."

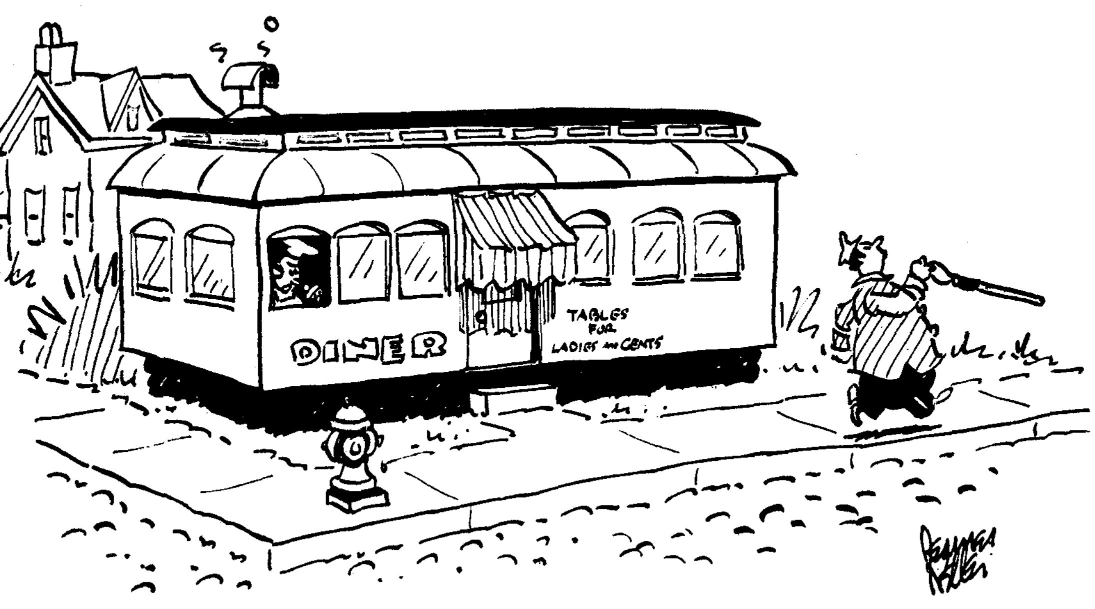
HE PICKED up the cocktail shaker and poured two drinks. He gave her one. His hand wasn't steady. Some of the drink spilled. He laughed, put it down, picked up the other and gave it to her. Her hand wasn't steady, either, and she spilled some. He laughed and said, "I'm afraid we're a pair of very emotional people. If possible, I'll arrange things so you can get Barney another exclusive Zorane story. I want you to be prepared for a call from me at any moment, and be prepared to drop anything you are doing. There's more trouble coming up."

"He's hiding in your bedroom, isn't he?"

Van Arden grinned at her. "Now, where did you get that fantastic idea?"

"I've been smelling his cigar smoke ever since I came in."

The doorbell rang. Van Arden went


DINER
TABLES FOR LADIES AND GENTS

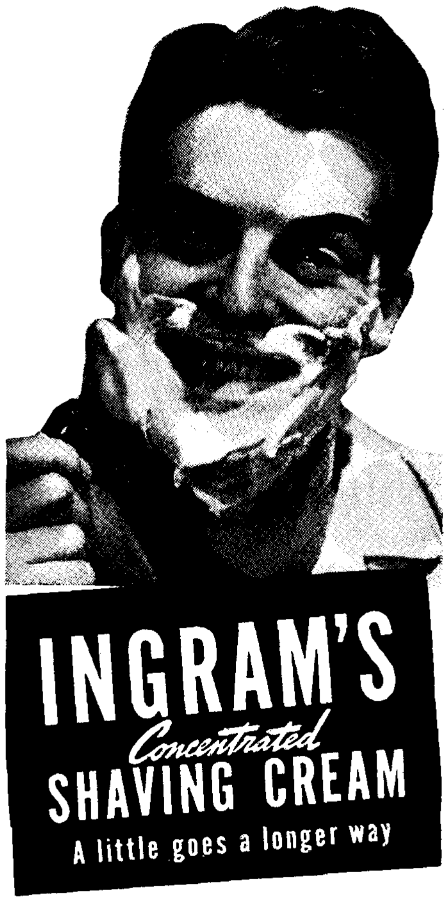
"Hello! Sergeant O'Leary? Say, that new flatfoot just gave me a ticket for parking too close to a fireplug!"

REAMER KELLER

TRY THE KICK OF INGRAM'S TONIC LATHER

I'M GLAD YOU TIPPED ME OFF TO INGRAM'S. MAN, WHAT A JOB IT DOES ON WHISKERS.
NO STINGS, NO BURNS, NO NICKS — THAT'S INGRAM'S.
WHILE I SHAVE I CAN FEEL INGRAM'S "KICK"—FEEL IT TONING MY SKIN.
OF COURSE YOU CAN—BECAUSE INGRAM'S IS SHAVING CREAM, LOTION AND TONIC IN ONE.
BETTY SAYS MY SKIN LOOKS SMOOTHER —YES, AND YOUNGER!
INGRAM'S GIVES YOU A LOT FOR YOUR MONEY. FOR ECONOMY AND COMFORT SAY INGRAM'S.

WHAT a difference when you drape that first cooling brushful of Ingram's across your chin. What a smooth, whisker-wilting performance it delivers. Your razor goes through your whiskers like a hot knife through butter. But it's the *plus* in Ingram's that made its reputation—the freshening, astringent tonic "kick" that makes your face *look* younger and *feel* younger. Facial and massage with every shave—what more can you ask from a shaving cream!



INGRAM'S
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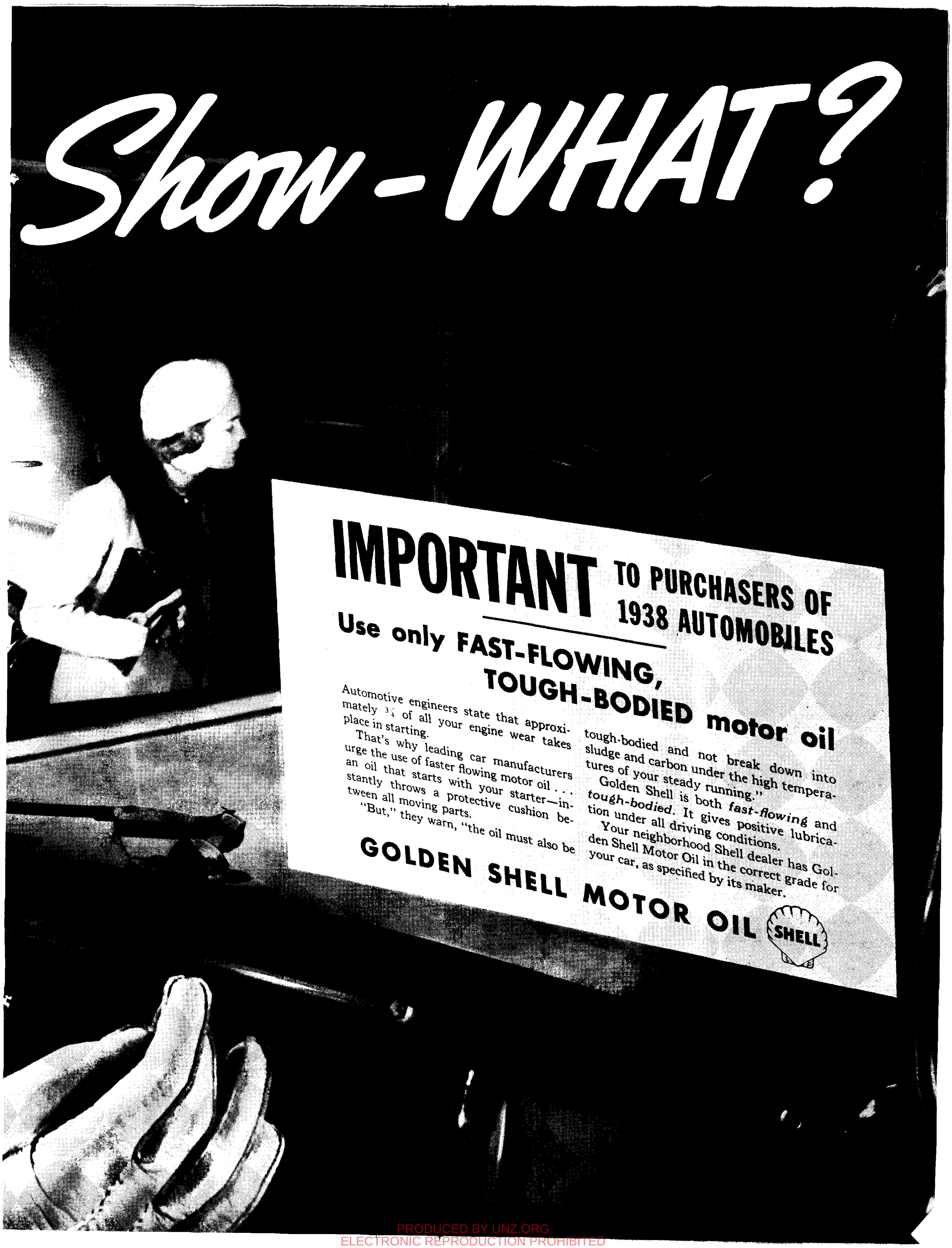
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

After the Auto

Show-WHAT?



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Use only FAST-FLOWING, TOUGH-BODIED motor oil

Automotive engineers state that approximately ¾ of all your engine wear takes place in starting.

That's why leading car manufacturers urge the use of faster flowing motor oil . . . an oil that starts with your starter—instantly throws a protective cushion between all moving parts.

"But," they warn, "the oil must also be tough-bodied and not break down into sludge and carbon under the high temperatures of your steady running."

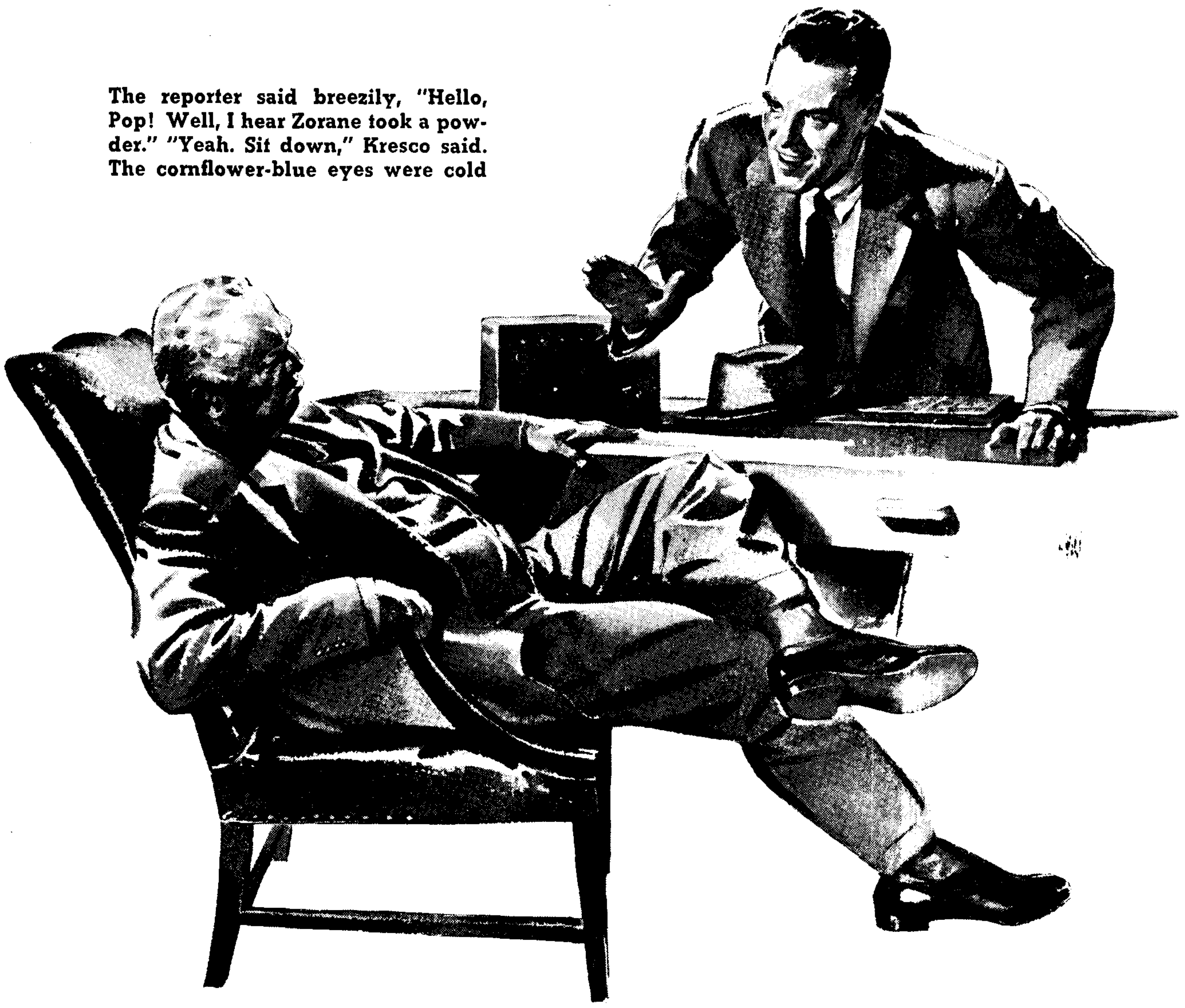
Golden Shell is both ***fast-flowing*** and ***tough-bodied***. It gives positive lubrication under all driving conditions.

Your neighborhood Shell dealer has Golden Shell Motor Oil in the correct grade for your car, as specified by its maker.

GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL

SHELL

The reporter said breezily, "Hello, Pop! Well, I hear Zorane took a powder." "Yeah. Sit down," Kresco said. The cornflower-blue eyes were cold



to answer it. Sally was finishing her cocktail when he returned. Barney was with him.

Sally almost dropped her glass.

He said, "Surprise! Surprise!" And he came into the room breezily. "Cocktails!" he said. "A party!"

Van Arden went for another glass, and Barney bent down and kissed Sally lightly on the cheek.

"Angel," he said, "you look tired."

TEARS sprang into her eyes. She was suddenly all of a jitter. It was one of the things she wished he didn't do so well. She was sure he was furious and holding it in control, controlling even his pallor and his eyes, for there was nothing in his eyes or expression that betrayed anything but delight and surprise at seeing her. His anger might come out later, or he might not be angry at all. He might be furious enough to strike her, but she could not tell from his face.

"Having dinner with Van?"

"No, darling. I'm dining alone. I'm on the trail of something. I'll tell you all about it later."

His eyes crinkled. He smiled. "Without you, what would I do?"

She said huskily, "Without you, I'd die."

His eyes were dancing about her face, noticing her hair. She knew she looked rumpled from Van Arden's kiss. She knew it was making him sick and wrathful. She suddenly felt defeated. If he would only understand that no one, nothing mattered but him!

Van Arden returned with another glass and poured Barney a cocktail. He drank it quickly.

"I'm following up the Zorane story, Van. I suppose Sal's told you how she stumbled on his getaway."

"Yes, she mentioned it."

"What are you going to do about it?" Barney asked.

Van Arden shrugged. "Oh, try to find him again. He isn't worrying about me. He's worrying about Pop Kresco."

"Can you convict him?"

"I hope so."

Barney put his glass down. "I suppose you haven't any idea where Zorane is."

"No. My agents haven't reported."

Barney said, "I have to run. I'm on another trail. You'll phone me later, won't you, Sal?"

"Of course." She walked with him to the door. She was tempted to go with him, because she knew it would please him; yet she knew there would be an advantage, when their quarrel took place, in having deliberately remained.

He kissed her and went briskly down the hall. Sally closed the door and said wearily, "He's in a state."

Van Arden refilled her glass. "Really? I thought the sun was shining all along the Wabash. You should change your mind and marry a man as transparent as cellophane." He frowned. "Don't forget yourself and talk."

"I won't."

"I hope not, Sally. But women in love are like religious fanatics. Their great faith can justify every known form of treachery."

BARNEY TEEL, at a cigar-store telephone, was saying: "Zorane is in Van Arden's apartment. Check it up, Pop. That isn't all. Van Arden engineered the entire setup. If I'm right, do I get back on your ball team?"

"Sure—if you're right."

When Sally Porter left Van Arden's apartment, the bedroom door opened and Stefan Zorane came out. His mouth was set in a flat line. His black dabs of eyebrows were low over his eyes.

He said, "Van Arden, you are like that boy in the fable, with his finger in the hole in the dike. Only there are too many holes for your fingers. The young lady is double-crossing you."

"I don't agree with you."

"Of course not. You are in love with her. Why didn't she mention that she went directly to Eric Larsen's apartment from mine and stayed there almost an hour? In this work, you must be on your guard against all beautiful women. Miss Porter is too beautiful to trust."

A PINK-CHEEKED, blue-eyed maid who looked Irish and was crisp and starched in her blue uniform let Eric Larsen into Sally Porter's apartment. She told him Miss Porter was dressing and would be out in a moment.

Left alone, the lanky young man prowled about the room. It was an attractive room, charming and gay. He stopped before a large framed photograph of Barney Teel on a desk.

Eric bent down and studied it. The photographer had caught Barney's charm, and his air of a man with his nose in many exciting doings. The mouth, catching a highlight, looked stubborn and passionate, and the chin was aggressive. It showed plainly there that Barney Teel was going to be a success.

With a faint shudder, Eric turned the photograph to the wall.

A door opened. The redheaded girl was standing in the doorway of her bedroom. Eric straightened up. He looked at her as if enchanted. She wore a dusk-and-dining gown of white organdy as soft as a cloud. Billowing out about her feet, blossoming again about her shoulders, it seemed to touch her only at the waist and to be supported elsewhere by its ethereal lightness. It was a delightful composition—the slim girl in the white dress against the darkness of the doorway. She was so lovely she was radiant. Her eyes were large and dark and her hair, so soft about her face, was the color of sunset light on sunset clouds.

"The senator loves white," Eric said. "And so does the senator's little boy."

She wasn't amused. She looked worried. She was wearing the nosegay of forget-me-nots and miniature rosebuds he had sent.

"When I told Dad I was bringing along the most beautiful girl in New York, he was skeptical. When I told him how delightful you are, he was dubious. And when I said we were engaged, he was incredulous."

The redheaded girl moved past him to the desk and turned Barney's photograph outward.

"He'll fall madly in love with you. You're so lovely, Sally. You look *so* fresh, and so deliciously tubbed and scented, and so crisp and clean, and you smell so nice."

She said huskily, "Do you really intend to go through with it?"

"Why not?"

"You realize I can't keep it up. What will your father say?"

Eric said lightly, "There's no reason why tonight shouldn't be a *complete* success. The senator will be so won over by you and feel so kindly toward me that he'll simply reach for his checkbook. Think nothing of the future."

IT WAS harder than ever to reconcile this girl, and the things Benson Hodge had said about her, with what he knew and what he suspected.

In the cab he said, "You know, I know who you are."

"Do you?"

"Yes. You're Silver Slippers, and a grand girl, from all accounts."

"How nice." She was gazing at him curiously with large dark eyes.

"Such a grand girl that it would be a shame if you let yourself in for serious trouble that might be avoided." He waited for her to answer, and when she gazed at him without answering, he said: "You'd rather be mysterious."

"I think I'd rather not talk about things that are meaningless to me."

"You used to write cooking recipes and things before you became the voice of New York. I'm interested in cooking, too. There's a certain man I want to stew in his own juice. Then I'm planning to boil him in oil."

Her eyes had widened a little, but her expression hadn't changed. She said huskily, "You're awfully bloodthirsty, aren't you?"

"Awfully. Am I still meaningless?"

"Yes. Still."

He reached for her left hand. When she pulled it away he said, "Hasn't Barney given you an engagement ring?"

"It's at the jeweler's, having a prong fixed."

"You must have an engagement ring." He reached for her hand again. He pushed a ring onto her engagement finger. The finger was slender, but the ring was small.

It was an old-fashioned ring of yellow gold filigree set with a large, square grass-green emerald. Sally flushed with indignation. She tried to pull the ring off.

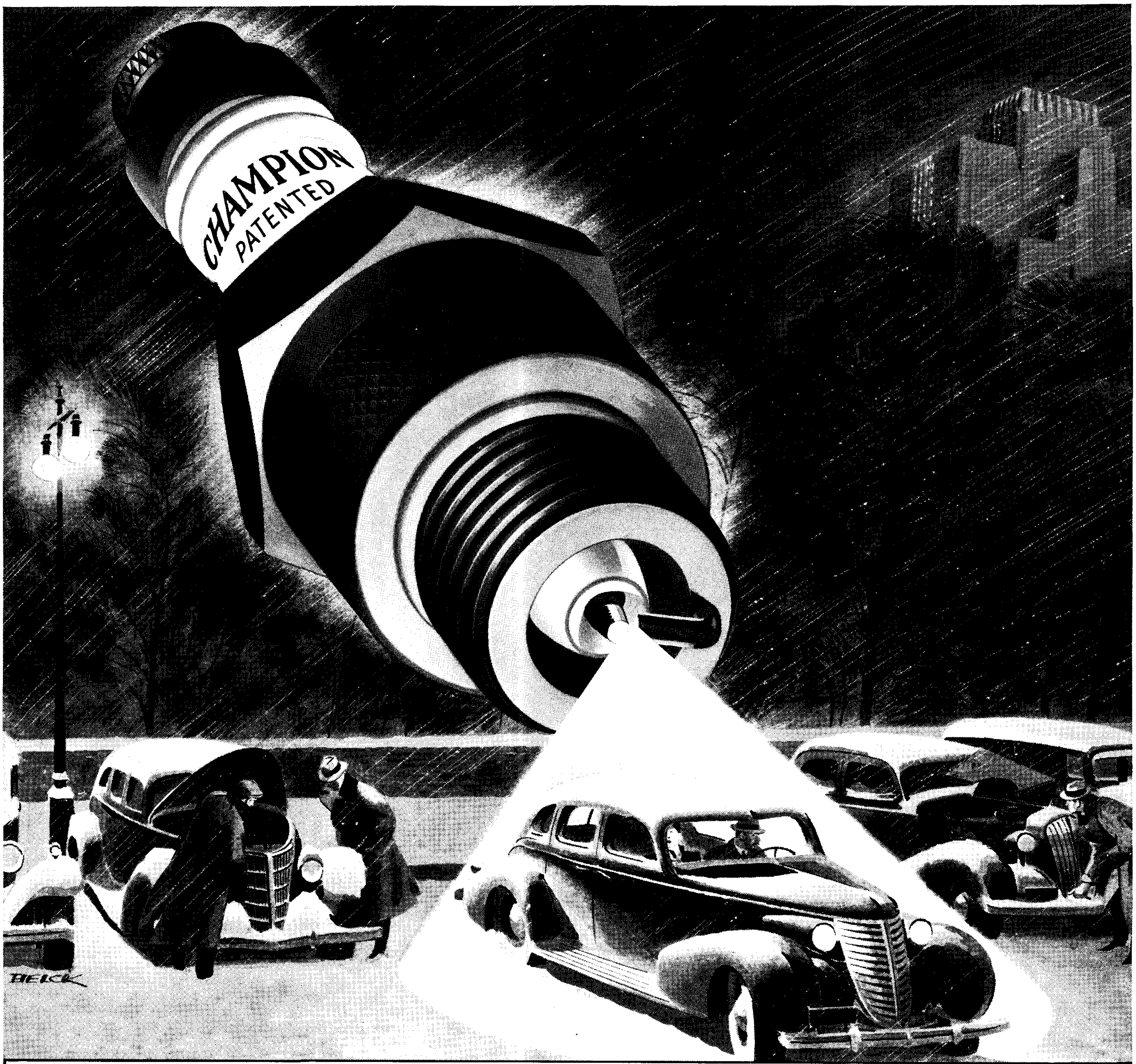
She said angrily, "You shouldn't have done that! It won't come off!"

"It's a magic ring, Sally. Once on, never off."

She tried again, but the ring would not come off. She settled back, stormy-eyed, into her corner. She said huskily, "What will happen when your father learns the truth?"

"Perhaps," he said gravely, "this is the truth."

Senator Larsen was waiting in the lobby at the Dubonnaix. Recognizing him, Sally felt ice creeping about her heart. With his fierce bushy gray hair and long iron-gray mustaches, and his long face, with its strong lines about the mouth, he resembled Clemenceau—and his critics claimed that he overlooked no opportunity to emphasize that resemblance and capitalize it on the ancient principle that picturesqueness is a political asset. His personality was rugged



EASY STARTING DEPENDS ON SPARK PLUGS

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Change to new Champion Spark Plugs now and note the new speed with which your engine starts, the renewed ability to accelerate and the measurable increase in gasoline mileage.

Champion Spark Plugs for a quarter century have continued to set new high standards of performance and reliability in engines everywhere. We sincerely believe you cannot afford to accept spark plugs less dependable than Champions.

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CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL and fearless, and Sally, with those fierce blue eyes seeming to penetrate her, felt weak-kneed and lightheaded.

Eric, watching her, was marveling at her poise and her assurance in what must have been, any way you looked at it, a difficult position for her. It was impossible, of course, to say whether she knew that Senator Larsen was her enemy and that she was the girl he wanted to arrest to complete his case.

He said, "Well, Dad, have I exaggerated? Isn't she positively divine?"

"I am delighted," the senator said with his usual effusiveness. "I don't mind saying that I am completely swept off my feet."

Eric wondered if he were acting. He might be pompous and bullheaded and slow to grasp an idea, but once he had made the idea his own, when he was on the warpath, he was clever and dangerous. Since Eric had talked to him on the phone, he might have learned that Sally Porter was the girl he was so anxious to get his hands on. And if he possessed this information, he would, Eric knew, be too foxy to betray it—yet.

A headwaiter was conducting them to a table. Eric, following Sally, admired the way she held her head, and he admired her walk. Only a girl with a beautiful figure could have that easy grace.

When they were seated, he saw that her eyes were clear and sparkling, that her color was a little rosier than usual, and that her smile was really gay. And he marveled again at her composure.

HE GLANCED at his father. The senator's eyes were aglow. The iron-gray mustaches seemed to lift up and reach out, as if they were extensions of his smile. The skin about his eyes was crinkled into many crescent-shaped wrinkles. Unless the senator was being very foxy, he was delighted with Sally Porter.

And she was certainly doing her best to make a good impression, chatting easily, being gay and amusing, putting on a superb act. And he wondered if she had ever thought of going on the stage.

The senator suddenly saw the ring. He bent forward and picked up her hand. He looked from the emerald to her face and said, "Did Eric tell you its history?"

She shook her head.

"Quite a story goes along with that ring, you know," he said in that huff-puff manner that was so familiar to his son. "Quite a story, my dear. It's been in our family more than a hundred and sixty years. It's the custom for the girl to whom it is given to pass it along to her son when he finally meets the girl he wants to marry. And the strange thing is, its tradition is unbroken. Every girl who has worn that ring has never failed to become the wife of the man who gave it to her."

Sally's long lashes lowered and touched the delicate color of her cheeks. She murmured, "What a lovely old legend." And looked into Eric's eyes, and her eyes said, unless he was mistaken, "And what a louse you are to spoil it!"

The senator said affably, "Eric tells me you're the girl who does the Let's Be Smart column."

Eric saw her eyes widen a little, but it was such a trifling admission and so quickly gone that he realized that nothing the senator might say, inadvertently or otherwise, would trap her.

"I hear it's sweeping the country like a prairie fire," the senator said. And Eric wondered if he meant anything more than that.

"Yes," Eric said, "and she's a very lucky girl. Her work won't interfere with mine, nor mine with hers. Some men would insist that she drop her career. I won't. One of the nicest things about me is my nobility of character."

"You must tell him all about it sometime," Sally said.

The senator beamed at her. "Marrying into this family, my dear, may have its drawbacks, but it has compensations, too."

"She knows how much you're worth, Dad. She consulted Dun and Bradstreet before she accepted me."

The senator blustered: "I'm trying to tell her that we Larsens indulge our women."

"And you'll find," Eric said, "that Sally, in spite of being so spoiled, is awfully grateful."

A waiter was standing beside the senator. "I assume," the senator said, "that we all have robust American appetites."

"Spoken," Eric said, "like the outstanding American patriot you are."

"A steak?" The senator looked at Sally. "After all," he said, "there's nothing like a thick, tender steak, charred on the outside, running with good red juice on the inside."

"You'll find," Eric said, "that life on the Senate floor has given Dad a flowery way of speaking. Does this gruesome description of carrion interest you?"

Sally nodded.

"In that case," Eric said, "I'll stifle my finer instincts and have some thick, charred steak, too."

"A good steak is a meal," the senator expounded. "You must never spoil a steak with the wrong trimmings. Let's say, large Cherrystones beforehand, and a good flavory salad, say a chiffonade, and a nice dry Burgundy with the steak, Sally?"

"By all means, Senator."

"Eric?"

"Decidedly."

"IT SEEMS to me," Sally said, "that you're forgetting your promise, Eric."

"What promise?" the senator asked.

"To watch his waistline."

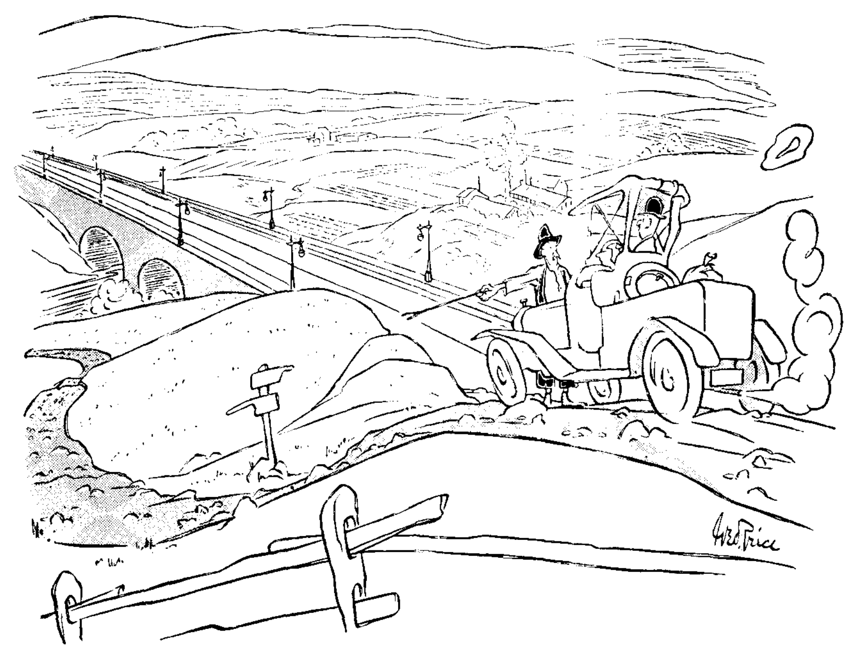
"My waistline," Eric stated, "is flatter than a planked trout."

"He made the promise," she explained to the senator, "when we became engaged. No fattening foods. Nothing but what I ordered. You see, I'm something of a dietician."

"If he doesn't mind you," the senator said, "I'll tell you what his nickname was at dancing school."

"I seem to be outnumbered," Eric said, watching Sally warily.

"I'll order the usual thing for you, dear." She looked up at the waiter. "An order of spinach and an order of parsnips."



"Take the road on the left—the other one is a mirage"

GEORGE PRICE

The senator was puzzled. "I thought you didn't like parsnips, Eric."

"I abominate them."

"But you'll eat them," Sally said crisply. She looked at Senator Larsen and laughed gaily. "I've really weaned him to parsnips. This is nothing. At first he used to kick and scream at sight of a parsnip. He's really improving."

With her shimmering eyes, her rosy coloring, her gay smile, she was so lovely that the senator gazed at her with the warmest approval.

"Waiter, have you parsnips?"

"I'm not sure, madam."

"Will you make sure?"

"Yes, madam."

"If you haven't parsnips, send out for some. Mr. Larsen must have his parsnips. And boil them. And he sure to serve them and the spinach without butter." She glanced at Eric. "What would you do without me, darling?"

Eric gazed at her steadily with respect and admiration.

GUY VAN ARDEN opened the door and Pop Kresco walked in. He did not remove his black derby. His hostile blue eyes moved about the living-room walls and settled on a Malay *parang*.

"I'm Kresco," he said in his soft, whispery voice.

The Department of Labor agent said, "I know. Please sit down." He indicated a chair. Pop Kresco hesitated and sat there. He sat stiffly, with the derby on one side of his head.

"I know why you're keeping Zorane in New York," he said. "You want him where you can keep an eye on him. That don't suit me, Van Arden. I want him out of town. Let him bother somebody else for a while. Your job was to keep this fellow out of my way."

"We've done our best."

"Your best is lousy. I'm going to attend to him in my own way. My boys are watching this place. If you think you're gonna pull any more fast ones like that ambulance gag, you're just plain nuts. Either you send that guy out of town or he leaves here on a plank. Got it?"

Van Arden lit a cigar and puffed at it. "Mr. Kresco," he said, "you'll notice that that telephone beside you is off the hook. It's connected to a room in the Federal Building where three Department of Labor operatives are listening, with a stenographer taking down every word."

Pop Kresco picked up the telephone. He said, "This is for you, boys," and uttered a razzberry. He placed the receiver on the hook. He got up and went to the door. "I'm a building contractor," he said. "Your job is to keep my business going. When you get a copy of what that stenographer took down, read it over."

ERIC saw Barney Teel in the doorway, looking about the large, dimly lighted restaurant, and a moment later, Sally saw him. She turned so white that Eric thought for a moment she was going to faint. She put her coffee cup down. She bent forward as if she were getting up. Then she glanced at Eric and her eyes were frightened. She put her left hand in her lap and kept it there. The color came flowing back into her face. She bit her lip and closed her eyes. When she looked up again, Barney was coming across the restaurant.

The reporter was smiling faintly. He came to the table and said, "Hello there, Senator!"

Senator Larsen looked up at him a moment with a curious, fierce expression, then he exclaimed, "Hello there, Barney!"

Barney, still smiling, glanced at Sally, then at Eric. Eric saw no trace of anger in his face.

Barney said, "I got your message, Senator."

"I'm delighted to see you, Barney. Sit down, my boy."

Eric slid another glance at Sally. She was biting her lower lip, and her eyes were still frightened, but her color was better.

"Sally, this is Barney Teel. Miss Porter, Barney."

"They're old friends," Eric said.

"We work on the same paper," Sally said.

"You know Eric, of course."

"Oh, yes."

Barney sat down between Eric and the senator. He faced Sally. Eric watched his face. He was amazed at Barney Teel's self-control. He was at ease, and easily smiling.

"You'll have something to drink?" the senator said.

"Brandy, thanks. What's new, Senator?"

"I'm just taking a little breather."

"Don't tell me you're bored with the Senate."

The senator looked furtively about him and said, in a low voice, "Barney, very confidentially—this is off the record—it bores me pink!"

"I thought you might be in town on the Zorane case."

"I am, Barney, but I haven't a thing to say."

"I hear you're doing a play, Barney," Eric said. "And I hear it's to be a farce. Can I see it? I have a new motto: Make them cry for it, then make them laugh at it."

"It's still a very young egg," Barney said. "I haven't even worked out the idea."

"What I'd really like to have," Eric said, "is something timely. Just now the public is in another state of confusion. It wants things simplified and explained. Why don't you do a play based on a labor agitator like Zorane? He'd make a wonderful comedy character. The play would be based on the modern setup between capital and labor. He is undoubtedly on the pay roll of a powerful foreign syndicate which wants to cripple and hamper American industry so that foreign factories will get the business."

Eric saw that the senator was watching him very alertly, and that Barney was merely looking thoughtful. Sally was faintly smiling as if she were thinking about it.

"Zorane," Eric went on, sensing a number of delicate undercurrents, "is a marvelous study in contrasts. He

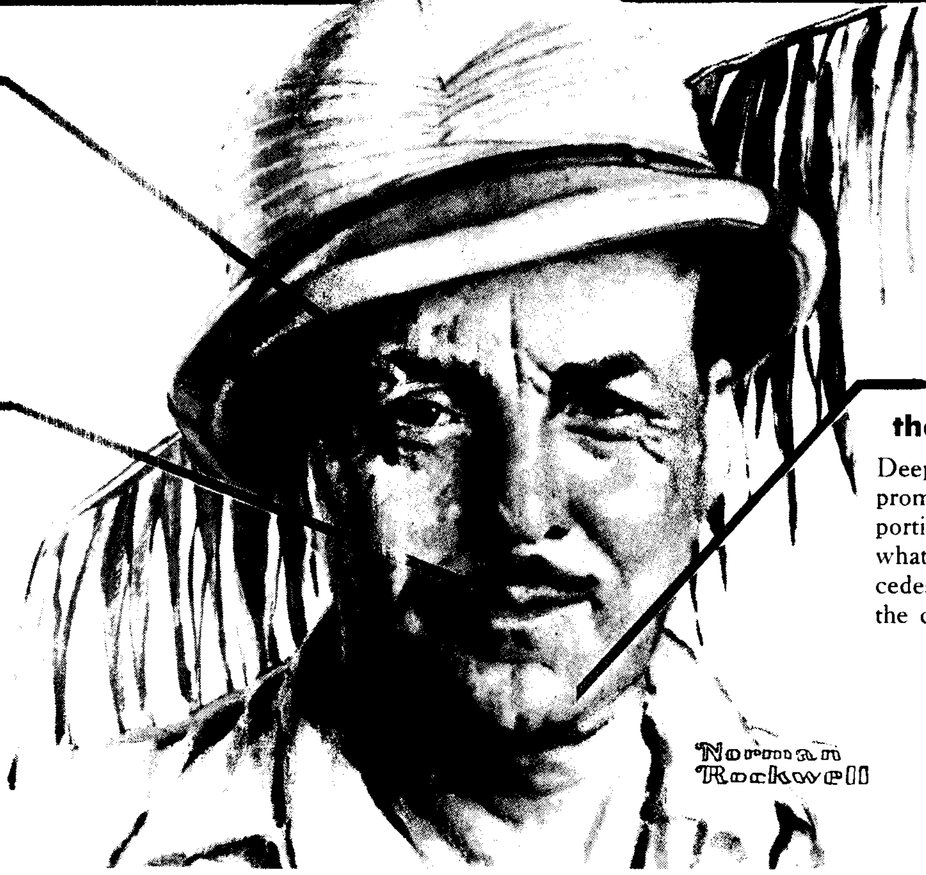
HAPPY ADVENTURE?

EYES
alert for adventure

Sparkling and wide apart beneath a rather harsh, high forehead. Brows somewhat bushy, but the hairs are long, smooth and regular. Skin surrounding eyes is wrinkled and relaxed. Deep upright furrow between the eyes.

LIPS
fond of life's good things

Upper lip long, and curving to a rather acute *point* in the middle. Lower lip fuller than upper. Although the lips are not tightly "set", they are so firmly constrained at the edges that one is not always aware of the lower lip's significant fullness.


Norman Rockwell

CHIN
that portrays geniality

Deep, full and wide—particularly prominent in the middle. The lower portion of the chin projects somewhat, while the upper portion recedes . . . forming a hollow between the chin's base and the lower lip.

If *your* eyes, lips or chin resemble Frank Buck's ...here's a happy adventure for *you.* Just taste this *"Double-Rich"* straight Bourbon made by old Kentucky distillers for lovers of luxury like you!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC

She caught cold on her honeymoon

BRIDE: Wouldn't you know? I'm catching cold! Guess I'll arrive saying, "Californdia, here I cub."

GROOM: What you need—pronto—is a laxative and something to help counteract acidity. If only . . .

PORTER: Pahdon me, fo' overhearin' yo', but Sal Hepatica does BOTH dose things. It's a min'ral salt laxative and it helps Nature counteract acidity, too. Las' trip, a doctah tole *me.*

GROOM: Well, honey, here's California. Got everything?

BRIDE: Everything except that cold. Let's tip that porter double for telling us about Sal Hepatica. Lucky for me he had Sal Hepatica on board!

A COLD COMING?

DO 2 THINGS:

1. Cleanse the intestinal tract.
2. Help Nature counteract acidity.

TUNE IN! "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour music, drama, fun. Wednesday nights—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

preaches sedition—and lives on Park Avenue."

"What," Sally said huskily, "is so comic about that?"

"It's inherent—wise old Europe pulling another fast one and having another laugh on us."

"That's a message," Sally argued, "not a comedy theme."

"The comedy is in the way Zorane does it. He is a symbol of the New Europe boiling into America like hot acid."

Her large blue eyes were looking steadily at his. "Is that funny?"

"It's his methods, Sally."

Senator Larsen cleared his throat and said blusteringly, "Oh, you're talking through your hat."

Eric grinned at him. "A special agent in the Immigration Department of the Department of Labor named Guy Van Arden is in charge of the case."

"Rubbish!" the senator said. "What's your play about, Barney?"

"It takes place on the sports deck of a transatlantic liner returning from Europe. There's an ambitious mother and a radiantly beautiful daughter. They are broke. There's a playboy, who is mad about Joyce. Mamma says, 'Sweetie pie, if you don't marry this lug, we don't eat.' The hero is a tire manufacturer who has perfected a bulletproof tire, and Spain, Italy and Germany have been smothering him with affection. All he wants to do is sleep. He mistakes Joyce's mother for an elderly adventuress who tried to give him knockout drops in Monte Carlo. That's as far as I've gone."

Laughing, Barney got up. "I'm going home to work on it."

"You can't go," the senator protested. You see, we're more or less celebrating their engagement."

Barney was still smiling. "Eric's and Sally's?"

"Yes," Eric said.

"That's great," Barney said. "That's marvelous. Congratulations, all of you. But I really have to run. Got to see a man. Good night!"

THE senator said explosively, "Why did you do that? You know I don't trust him, Eric!"

Eric looked innocently surprised. "Oh, I'm sorry, Dad."

Sally was pale, and Eric guessed that she was fighting for self-possession.

She said huskily, "Why don't you trust him, Senator?"

"I don't trust climbers," he answered. "I know a great deal about that young man, and I don't like his type."

"Just because he's ambitious?" Sally said.

"No, my dear. I heard a great deal about him from his instructors at Princeton. Barney came to Princeton with a fine young chap from Indiana named MacAlarney. He was a banker's son, but that didn't help much at Princeton. Barney dropped him inside of a month. He discarded other friends when their usefulness ran out."

Sally said huskily, looking at Eric's mouth, "Did he ever discard or climb on you?"

"No, Sally."

The senator was looking at her with alarm. "My dear child, are you ill?"

"No, just tired."

The senator said blusteringly, "We Larsens talk too much. We'll take you home, my dear."

When their cab reached Sally's apartment, Eric got out with her. She started to run across the sidewalk. He called, "Sally!"

She stopped near the door. He took her by the elbows. Her face was white. She said faintly, "That was without doubt the most contemptible thing a man ever did. You had him come there."

Eric said, "Tut, tut, my pet. Why should I have wanted him there? He spoiled the whole evening."

Sally tried to pull away from him, but he had her firmly by the elbows.

"If it hadn't been for his coming, the evening would have been perfect. You were marvelous. And you have lovely fingers. I hate to see them burned. Don't you think it's time to stop this shilly-shallying and come over to our side of the fence before the bricks begin to fly?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

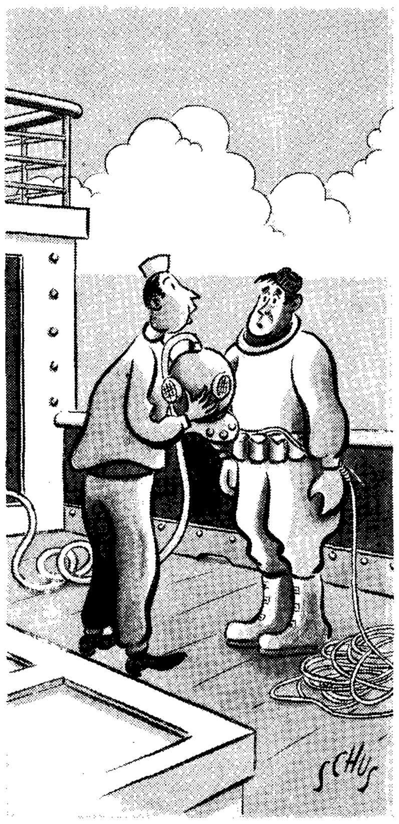
"ALL right, Sally. Here's both barrels. I'm talking about a crooked Department of Labor agent named Guy Van Arden who's due to be exposed and indicted at any moment, and I don't want you hurt by flying fragments when the case blows open."

She said steadily, "I still don't know what you're talking about."

"Very well. I want to thank you for doing a perfectly beautiful job. And you owed me the parsnips. I'm convinced the senator will go for his checkbook the instant we reach his hotel."

"May I go now?"

"There's one thing more and it's indispensable to a third-act curtain."



"It's nonsense to feel nervous just because you can't swim!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

He bent down and kissed her, then he gathered her into his arms and held her. She surprised him by not resisting him. She did not try to avoid his kiss. Limp, unresponsive, she lay in his arms and permitted the kiss.

He released her and said, "I apologize. You are without a doubt the most adorable girl in the world, and it's a great pity that things are as they are. Good night, my dove."

He returned to the cab and got in beside his father. As the cab started, he said, "How do you like my Sally?"

Senator Larsen sighed. "I've hoped you'd some day find a girl like that. She's charming. She's lovely. She's delightful. And she impresses me as being an unusually clever girl."

"She is."

"Do you suppose, as a great favor, she might be persuaded to help us track down this mystery girl?"

"That," Eric said, "is rather a remarkable idea. The next time you see her, ask her."

(To be continued next week)

Why Your Car is Safe

Continued from page 17

twice as far ahead as he would if he were to come upon it without warning. That doesn't mean that your warning improved his eyesight; it simply concentrated his attention. Anything that distracts his attention will increase the time it takes him to see an obstacle and, conversely, will decrease the time he has to avoid it. The engineers got to work to eliminate distractions. Noise and vibration were old offenders. Nobody liked them anyway, but here was a new reason for getting rid of them.

The metallurgist was called in again. He devised new materials that would stiffen the frame and improve the balance and quality of the propeller shaft. That cut down vibration. Every small improvement was immediately noticeable, for vibration in a car has the unpleasant habit of multiplying itself. If one part starts, some other part will at once tune up in "sympathetic vibration." When the engineer was able to get at the source of the trouble he also cut down the secondary effects.

Take It Easy

After that he went to work on the springs, shock absorbers and suspension. That helped. Improvements in the engine have made it almost noiseless. The shimmy is gone from the steering gear. Add all this together and you get greater comfort. The engineer has given you that, but also while you weren't looking he has made you safer.

He had another idea, too, about helping the driver keep his mind on the job. He would keep him from getting tired. So he redesigned the front seat, made it movable to accommodate legs of various lengths and now he is making the back adjustable so that the driver can change his position during a long ride. He brought the controls closer to the driver's hands, for any reaching—even when it seems wholly automatic—contributes a little to mental fatigue. To finish that job he will have to get the gearshift lever off the floor. That will have the added advantage of giving more room in the front seat. Some manufacturers have already found a way of doing this and it seems to be definitely in the cards for the future.

A good many people regard the power of the modern car as a source of danger. What they really mean is that they have a feeling there must be something wrong about one man's controlling a force so much greater than that of a team of horses. But statistics will give them no comfort at all. In Europe where, as we have seen, the horsepower of the average car is a good deal less than in this country the number of fatalities per ten thousand cars in operation is much higher. In England it is well over twice the figure here; in Scotland it is more than three times as great and in Italy more than four times. No, you can't make out a case for less power as a safety factor.

High speed, so far as the engineer is concerned, is not the primary purpose of this power but a by-product. He has to design a car that will accelerate promptly, take hills in its stride and give a lively performance in any gear. To do that he needs power and the power can, of course, be used for high speed. But in itself the power of the modern engine is a contribution to safety, for under present driving conditions prompt pickup is often just as important in avoiding trouble as are good brakes.

The limit of desirable power has probably now been reached. Even the public no longer demands more. The manufacturers have discovered with relief that the craving for excessive and dangerous speeds is dying out. There are figures to back up that belief. In Michigan recently a test was made with the co-operation of the state police. All the cars that drove along Telegraph Road between Flat Rock and Monroe were timed for a period of four hours during the day and three hours at night. This is a four-lane highway with no restriction upon speed. The results were surprising. The average daytime speed turned out to be a fraction over forty-five miles an hour and the average at night a fraction under forty.

In other words people aren't driving as fast as we had thought and that's a relief to the car designer interested in safety. He can now turn his attention to making the engine quieter, more efficient and smaller. There are hundreds of men at present devoting their lives to tiny parts of this problem—to the construction of valves or the improvement of material for bearings. No one outside their profession pays much attention to their achievements. But it is their work that gives you, year by year, more and more for your money.

For instance, the flexibility of the modern car which makes it so easy and pleasant to drive would be impossible without the modern carburetor. But the new carburetor differs from the old only in a hundred minor details—improvements that are so minute and which appear so trivial to anyone but an expert that the carburetor is practically of no use to the salesman.

Or take the water pump. I bet you had forgotten all about that dreadful little nuisance. If you drove a car ten or fifteen years ago a word will bring it all back. The routine was always the same. You noticed that the radiator needed filling more and more often. Finally with a groan you lifted the hood and looked at the engine. Sure enough, there was a rivulet flowing brightly through the grease. That meant time out while you hunted up a garage and had the pump repacked. Modern cars still have water pumps, but you never have to think about them. Their only similarity with the old ones is that they perform the same function.

No More Bonfires

Do you remember when cars had the casual habit of burning up? A man would be standing by the roadside, tinkering with the engine, and presently he would be watching a bonfire. Or the blaze would start while he was driving, and he and his family would have to make a quick jump for it. That doesn't happen any more. When there has been a crash and gasoline is liberally splattered around and about, there may be fire, but burning up as an irresponsible bad habit has been cured.

The next time you are tempted to say, "Well, they haven't done much to the cars this year," think about the water pump and the carburetor and the elimination of fire hazard, and look again. It is improvements like these that mark the steady advance of the industry. By observing them or noticing their results you can see the car of the future taking shape.

Will this car of the future have the engine in front or behind? It's impossible to answer that question because present-day engineers are at loggerheads about it. All we can do is tell you briefly what each side says and let you take your choice.

Those in favor of the rear-engine car

America's fastest growing hobby

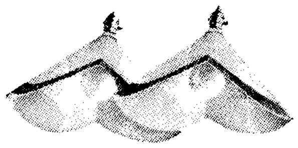
SNAPSHOTS at NIGHT

1. *Just do this* 2.

Load your camera with Kodak "SS" Film

Use two or three Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors

Kodak
Super Sensitive Panchromatic



SAY "SNAPSHOTS," and your party takes on new life. Everybody has an idea for a picture—"Take us harmonizing at the piano"—"Snap Bill scooping up the last trick for game and rubber"—"Get Jane and Bob doing their rhumba"—

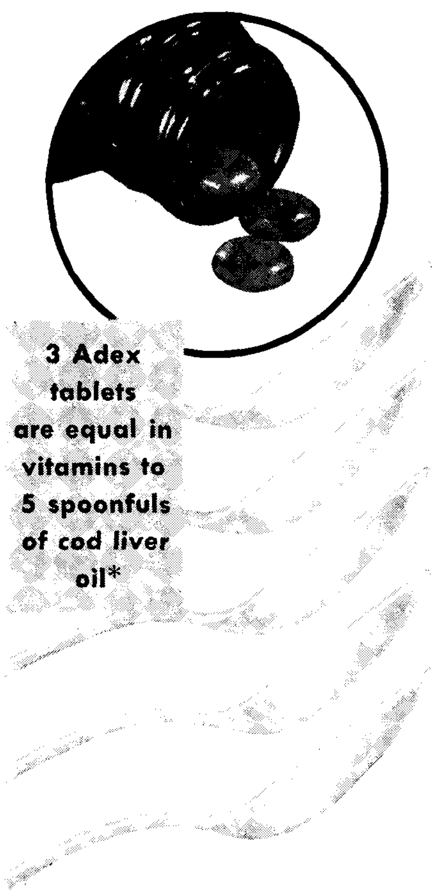
Snapshots at night are a barrel of fun, and almost as easy as daytime pictures outdoors. You don't need an expensive camera—not any more. Any camera that can be loaded with Kodak "SS" Film will do the trick—even the simplest Brownie.

With "SS" Film, use two or three of the new No. 2 Mazda Photoflood lamps, which last for hours, in the inexpensive Kodak Handy Reflectors. If your camera has an *f*.6.3 or faster lens, then No. 1 Photoflood lamps are powerful enough.

FREE BOOKLET... Suggests a variety of picture opportunities . . . shows you how to arrange your lights . . . how to place your subject . . . tells you everything you need to know about two ways to make night pictures—*snapshots* with Photoflood lamps, *fast exposures* with Photoflash lamps. (You can use Photoflash lamps, each good for one picture, if your camera can be set for "time.")

Get a copy at your dealer's today . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT with Your Camera



Which would *you* rather take?

Spoonfuls of cod liver oil or these *modern* tablets!

3 Adex tablets are equal in vitamins to 5 spoonfuls of cod liver oil*

This winter when you feel the need for building up your general resistance, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing there's a pleasant...convenient...*modern* form of the vitamins you can take!

Instead of taking spoonfuls of cod liver oil, you obtain the exact same vitamins with Adex. Three tablets a day are equal to five teaspoonfuls of cod liver oil* in Vitamin A, which contributes specifically to good general resistance; also in "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Thousands of people who have experienced the benefits of Adex in past years are taking it now—*every day.* And there are reasons for their confidence in it.

The vitamins for Adex are obtained only from wholesome *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

And with Adex there's no danger that the vitamin content will deteriorate. Special Squibb methods protect Vitamin A particularly—since it's the most easily destroyed by contact with air. Each tablet is coated *more than thirty times* to maintain the valuable vitamin content.

Let Adex help bring you through the winter in comfort! Start now and take it *daily.* Get it at any reliable drug store.

*3 Adex tablets equal 5 teaspoonfuls of U. S. P. XI minimum standard cod liver oil in Vitamins A & D, or 3 teaspoonfuls of Squibb's.

ADEX
VITAMIN A AND D TABLETS
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

say it would be safer; if you got into a collision there would be no danger of the engine flying up in your face. Those opposed say that this is very hasty and superficial thinking, that as a matter of fact having the engine in front of you is a great protection in case of a crash. To this the rear-engine men reply that with our present knowledge of alloys it is possible to construct a car so that the whole front end will serve as a large-size bumper and absorb the impact of a collision.

Special Pleaders

The opponents return to the attack with the contention that the engine in the rear would be noisy and hard to cool; and who, they inquire, would want to sit in the rear seat with his back against the power plant? The enthusiasts challenge all of that. By putting the engine behind, they say, you also put behind you the noise and the smell and you make the car cooler. As for cooling the engine, that can be arranged. Then they point to the fact that you can give the driver better visibility and can design a car of greater interior capacity for a given wheelbase. Better vision and more room are unquestionably two features of the car of the future, and the rear-engine men say that this is the way to get them. Continuing their case, they say that the driving mechanism will be inherently simpler. The opposition replies that this is true only in theory; in practice it would be extremely difficult to design a satisfactory drive. As a final argument, they say such a car could not be properly balanced.

It looks as if we would have to wait and see.

Automotive engineers have coined a word that covers a great many of the characteristics they have been putting into their cars. The word is roadability. Quick and easy control, uniform response under varying conditions and smooth riding are all parts of it. So much has been accomplished along the last line that we are likely to forget how badly our old cars used to behave. They would lurch and sway and pitch as though in a high sea. The wheels would hop and the driver would be almost catapulted out of his seat. Even an easy turn at what was then high speed meant a sickening sway and the danger of capsizing. By correcting this through springs, shock absorbers and proper distribution of weight the engineer has made another contribution to safety.

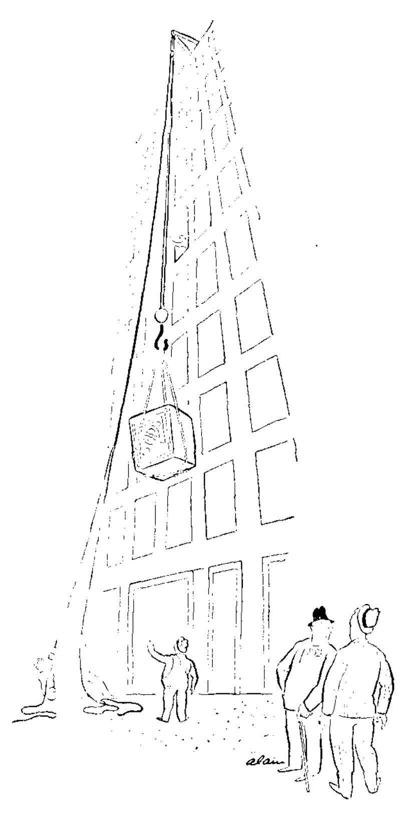
But while he is doing everything he can to keep his cars out of accidents, he knows that accidents still occur and by all appearances are going to keep on occurring. That presents another problem. If his car gets into a crash, how is the engineer going to preserve the people in it from injury or keep their injuries as small as possible? He has been devoting a lot of thought to that, and you have seen some of the results—perhaps without recognizing them. For instance, the instrument panel has been getting smoother and smoother until this year there are practically no knobs or bumps on it. You may have thought that was all for appearance. It wasn't. It was because the engineers had found out that in a moderately bad crash the fellow who is likely to get hurt is the man sitting next to the driver. And the way he gets hurt is by smacking his head against the dashboard. A nice little knob or other protruding gadget is likely to produce deplorable results. So now they're gone. Some manufacturers went a step farther this year and covered the faces of their clocks and speedometers and other instruments with transparent plastic instead of glass.

The next thing to look at was the back of the front seat, for rear-seat passengers have been known to smack their heads, too. That was much easier. All the designer had to do was pad the top and move the rack to a place where you couldn't in any circumstances become too intimate with it.

You know what he did about sharp, protruding gadgets on the outside. He did away with all he could get along without and he curved and rounded the rest. There are no more claws or spears or fishhooks, and impaling pedestrians has become almost a lost art.

The steel body was developed partly with this idea of safety in mind. Safety glass, now standard equipment, marked another great advance. A closed car can now roll over without fatal consequences if the driver has the good judgment to do his rolling in an open space where he won't roll into anything.

While he was thinking about violent and ill-advised maneuvers of this sort, the engineer realized that a lot of damage could be done by any heavy object that was loose in the car. A box or heavy bag can do amazing and disastrous things when it gets to flying about under its own power. As for tools and pieces of machinery—the engineer shuddered and consigned them all to the trunk. But to get people to stow their luggage and heavy odds and ends in the trunk he had to make it roomy and easy to get at. That's what he's done, as you know. Did you realize that it was done for your safety? In the days when you had to take off a tire, dirty your hands and break your back to get the trunk open, it was never used except on long trips. Now when it comes open at one gesture, it's used all the time, and people, although they may not think about it, are safer for that reason.



"He began a year ago on a shoestring"

A. ALAIN

Another fine chance for engineering ingenuity appeared in the field of maintenance. As we have seen, most of the accidents now attributed to mechanical failure are actually the result of the driver's carelessness in failing to keep his car in good condition. If all drivers were intelligent and responsible persons, these accidents would be automatically eliminated. Experience shows they're not. What can the engineer do for the careless or irresponsible driver, for the man who never thinks about his car except when he has to buy gas? The perfect solution would be to make cars that require no maintenance at all. That's not possible at present, but the engineer is getting pretty close to it. He has enormously reduced the things that require seeing to, and those that remain can be checked without difficulty.

For instance, it annoys him a great deal to see headlights giving about half the illumination they were designed to give. The reflectors are dusty and very likely out of alignment. The engineer sends out a reminder to car owners; he exhorts garagemen and mechanics; but meanwhile he is at work trying to design headlights that will take care of themselves. That's for the car of the future.

We have caught glimpses of this car of the future as we went along. No engineer knows exactly what it will be like. If he did he would sit down and start making blueprints. But we can see certain tendencies and by putting them all together we can get some sort of picture.

It will be an attractive car to ride in. In size and appearance the interior will be like a small living room. It will be air-conditioned and there will be no noise or vibration. You will have to look twice to find the engine. It will be much less conspicuous than in the cars of today. It may be X-shaped or it may be radial like certain airplane engines. It may be in front or it may be behind. In any case, it will be lighter and more compact but just as powerful as the engines you are used to. Top speed may be no higher than in the cars of today, but smoothness will have increased and fuel consumption will be very low.

You may wonder why, if engineers know even this much about the car of the future, they don't concentrate on one feature and bring it to perfection. That might be possible if all you needed was one car with perfect brakes, another with maximum visibility and a third with the perfect power plant. Unfortunately, what we want is all these qualities in a single car, and the solution of one problem has an awkward tendency of conflicting with the solution of another.

Keeping You Safe

A change here is likely to require a dozen changes elsewhere, and the present degree of perfection has been attained very largely through a series of more and more satisfactory compromises. You will notice that the 1938 car gives the driver greater visibility than do last year's cars. That's a contribution to safety, but one that has been very hard to attain in the new bodies with their rounded tops, heavy windshield corner posts and low floors. The visibility in last year's cars was perfectly adequate except when the car was being parked or was moving into a stream of traffic at a very low speed. In these circumstances all the driver had to do was move his head and turn a little in the seat. Then he could see all right. But the engineer doesn't like to count on him for even that much activity. Most drivers take the trouble to move; others prefer to take a chance. The engineer has his eye on those others.

There's a cheerfully realistic note in this scientific campaign to save the motorist from his own shortcomings. The engineer knows as well as anyone that it isn't possible to build a completely foolproof car. He might equip it with all the safety devices he could dream of, and yet some madman would succeed in driving it off a cliff. But he knows, too, that the average motorist has moments of inattention, that sometimes he is careless and sometimes he takes chances. There's reason to believe that he is improving in all these respects, but there's no immediate prospect of perfection. In the meantime the engineer is going to look out for him with every slide rule and pair of calipers at his command.

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DELCO-REMY

This new battery, specially developed by Delco Battery engineers for under-hood mounting, is making its first appearance on Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac 1938 model cars.

Delco Batteries are standard equipment on all the new 1938 General Motors cars

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

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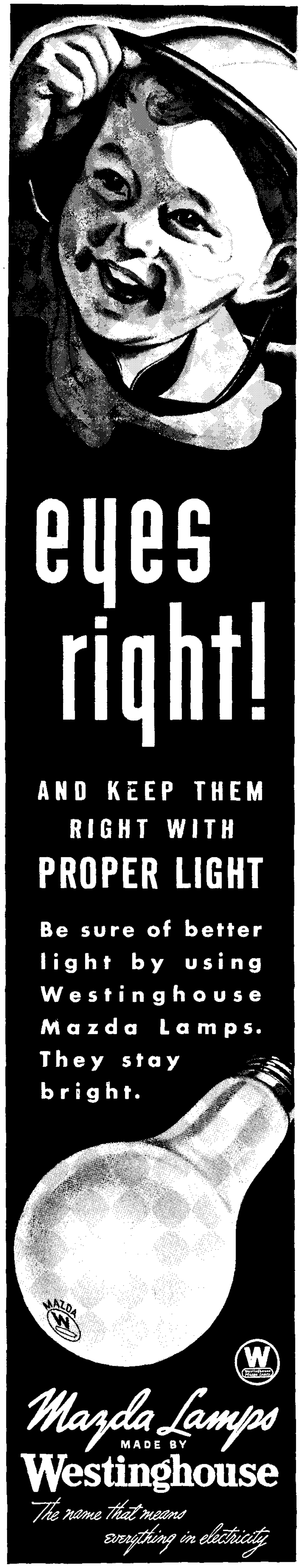


eyes right!

AND KEEP THEM RIGHT WITH PROPER LIGHT

Be sure of better light by using Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright.

Mazda Lamps MADE BY Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

Climb, Fish, Climb!

Continued from page 30

salmon do not attain the shallow reaches upstream, then no eggs are deposited and the fish dwindle rapidly in numbers and eventually disappear entirely from that particular river. The Fraser River in British Columbia used to produce 2,000,000 cases of canned salmon each year. Then a thundering landslide blocked its upper stretches. Now the river yields about a tenth as much salmon as formerly. Will this also happen to the turbulent waterway that produces more salmon than any other river on the planet? Scientists look at the nearly completed wall of Bonneville Dam, 180 feet of steel and concrete from foundation to parapet, and shake their heads woefully. What salmon can ascend the Columbia past a barrier the great river itself cannot budge? How can the fish possibly get by Bonneville? And what about Grand Coulee Dam, 300 miles farther upstream, which will make Bonneville look like something constructed with children's building blocks? If the fish by some modern miracle pass Bonneville, what will occur when they come to the monstrous wall of Grand Coulee, a wall nearly a mile long and 500 feet high?

A Gloomy Prospect

These questions are answered in extremely gloomy fashion—by both distinguished, morning-coated scientists in Washington and New York, and picturesque, buckskin-clad Indians in the fastnesses of the Far West.

Arthur Newton Pack, president of the American Nature Association, declares that the dams being constructed on the Columbia River are likely to spell the doom of a fishing industry that annually gives employment to more than 25,000 people. A similar opinion is held by E. D. Clark, secretary of the Association of Pacific Fisheries, who claims that the absolutely most disastrous occurrence that can happen to a salmon stream is to be blocked by a dam—or, worse, by several dams. The encroachment of civilization and industry, says Mr. Clark, has almost invariably meant the end of salmon runs. He points out that the situation is infinitely more serious where the Columbia River is concerned, because it is the main source of the giant Chinook, which is the choice eating salmon.

The alarming predicament of the Chinook salmon is one of the few topics on which the proponents and the adversaries of Bonneville and Grand Coulee are agreed. "The development of the Columbia River for power and agriculture imperils an ancient industry, the salmon fisheries," admits Frank T. Bell, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries and one of the original advocates of the Columbia River dams.

But most of all, the Indians in the Northwest are convinced they have seen the last great spring salmon migration up the Columbia—and they are furiously indignant about it, because one of the main considerations they received for the land that once was theirs was the promise of perpetual fishing rights on the world's greatest salmon stream. Now, they claim the white man is making those rights as worthless as the ashes of last moon's campfires. Gloom and foreboding gripped the annual Feast of the Salmon at Celilo Falls this year. One by one, the Indians arose and said the white engineers from Washington were taking away the red man's fish. No more will the giant salmon ascend the Columbia, and the Indian fishermen must become farmers or starve, old Oscar Charley warned his tribespeople. A dismal nodding of heads followed this statement.

After the temporary cofferdams at Bonneville had jammed the salmon in the lower river last spring, the Indians descended menacingly on the Army engineers in charge of construction, and for a few minutes another Custer's massacre threatened. The engineers finally solved the crisis by blasting a hole in the barrier blocking the stream. The Indians went away muttering imprecations and wondering what will happen when the Columbia is blocked from shore to shore with a towering, fortresslike wall.

Whatever gap there is at Bonneville will have to be provided for in advance, and to this end the government is spending $7,000,000 for the most unique stairways and elevators of all time.

Imagine a hundred or so swimming pools, each a little higher than the other and the whole series strung through the hills like a monstrous, many-linked dragon, and you will have some idea of the most costly stairways ever planned—the salmon "ladders" at Bonneville Dam. The pools will be the steps of the stairways, and each step will be a miniature swimming tank, forty feet wide, fifteen feet long and six feet deep. Water will tumble in undersized falls from pool to pool, starting with the pools at the top of the dam and ending with those at the base. There will be one of these mammoth stairways along each bank of the river and one twisting up the tree-covered island that divides the spillway dam and powerhouse. The steps will connect with canals, and the entire system will be 5,900 feet long, or five times the height of the Empire State Building.

Up these enormous stairs, that might have been used by the giant who chased Jack of the Beanstalk across the sky, the Chinook salmon of the Columbia River will jump merrily from pool to pool until they reach the water above the dam. At least, the thousands of people engaged in the fishing industry along the Pacific Coast fervently hope that they will. On whether the fish in the Columbia leap up the watery levels of the vast stairs being built through the hills around Bonneville Dam depends the fate of the Chinook salmon.

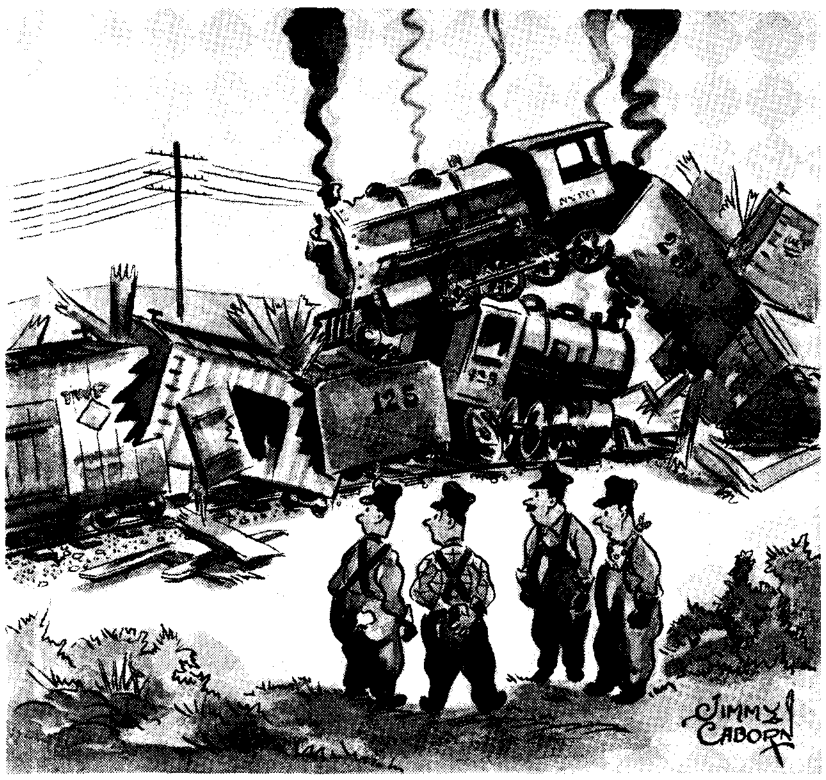
It will be entirely up to the salmon, say the naturalists. The dam will be there, and so will the stairways. The fish can fight the impregnable barrier of steel and concrete until they die without spawning. Or they can gain the upper river and their breeding grounds by flipping blithely up the gentle, one-foot levels of the $7,000,000 steps. It's just that simple—the difference between survival and destruction for one of the major industries of the Far West. The total value of the Columbia River fishery to our economic structure exceeds $15,000,000, with an annual income of at least $10,000,000.

Service de Luxe for Salmon

The noted scientists who have studied the situation claim it is extremely important that the salmon find the big stairways with an absolute minimum of delay. Salmon on their way to spawn have only a limited amount of energy. They never eat from the time they enter fresh water from the sea until they die high in the mountains after breeding. If the female salmon, each carrying from 2,500 to 5,000 eggs, spend their strength fighting the dam, they will not be able to ascend the long series of pools when they discover them. The men building the dam are aware of this.

Frank Buck never tried any harder to get a Bengal tiger into a cage than the Army engineers are trying to lure the 100,000 Chinook salmon that pass Bonneville each day at spawning time into the entrance of the mammoth stairways. Fronting the downstream face of the powerhouse will be elaborate collecting troughs, with water running at right angles to the flow of the river. Once a salmon flips into these troughs, it will be carried almost automatically to the giant steps. There also will be four fish lifts, which will be in a class by themselves so far as elevators are concerned.

The fish elevators are probably best



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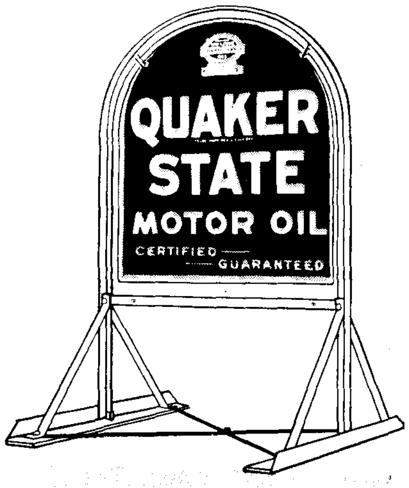

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described as a hybrid between an old-fashioned lift and a ship lock. They will be huge chambers 600 feet square, and they will be lifted from the lower river to the upper river as fast as they are filled with water and salmon. Once above the dam, the floor of the elevator will be tilted so that no salmon, however reluctant it is to leave the impromptu joy-ride, will be able to remain for the round trip. The elevators will operate in pairs, like the cable cars on a mountain scenic railway. When one lift is emptying its load of salmon above the dam, the other will be receiving fish at the base of the barrier. The water filling the chamber will provide the ship-lock part of this complex arrangement, and the rising floor of the lift will furnish the elevator touch. Each of the four fish lifts will be able to accommodate 30,000 salmon passengers a day. It will require 20 or 25 trained men to operate them.

In addition to the elevators and stairways, there will be a whole series of fingerling passes to get the baby salmon back down the river without being smashed in the turbines and generators. The power equipment at Bonneville has been especially constructed to leave large openings for the fingerling salmon. Chief George Red Hawk thinks this is even more important than the ladders and lifts to get the fish above the dam.

One thing is certain: no salmon will be able to get past Grand Coulee, which will be three times as high as Bonneville and more than four times as long. Instead of elevators and $7,000,000 stairways, it would take dirigibles and airplanes to scoot the salmon past Grand Coulee. So the government will not even attempt that impossible feat, but will try to catch the parent salmon and strip them of the precious eggs by artificial means. For this purpose, the largest fish hatchery in the world is planned to be built on the Columbia River just below Grand Coulee. But first the salmon must get by Bonneville, because a large proportion of the fish spawn in shallow tributaries and eddies along the 300-mile stretch between the two dams.

William L. Finley, vice president of the Izaak Walton League of America, is willing to admit the Chinooks may have some chance at Bonneville, but contends that Grand Coulee will kill as dead as a coffin nail the runs of salmon that now spawn in the extreme headwaters of the Columbia River.

All the gadgets and equipment at both dams are as much of an experiment as the first steamboat, and many of the men in the salmon industry are either reading the want ads these days or else planning to sue the government for enough in damages to retire on comfortably. Congress has been deluged with resolutions, complaints and protests, and the Senate recently authorized an investigation of the entire Chinook salmon situation on the Columbia.

The precise shade of black—or whether it is not black at all—will be determined next spring. The fall run of salmon in the Columbia a few weeks ago, a commercially unimportant run, offered no test of the new equipment because the waterway at Bonneville has not yet been blocked. There was open water between the piers.

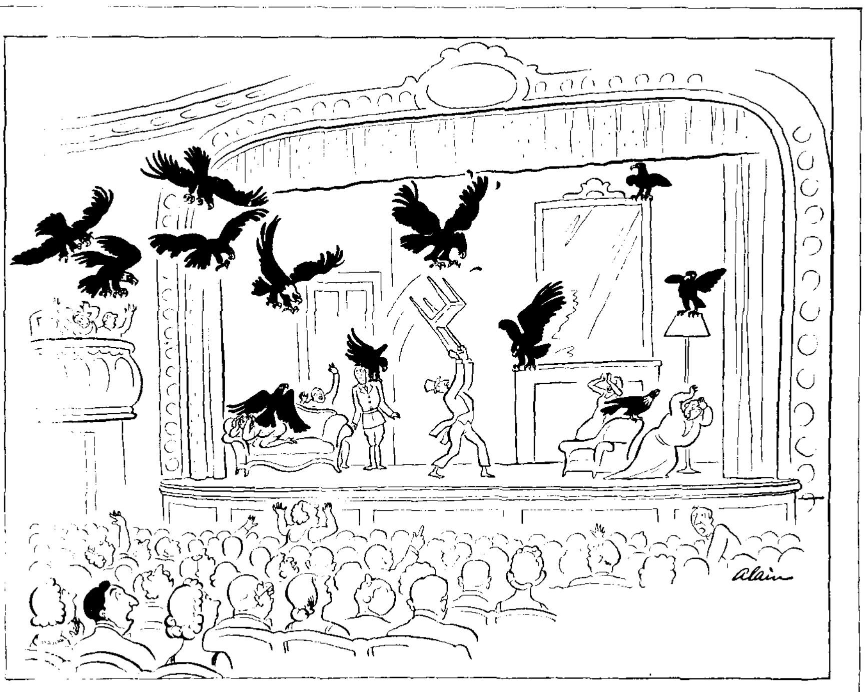
The Real Test to Come

But the real test will come next spring, and then the final judgment will be written on the fate of the Chinook salmon. Bonneville Dam will be completed in a few months. By December the steel gates will be fixed in place and the river will be completely barricaded. Then, the only way the salmon can pass will be by the $7,000,000 stairways and lifts. In the spring more than 6,000,000 fish—the Chinook salmon run of 1938—will head upstream from the blue Pacific. Leaping waterfalls and thrashing through rapids, they will come to the great crenelated battlement of Bonneville. Will they stop there and die without spawning, or will they use the steps and elevators and canals to reach their breeding grounds in the upper river? And if the salmon pass the dam, will they find their way through the 45-mile tranquil lake which will form behind the barrier? Salmon invariably follow a river's current when they are swimming upstream to spawn. Will there be enough flow above the dam to guide them into the distant highlands, or will they thrash about aimlessly in limpid Bonneville Lake until they perish from starvation?

Thousands of fishermen, naturalists, Indians and sportsmen will line the banks of the Columbia to watch the salmon answer these questions. Men who fish for sport are also deeply concerned.

U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries Bell admits he is not certain what will happen, but states he is hopeful the giant stairways and lifts will solve the crisis.

And Chief George Red Hawk, whose father was spearing fish at Celilo Falls when young Lieutenant Ulysses Simpson Grant was stationed at an Army post just down the Columbia, looks at the principal salmon river of the world and says, "Soon we know—for sure."



"It's a Federal Theater Project. That may account for them"

A. ALAIN

Deep Harbor

Continued from page 19

Strund crossed the sagging gangway. A big man came out of the bridge cabin to growl, "An' who're you?"

Strund swung his sea bag to the deck. "Strund, chief engineer, reporting."

The big man's laughter had a flat, harsh sound. "Chief engineer, huh? Hell, you better forget—" He stopped suddenly as Soto appeared.

Soto purred, "You will show him to his cabin, Captain?"

The big man jerked his head silently, and led the way to the midships house. He went past two unmarked doors, pushed open a third, said, "In there."

Strund stared. The cabin was bare. He came slowly around to face the big man. "What's happened to this ship?"

"SHE'S gutted. They stripped her clean. Soto bought a bare ship, and a bare ship he got." The big man rolled a cigarette. "You might as well hear this from me as from the mate. I'm Captain Lewis. Does the name mean anything to you?"

Strund shook his head.

"I'm the guy that put the Adam Bordan aground on Peacock Spit. Lost five men, the cargo, the ship, and my ticket. I got it back a year ago. This's my first berth. A one-way trip. This scow's goin' to Kobe to be cut up for scrap."

"Hey!" A grease-smeared, red-faced man stood in the doorway. "Soto says you're the chief. I need some help."

The bitterness grew in Jamie Strund's mind as he went down into the cold engine room. Down ladders gritty with rust, over gratings slippery with caked grease.

An unsmiling Jap was assembling a pump, another was waiting beside the control desk.

The red-faced engineer spat. "I'm Jones," he said.

Strund didn't answer. The blackness welled up inside him again. Once this had been a good ship, with good engines. Sure—and once he had been chief in the Montcross, once Lewis had been master of the Adam Bordan. They were three of a kind now. Scrap, on a one-way trip.

"How do you like her?" Jones asked. "The inspectors condemned the hull, the boilers and the engine. They cut the boiler pressure to a hundred pounds. A fine—"

"At that"—Strund hadn't used that crisp voice in years—"she's better than her help."

Jones stared, then laughed. "You'll be breakin' out with four stripes next."

Twice in the first four hours Strund got an ugly surprise. Once when he climbed the ladders to ask Soto for more help and for replacement parts.

"No," Soto said, "unless you can find what you need in the junk on the dock."

Strund turned heavily away.

The second surprise came at noon. Jones watched Strund use distillate and waste to clean his hands. "The rest," he said mockingly, "ain't so particular, Chief."

Strund wondered about that, as they climbed the ladder. He found out then. There was only one messroom on the China Queen. Officers and crew, white men and yellow, ate together.

Captain Lewis looked up, as they came in, said, "Here's a seat here, Strund."

Strund didn't move. A squat Jap slipped into the vacant place, and Captain Lewis looked away.

"What is this?" Strund asked harshly. "What kind of a rotten ship is this where white men eat with coolies? Where's Soto?"

Jones laughed, "You're in the junk fleet, Chief."

"Wait a minute," Captain Lewis said. "Not so damn' loud with that." He pushed away from the table then, said bitterly, "Okay, Soto's in his cabin, in there."

Strund stepped back into the alleyway, went forward to Soto's cabin. The Japanese was rising from a well-set table. Strund's voice was thin, raw, "Why do we eat with the crew? What's the matter with—"

Soto's eyes glowed. "You don't have to eat with the crew," he said softly. "You don't have to eat at all; you don't even have to stay on this ship."

"That's just a plank table you got in the messroom. Another one wouldn't cost you anything. We can slap one together and—"

Soto lit a cigarette, waited till the rising smoke screened his dark eyes, and then said, "Get out!"

Strund blinked.

"Bums are cheap," Soto said. "Even bums with tickets. You may do whatever you like."

Strund backed out of the cabin. He went to his own quarters and sat on the sagging cot. He stared at his sea bag for a long time, and then opened it to get a pint bottle. He cursed huskily . . .

At the end of the third day, when a tug warped the China Queen away from the dock, and the engine-room telegraph jangled "Full Ahead," Strund had shaken down. He knew this ship as he knew the palm of his hand. He'd found the knife-blade crack in the shaft, and counted the plugged-out tubes. He knew every faulty pump, every bad valve and gauge.

Jones had stopped laughing. Strund had done things in those three days he hadn't believed possible. There was magic in the old man's lean hands, sheer magic. And when he got through—no, the engine didn't run like new—but it ran. And that, in itself, was a miracle.

They'd helped each other, the China Queen and Strund. Sure, the ship was still old and worn. She was still junk, going half across the world to a place where a swarm of yellow men waited—with cutting torches. But she was going proudly, slamming her rust-splotched bow into each smoking swell, going under her own power.

And Strund? The change wasn't outwardly visible, but it was there. His hands still shook, and he hadn't lost his yellow pallor. Coffee was his only food, and even that wouldn't always stay down—but since the first day he hadn't had a drink. There were two bottles of pale liquor in his sea bag—they call it smoke on the skid road—that could bring quick, complete forgetfulness.

THE first breakdown came on Strund's watch. A steam line let go with a bellowing roar, and the white vapor filled the engine room. Strund closed the throttle, methodically noted the time in the log, and then climbed a slippery ladder to a shut-off valve.

The speaking-tube whistle was piping thinly when he returned to the control desk.

Lewis' harsh voice rang in his ear. "What's wrong?"

Strund told him.

"How long'll it take? Lord, the bottom's goin' out of the glass. We got to have steam. This scow can't weather a blow; she's loaded with scrap and—"

Strund said, "I can't ship a new pipe till the line cools a little."

The China Queen was rolling, lifting

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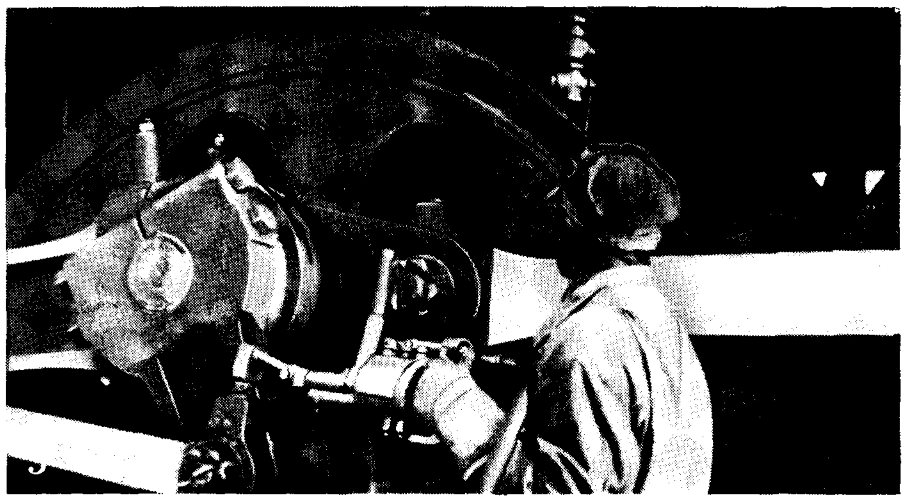

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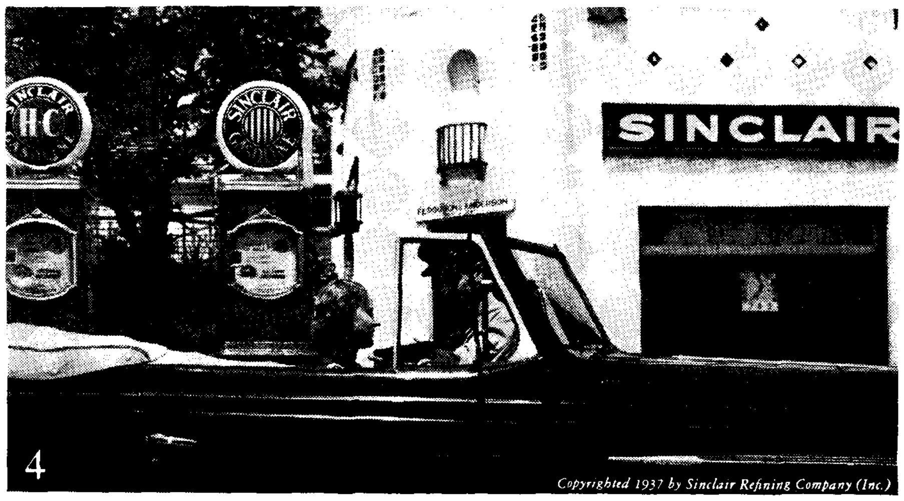

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heavily, sluggishly with the swells, long before they completed the repair.

The raw vapor burns on Strund's arms had swollen into blisters before he opened the throttle again, and the China Queen got under way. That night he moved his cot down to a half-empty storeroom, and after that he slept fully dressed, and only for an hour at a time.

Three days. Four, while the ship staggered across the storm-torn North Pacific. Thundering, green-bearded swells pounded over the bow, swept aft. Sheeting spray hammered a cracked wheelhouse window to bits, and a racing sea licked over the rail to snatch a seaman, but Strund didn't know that. His world was no bigger than the engine room.

The wind died the fifth day, and there was only the battering swell. Captain Lewis was in the messroom when Strund came in. He threw Strund a quick glance over the top of his coffee mug.

"Don't let this fool you," he said, "the worst of it's still ahead. There's a real blow comin'. I been tellin' Soto he ought to put back, but he won't see—"

"Prices won't wait for weather." The Japanese was standing in the inner doorway, his smooth face expressionless under the brim of his sou'wester.

"Listen," Captain Lewis said. "I—"

The Japanese turned to Strund, "How is the engine? A breakdown now would be very bad."

Strund said, "We're doin' the best we can."

The storm struck late that night. The China Queen shivered, heeled deep, under the smashing impact of the rising sea. Strund stopped halfway up a ladder, waiting for the slow lift as the bow came up. It came, finally, and with it the pounding thunder as the next sea smashed aboard. The ship staggered, wallowed deep, and rose again.

Strund completed his inspection round, and then climbed a pitching ladder to drop on his cot.

It seemed to him that he'd barely closed his eyes when someone was shaking him awake. He came upright, listening, but the engine beat was unchanged. Then he saw the slickered seaman who stood beside the cot.

"Captain man want you top side."

Strund blinked the sleep out of his eyes. He slid wearily into a jacket, picked up his flashlight, and followed the seaman.

The wheelhouse was dark, but spray came through the smashed windows. Strund pushed into the chartroom. The mate was bending over the chart. Captain Lewis was there, his face shining in the reflected glow of the chart lamp, his body braced hard against the table edge.

The mate pushed the parallel rulers aside, ringed a cross on the chart. "She's there," he said. "Call it three hours the way we been goin', maybe a little more."

THE captain's words came out at the end of his breath. "Is there anything else close?"

"The Empress of Russia. She's eight hours away, an' that's the best. I told 'em we were comin'."

The captain swore in a thin voice.

The mate turned. He was a small, horse-faced man with hot eyes and a squeaky voice. "Chief, there's a yacht in trouble. She lost her rudder, an' the drift is goin' to put her on the tip of the Aleutians. We're the closest thing."

Soto came in, a squat figure in black oilskins.

Strund said, "I'll get a few more revolutions out of her." He was leaving when the captain's cracked voice stopped him.

"Wait, Strund! She won't stand it. If she breaks down in this sea we'll go down like a ripped tin can." He pawed at his mouth, and the back of his hand came away shiny with sweat.

"What difference?" Strund asked. "Here or there, it's all one."

The mate said, "Hell, Skipper, we got to try. I told 'em we was comin'."

"No!" The captain's voice was thin, frantic. 'We can slow the engine, an' use just enough power to keep her head in the wind. We can ride her out. We can do that. But if we try—she won't stand it!'

There was no sound then, but that of the wind and sea. The mate's hand remained poised over the chart. The captain's eyes jerked from face to face.

Soto dropped icy words into the waiting silence. "Yes, Captain, your idea is good. We should not lose this ship. There is too much money involved. We will not change course."

The pencil cracked in the mate's fingers, and the captain's hand went up to his face. Strund remained still.

"Hell," the mate said, "you might own this tub, but you ain't got any right to try and—" his voice died then, his hands went out in a small, tight gesture, his eyes locked on the black gun in Soto's hand.

"You will obey orders," Soto said, "or I will use this. You do not matter. The money does."

"But I told 'em we'd come!"

Silence again—tight, strained silence. Soto's gun, and the hand that held it, might have been made of the same ugly metal. Sweat drops beaded the captain's lips. Strund swayed with the roll of the ship.

"We can fake a breakdown," Soto said smoothly. "No one will question that."

The mate said, "You louse, you dirty louse."

Strund's lips curved down. Refusing an S O S!

"I'm low," the mate whispered. "I'm low or I wouldn't be in a junk ship working for a yellow rat like you. I know that as well as you do, but you ain't gettin' away with this. Get away from that door. I'm goin' to change course."

The gun snout moved in a tight circle. Soto said, "Stay where you are."

Strund's hand crept to his chin. The mate moved away from the table.

Soto said, "Stay where you are!"

"Get out of the way!" The mate took two long steps toward the squat Japanese. Soto's hand vanished behind a spurt of yellow flame, and gun sound filled the cabin.

Strund moved then. Moved, as the mate stumbled and Soto's eyes stayed on his sagging figure. He was on top of him before he turned. Strund had a split-second glimpse of the swinging gun, of hot dark eyes, as he swung the heavy flashlight.

The gun boomed as Soto went down, and glass shattered somewhere behind Strund. The Japanese was trying to get up when Strund hit him again. Soto landed soddenly, face down, and after that he moved only with the roll of the ship.

THE mate was sitting down, staring at the spreading stain on his leg. Strund twisted the gun out of Soto's hand, pushed it toward the mate. "Here. You might need this if the skipper tries to—"

"He won't need it." Captain Lewis straightened, shook himself like a man coming out of a heavy sleep. "If you're fools enough to try to get yourselves shot, I ought to be able to set a course." He stepped over Soto. "Watch that yellow devil, he might have another gun. I'll be back to fix your leg." He went into the wheelhouse, and his voice came back to them bellowing a new course.

The mate said, "We'll be needin' steam, Chief. I'll watch this guy." He got the gun close to his side. "I hope he wakes up. I hope—"

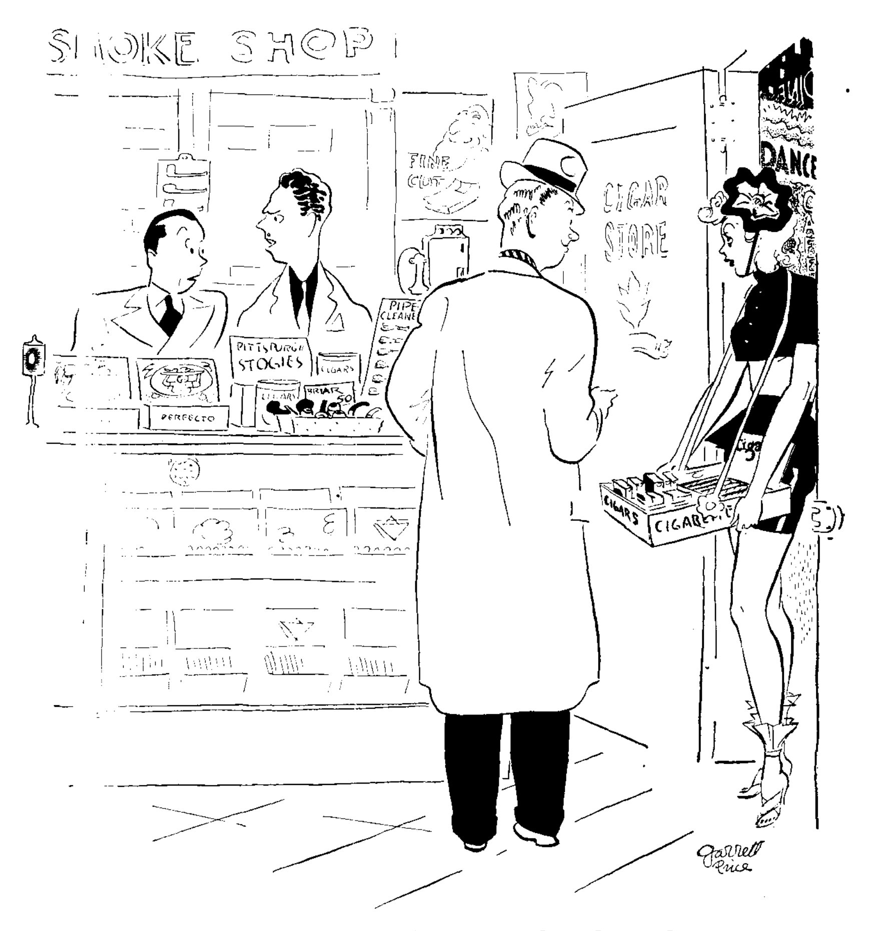
Strund went out.

Jones twisted his face upward when he caught the sound of Strund's heels on the ladder. Strund went to the control desk. "We're answerin' an S O S, an' we'll need more steam."

Jones jerked a glance at the engine, and fear came into his pale eyes. "She'll never stand it."

"Gag the safeties," Strund said. "We need fifty pounds more steam."

"But—"



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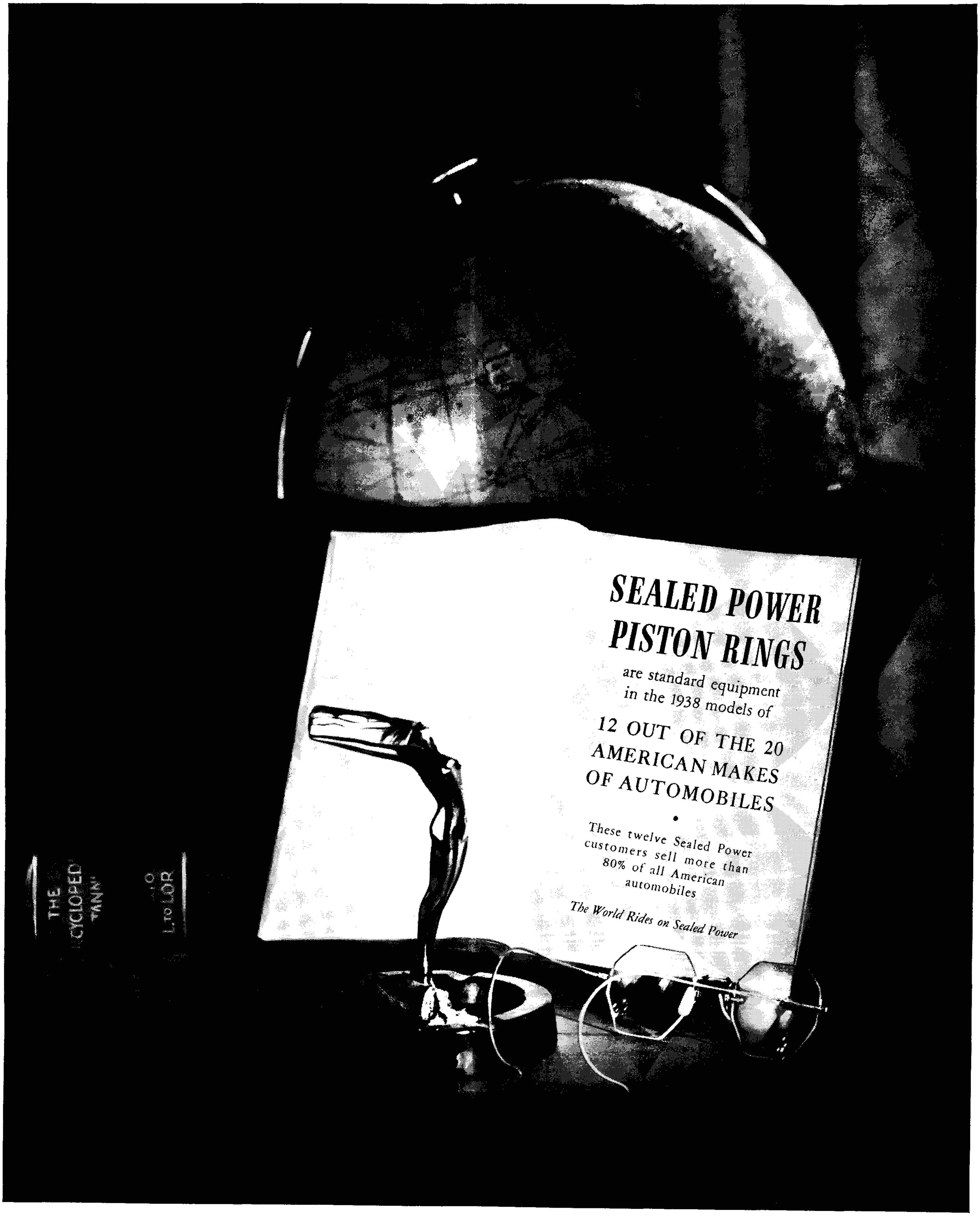

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This patented new way of burning tobacco does it *better*, *cooler* and *cleaner*. Carburetor Kaywoodie pipes take in drafts of air *from the bottom*—producing a new kind of smoke:

1. UPDRAFT keeps pipe-bowl absolutely dry inside.
2. PERFECT MIXTURE (of air and smoke) takes rawness out of any tobacco, makes it *mild*.
3. CARBURETOR ACTION burns tobacco evenly and completely, producing better flavor.
4. CARBURETOR ACTION keeps smoke cool at all times.

No change in appearance — Carburetor Kaywoodie looks just like other Kaywoodies —its Carburetor is hidden in the bottom of the bowl. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment in the stem. This Carburetor principle has endeared these pipes to thousands of men who find it adds much joy to pipe-smoking. Even cigarette-smokers like it because it's so mild. Try it!

Send for 1937 Kaywoodie Book in colors. Pictures 158 pipes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center
NEW YORK *and* LONDON

"You heard me, mister. Move!" Strund's voice didn't raise, but there was a compelling note about it that forced an automatic "Yes, sir" from Jones' lips.

The ship was on the new course now. She was pitching, rolling. Long, shuddering dives that brought a tightness to Strund's lips as he clung to the control wheel. He closed the throttle as the bow dropped, and the stern lifted the propeller clear of the water. Closed it frantically while the tortured engine raced and pounded.

A deeper tone came into the engine beat. There was new power there, new speed to each flashing stroke. Strund grinned.

Jones came back. "Okay." He shook the sweat from his chin. "But she won't stand it, she'll—"

Strund said, "Watch that high-pressure crosshead; she's goin' to run hot."

A hundred and fifty pounds of steam in condemned boilers; a hundred and fifty pounds of steam driving a condemned engine. Strund knew the answer to that, knew it far better than any man aboard. Sooner or later some part, crystallized by long use, would snap, and then. . . .

A pump stopped. Strund was too busy to notice, and when the water tender's sweat-streaked face showed in the engine room the water in the boiler glass was nearly gone. Five crowded, too-short minutes then, while they labored over that pump. The roll of the ship threw Strund hard against a steampipe, started great blisters on his leg. At last, the welcome thump-thump as the pump caught.

TWO, three, four year-long hours before the speaking tube whistled, and Lewis' distorted voice came down to them.

"We're comin' up on them. I'm goin' to try and make a lee, and get a line on 'em. Then I'll need steam on deck for the capstan."

"Any time." Strund plugged the tube. He straightened wearily, but the knife-blade of pain stayed in his side. How long had he been on his feet? How long had he been clinging here at the controls? How long? Hell, this had been going on forever. His eyes burned, and his throat was raw. He could see Jones on the upper grating, an oilcan in his hand, and he wondered, absently, why Jones was riding a junk ship.

Junk! Strund's eyes went to the flashing pistons. That great-hearted engine junk? Hour after hour of slamming into roaring seas; of running under forbidden pressure. No, not junk, not. . . .

He opened and closed the throttle automatically, in time with the lunging dives of the ship. Kobe, he thought grimly, was the end of the road. The China Queen died there, and he—what was there left for him? Next time it would be a fireman's berth, or a wiper's.

The telegraph jangled, swung to "Slow Ahead." Strund slowed the engines. His side was numb now, and pain flowed in waves through his burned leg.

The speaking tube again: "We got a line aboard. If we can hold her for three or four hours the Empress will be here."

THE rest was a nightmare, blurred, unreal. Someone handed him a mug of steaming coffee, and two or three times he gave sharp orders. Things were tangled now, past and present, ships and men, all mixed in the bitterness of his mind.

There was pain in his leg, in his side, in his arms. Burning, constant pain. The world had shrunk until there was only the control desk, the slippery deck plates, and the engine. A worn, somehow human engine that wouldn't admit defeat, wouldn't stop. That had been going on forever, that would go on forever—no, the Japs were waiting for her.

Waiting! Strund knew then, suddenly, what he was going to do; what he had to do. "An hour, Queen." Hard, dry laughter pushed past Strund's lips.

Seconds, minutes, hours ticking away. Pulse-beats measured by the pounding thump of the engine.

The speaking-tube whistle cut through the fog in Strund's head, and Captain Lewis' faraway, weary voice said, "The Empress is abeam of us. You can shut her down."

Strund swayed at the controls. There was another ship, a better ship, ready to take over. Their job was done.

He opened and closed the throttle as the ship rose and fell. Then he turned and waved Jones close. "It ain't enough," he said. "We got to have more steam. Give her a full two hundred pounds."

"She'll rip her belly out." Jones blinked red-rimmed eyes. "Let the other scow go down. Why should we—"

Strund said, "Move, mister!" He picked an end wrench out of its slot. "Move, or I'll brain you!"

"Okay, okay." Jones' mouth twitched as he went past Strund to the fireroom.

The quickening beat of the engine was like the quickening beat of Strund's heart. This was the only way. The right way! He couldn't. . . .

The telegraph jangled "Slow Astern!" Strund didn't move for a full minute. Then he reversed the engine, yanked the throttle wide open, and stepped away from the controls.

Jones was beside Strund, fear shining in his pale eyes. The stern rose, the propeller broke free of the water. There was a racketing burst of sound as the racing engine pounded, then the screw bit deep and the tortured engine surged on its bed.

Jones shouted, "Hey! Hey! She'll—"

"Yes," Strund said, "the next time'll do it."

Again the stern rose, and again the engine raced. *Now,* Strund thought, *now!*

The bellowing roar came from the upper grating. There was the sound of rending metal, the hiss of escaping steam. The engine made a half revolution and stopped.

The Japanese firemen were running, fighting like rats for a place on the ladders. Jones stood there, his mouth jerking.

Jamie Strund leaned forward to the speaking tube. "She's through," he told Captain Lewis. "The high-pressure piston rod snapped off near the crosshead and went through the cylinder head. Better get the boats over."

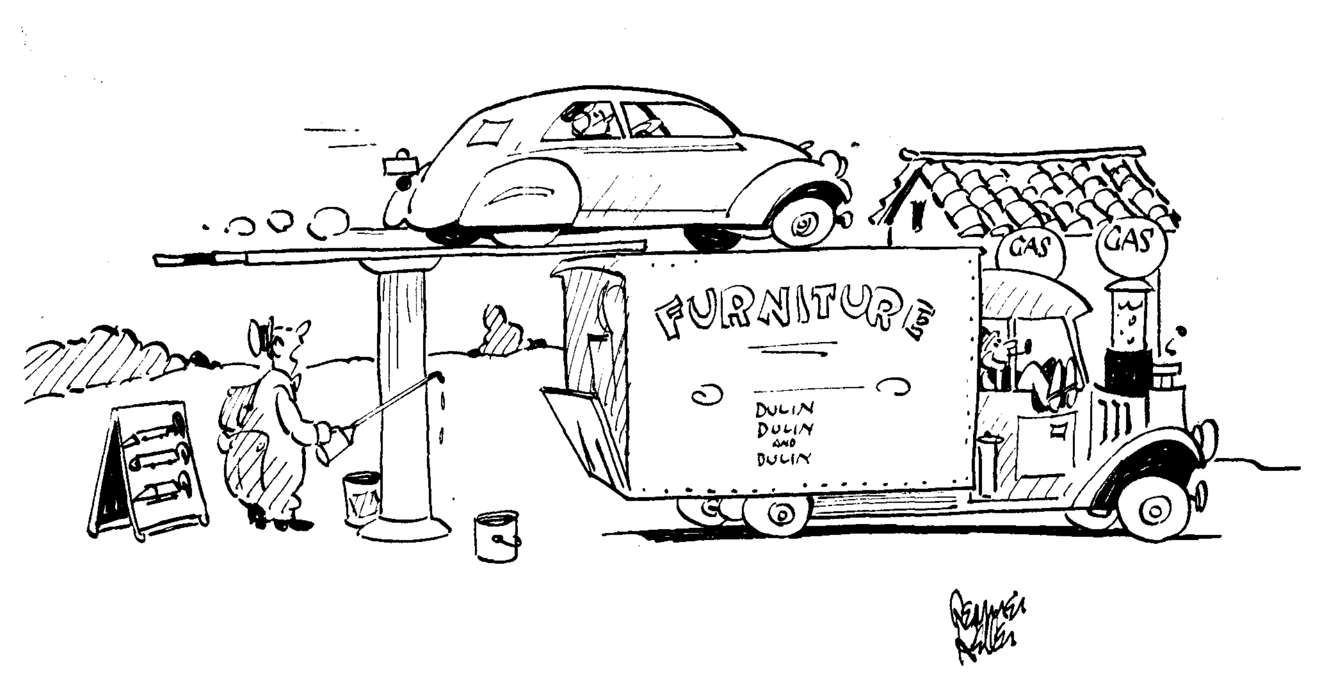
Distorted words came through the tube. "How long would it take to repair—"

"Forty-eight hours if we had the parts, and we ain't." He looked down. "The pumps broke down too, there's a foot of water down here."

"Okay," Lewis said, "the Empress can't handle two ships, but she can pick up our boats. . . ."

THE last of the black gang had topped the ladders when Strund turned away from the control desk. He climbed slowly, stopping in the storeroom for his jacket and a half-empty bottle of smoke. There was time yet, the China Queen would stay afloat long enough for the crew to launch the lifeboats.

Strund stopped at the top of the ladder to drain the flask before he went on toward the clamor on the boat deck. He needed that drink. He'd just given his best friend, his last friend, a sailor's burial. And that was the only clean end for an honest ship: a decent burial.



"Wait a minute, lady. I ain't through yet!"

REAMER KELLER

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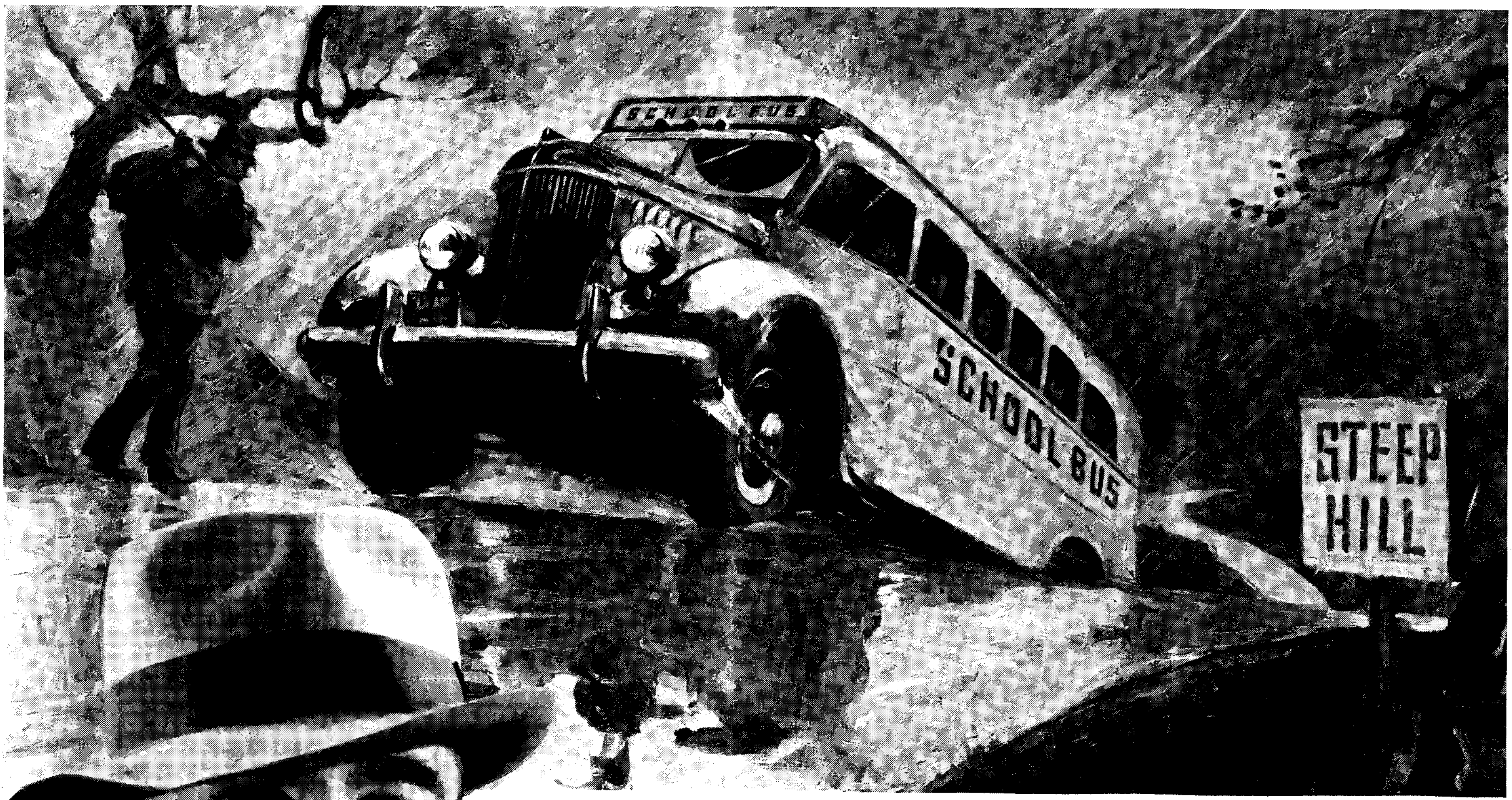

"Willards don't fail in the pinches . . . and I know they COST LESS TO OWN"

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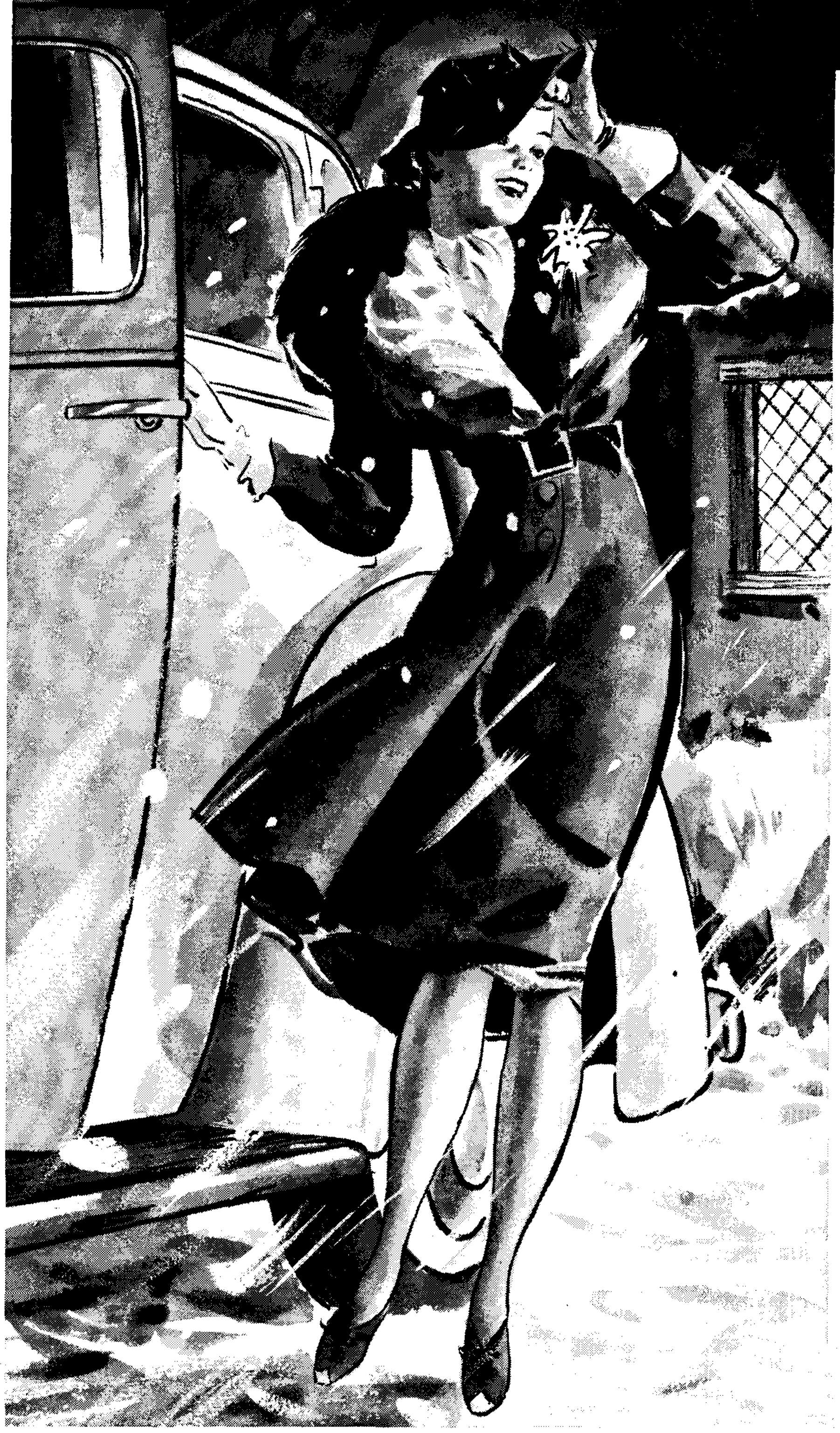

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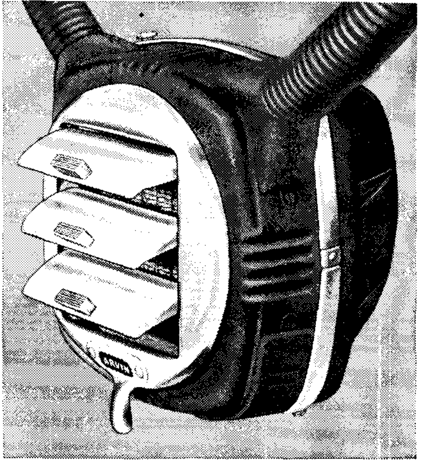

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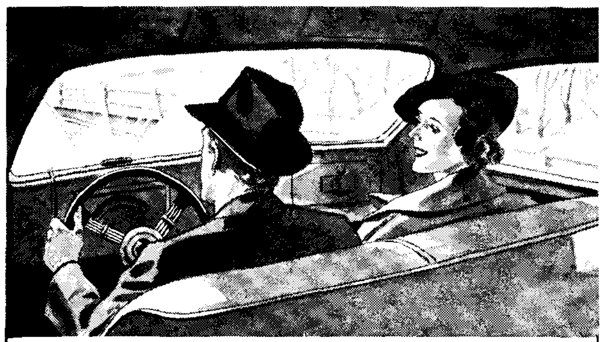
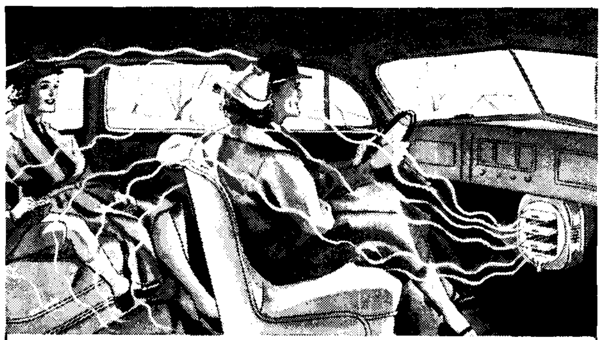


ARVIN'S *new Cyclonic-Power Defroster System spreads a blast of warm air over windshield to keep it free of ice, snow, sleet, frost, and steam.*



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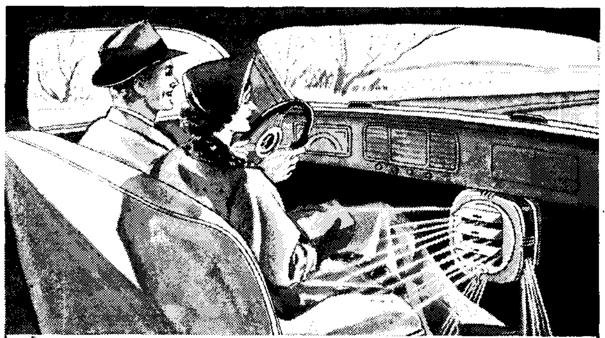

TWO *foot-warmer outlets drive a breeze of heat downward and in opposite directions to warm the feet of both front passengers at the same time.*

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Moving Day

By Lucia Alzamora

What good is a mirror to a woman who has everything but beauty?

WHEN the baby was three years old the Whitmans decided to move up into the seventies near Central Park. They had lived in the same charming, inconvenient apartment during all five years of their marriage, and there was a great deal to throw away. When Joan Whitman saw the pile of boxes, bundles and old trunks that the janitor had brought up from the storeroom she really didn't think she could go through with it. She sat down on the floor and tried to guess what was in what. There was a battered duffel bag she didn't remember ever having seen before. It was marked S. W.

"Sam," she called. "See if you want this. It's yours."

He stopped reading the old letters he had found in the bottom drawer of the desk and came to stand at her side.

"Oh, that," he said. "That must be my fishing stuff."

"Darling, I didn't know you were a fisherman."

"Well, I'm not any more," he said.

He squatted beside her and began to pull things out of the bag. There were two or three pair of faded blue denims, some old shirts, a pair of very dirty sneakers and a felt hat with holes cut in it. There were also a metal tackle box, an odd reel or so and a knife in a holster. All these things smelled faintly of shrimp.

"I wonder where the rods are," he said.

"Heaven knows," Joan said. She took up a shirt to shake it out and something heavy fell into her lap.

"What's this?" she said. And then: "Why, Sam, how pretty!"

It was a small hand mirror. The back and handle were of some unvarnished wood which had been carved delicately in a simple pattern. The glass itself was clouded with age so that Joan's face, staring back at her, was impossibly wan and lovely.

Afterward, she remembered that when the mirror had fallen into her lap Sam had exclaimed in surprise. Then he reached out to take it from her. He turned it once or twice in his hands.

"I love it," Joan said. "May I have it?"

Because he hesitated, she looked at his face and saw that she had taken him unawares. For some unspoken, far-off reason he didn't want her to have this trifle. It belonged, she saw, to someone else. In an instant his face had cleared. He gave her the mirror.

"A present for you," he said.

She took it, but her eyes were twinkling. "Did you get it for some other girl?"

"As a matter of fact, I did," Sam said.

"Did she go fishing with you?"

"Oh, sometimes," he said.

But then he settled back against a trunk and lit a cigarette, and she could see that he was going to tell her about it. He began by gesturing at the mirror.

"I got it the summer I spent in Bluffton," he said.

"When was that, Sammy?"

"Oh, ages ago. I was twenty-five."

"Before you knew me," she said smugly. He laughed and leaned forward to kiss her.

"I've told you about Bluffton," he said.

"No, you never have."

"It's a good place," Sam said. He was silent a moment and, in that moment, apart from her. She couldn't remember the wide gray river nor its bright green marsh. She had never felt the clean, hot river mud sucking between her toes nor the hot Carolina sun burning between her shoulder blades. Up on the bluff the moss on the live oaks swung gently because there was always a breeze. The lovely, leaning houses all were whitewashed and all the little roads were white with oystershell. The grass was burned to a crisp because it was August.

WATCHING him, Joan thought: "Why, this matters to Sam. This is something he cares about. Something I don't know."

"Where's Bluffton?" she asked.

He looked up before he answered her. "It's a place in South Carolina," he said. "It's on a sort of salt river. I went down there the summer I was twenty-five."

"In summer, Sammy?"

"Sure," he said. "It's fine then."

Breakfast was early, before it was as hot as it would be. There were figs or peaches and hominy with little fried fish or little fried shrimp, and battercakes with corn syrup, and lots of strong, hot coffee. On Sundays, there were waffles instead of battercakes. When he and Davis came clattering down the stairs, Kate was always waiting for them at the table, and black Elvira was always leaning against the sideboard, resting her silver tray on her stomach.

"It was a fine place," Sam said. "I went down for a week and I stayed six."

"Gosh," said his wife.

He grinned. "They liked it," he said. "They liked me."

"Who, darling, who?"

"I'm slow," he said, "and the more I think of Bluffton the slower I get."

"Just for a minute, think of New York."

"All right," he said. "Their name was Brent. Davis Brent and Kate Brent. I knew him in school. He wrote and asked me down and I had nothing to do because I was waiting for this job with Consolidated Chemical. So I went. We fished a lot."

"Was his wife nice?"

"He wasn't married," Sam said. "Kate was his sister."

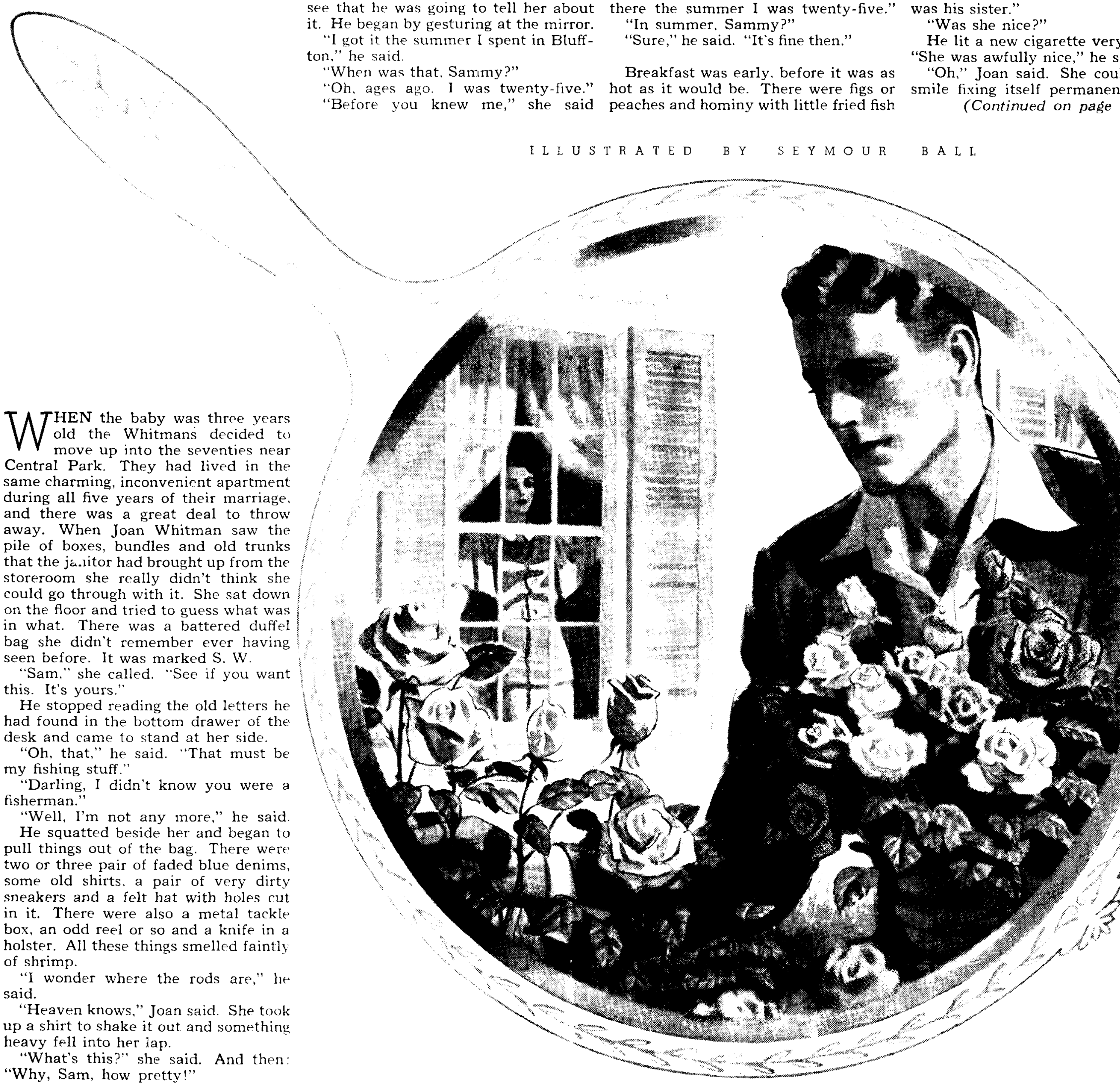
"Was she nice?"

He lit a new cigarette very carefully. "She was awfully nice," he said.

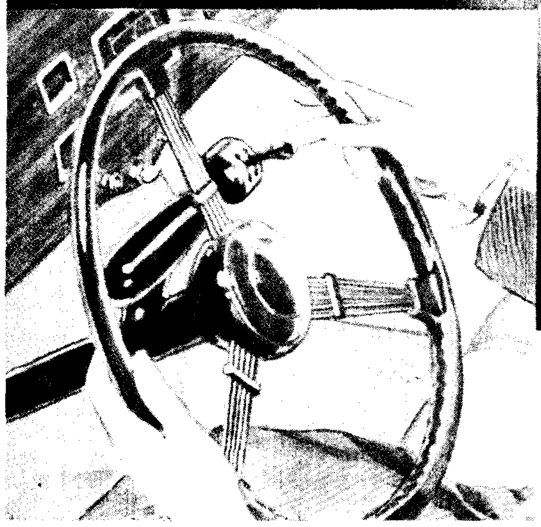
"Oh," Joan said. She could feel the smile fixing itself permanently on her

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL



He picked every rose in the garden while Kate watched him from the window



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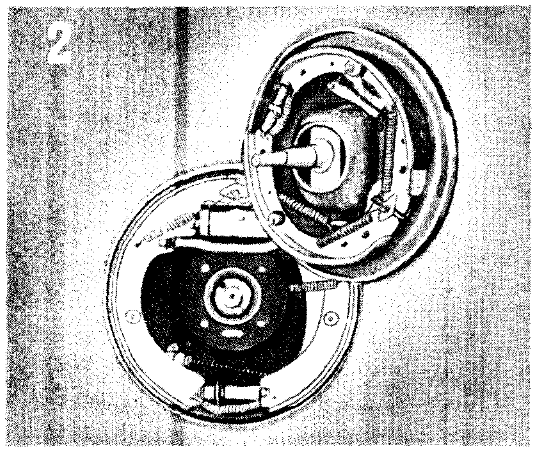

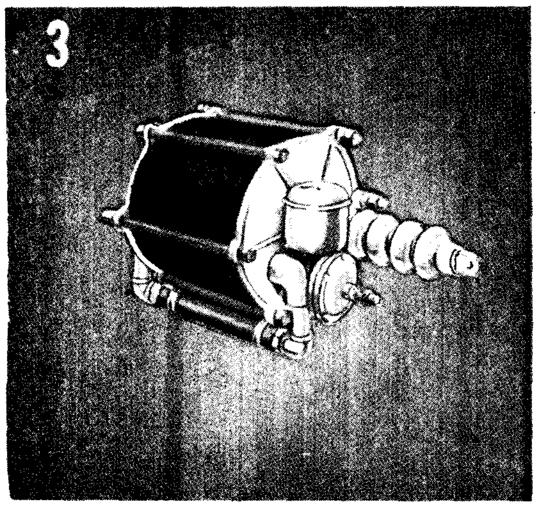

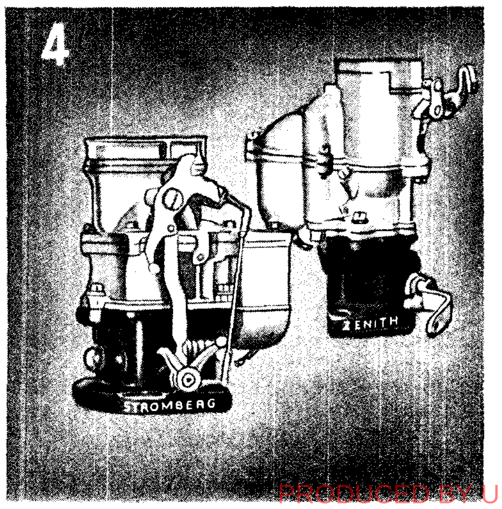

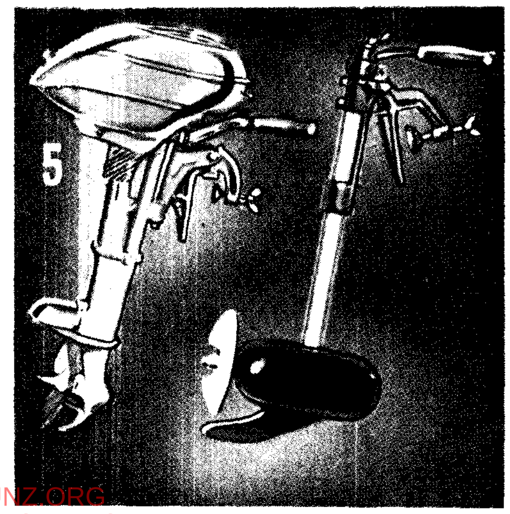

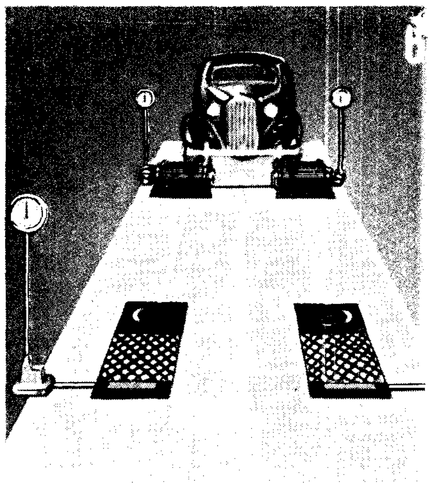

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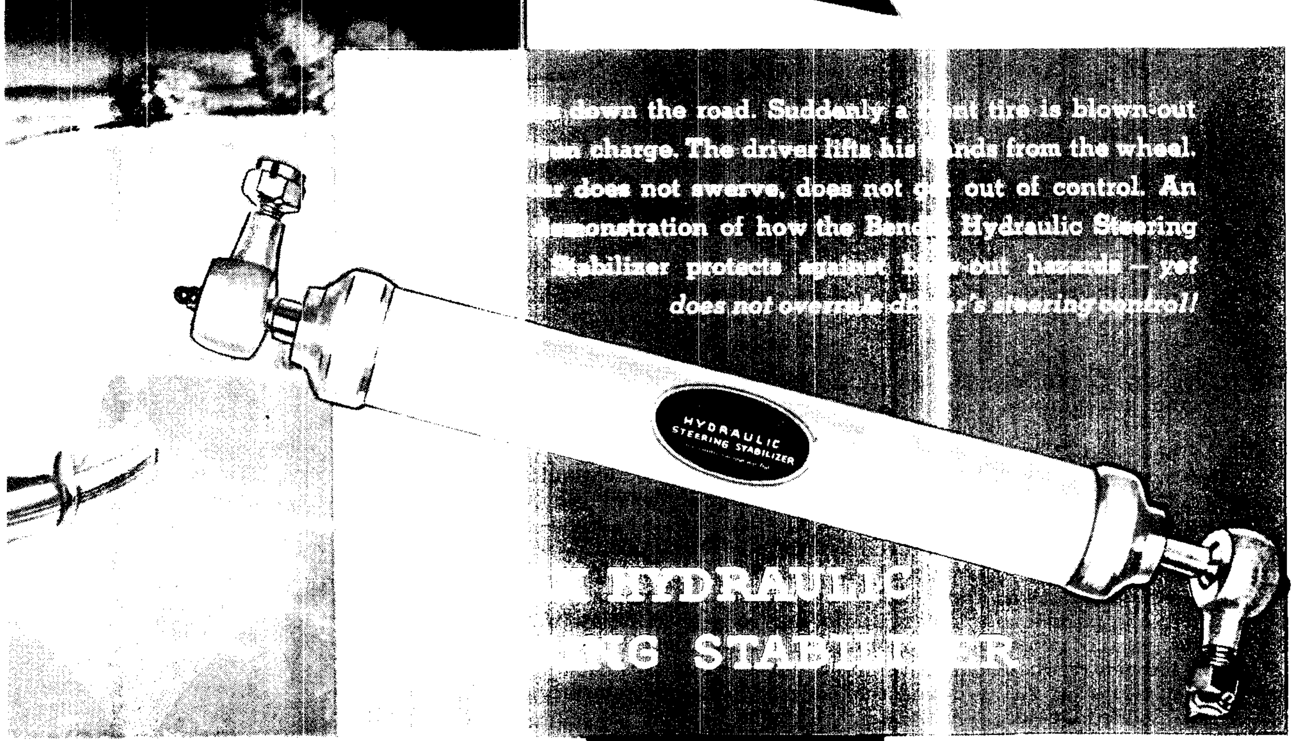

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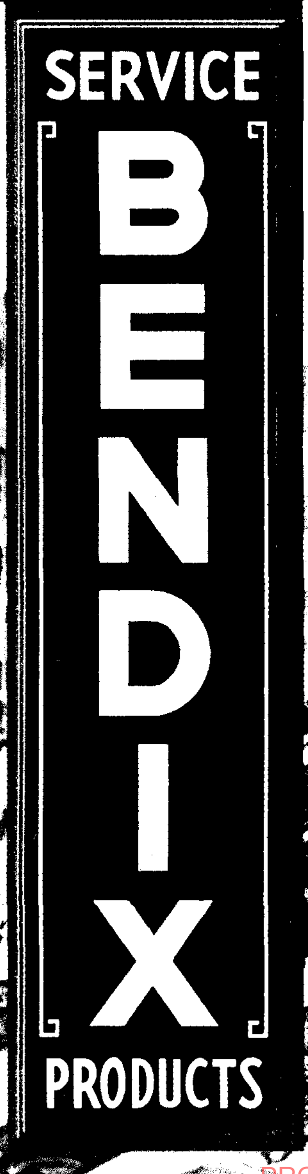

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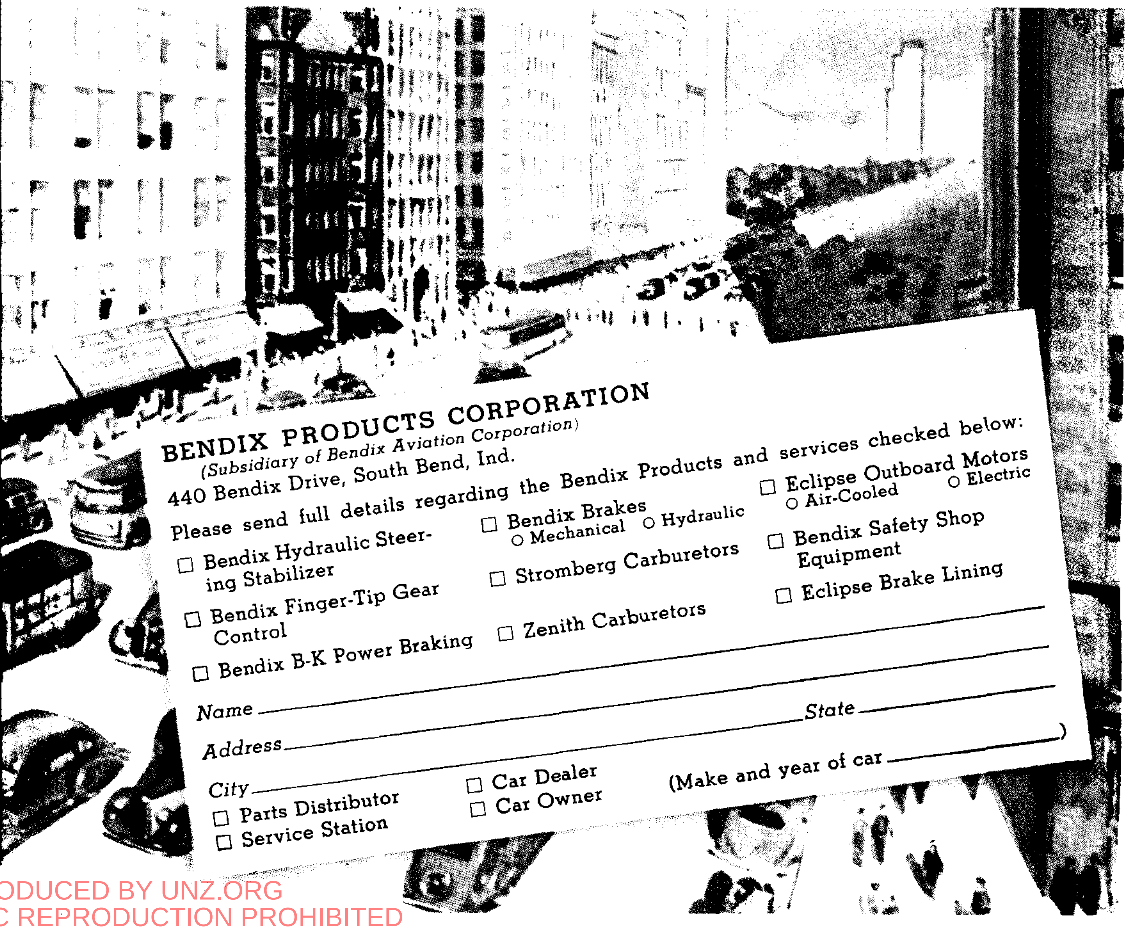

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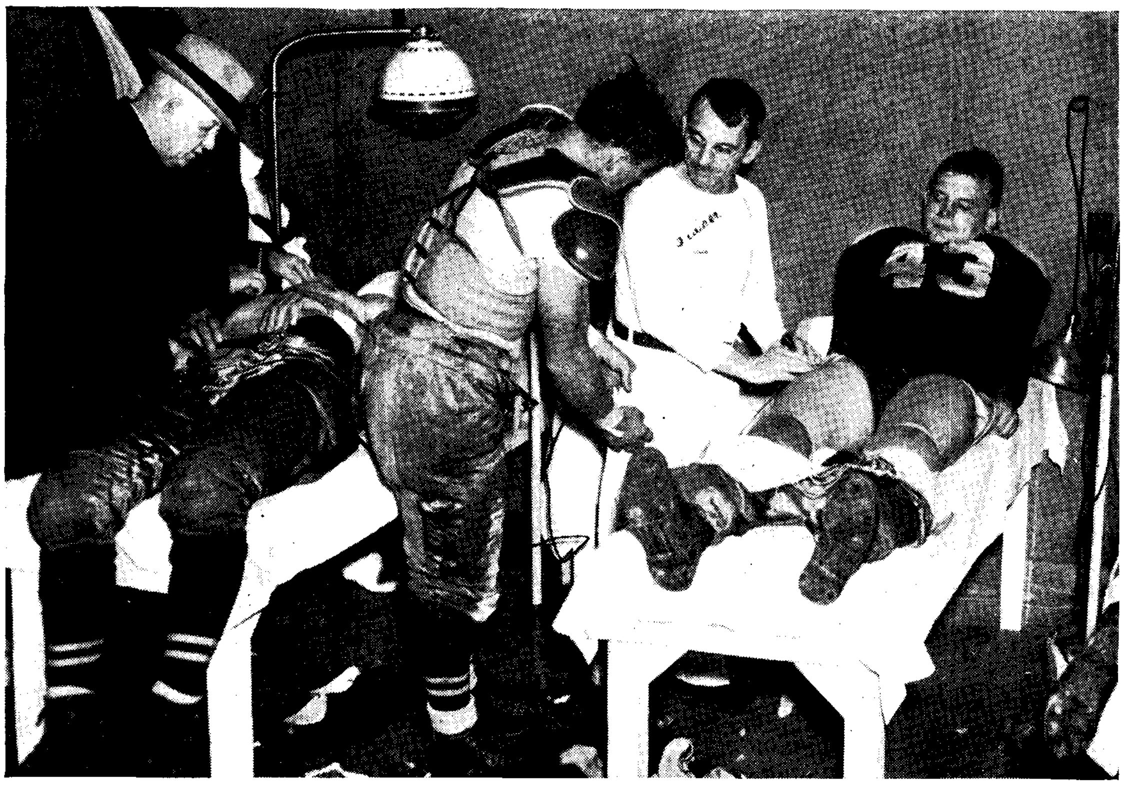
Football Town

By Quentin Reynolds

The town of Green Bay is in the football business. Not for profit but for fame. Every citizen considers himself part owner of the club. And every player feels responsible to the town. That's the formula that has produced championship teams



Injuries are plentiful in pro contests. Here Dr. W. W. Kelly (left) is examining Ernie Smith while Trainer Dave Woodward attends Clark Hinkle (center), and George Svendsen

NOW someday you may be motoring through the northeastern section of Wisconsin on your way to the city of Green Bay. It is a section of wild and unspoiled beauty and you'll find it hard to keep your eyes from the green hillsides which are miraculously dotted with anemones, bloodroots and fawn lilies. Brooks which ripple just off the road will be framed by marsh marigolds and early meadow violets and then you'll come into Indian country, the land of the Oneida tribe transported from New York some hundred years ago. And then suddenly you are lost. You know that Green Bay is only ten miles or so away but in which direction? You stop, and there, sitting contentedly by the roadside, staring at you with wide-open brown eyes, is the cutest little Indian kid you ever saw. So you ask him the way to town.

He points a chubby arm straight ahead and then smiles shyly and you just have to pause and ask him his name.

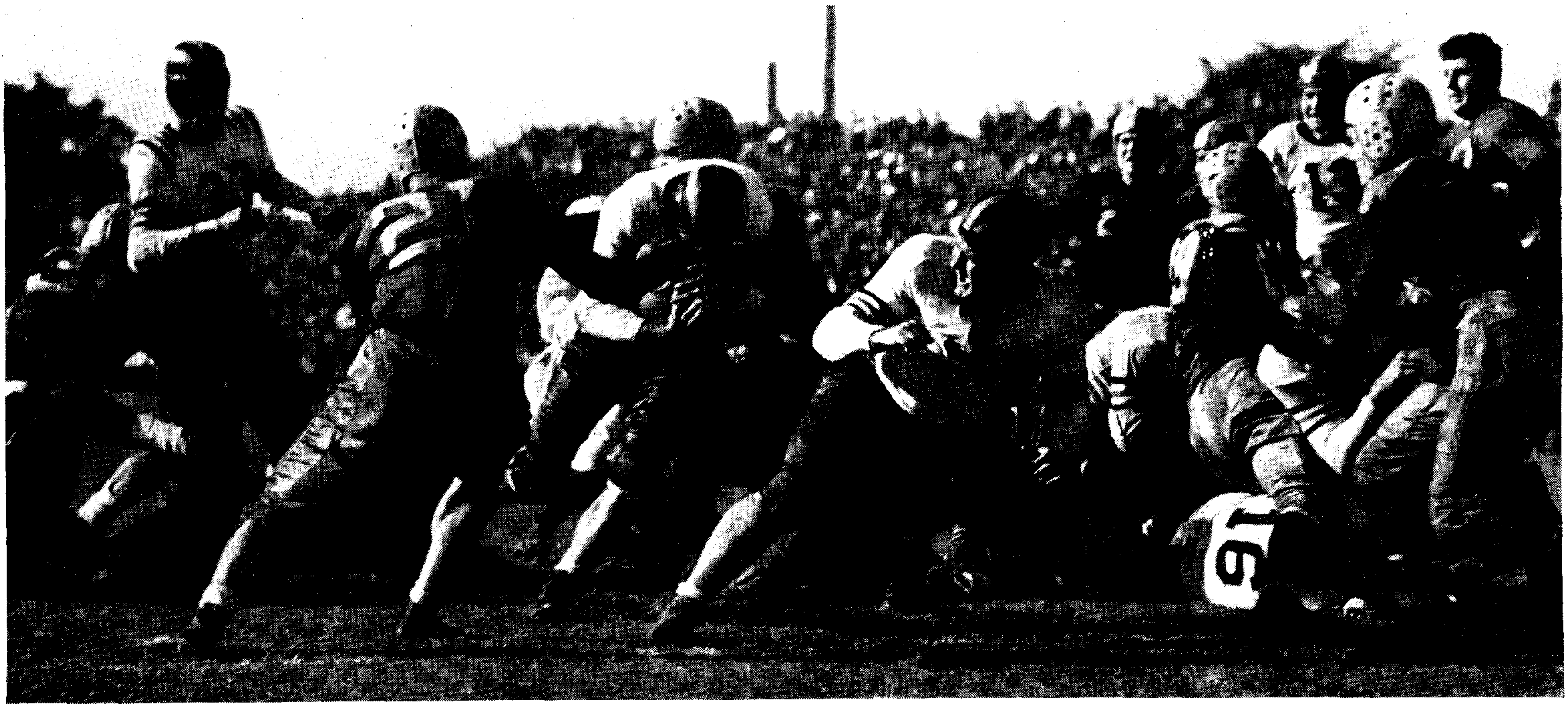
He says, "LaVerne Lewellen Dilweg Webster."

You're a bit startled at that but that's only because you've never heard of Verne Lewellen or of Lavvie Dilweg or of the Green Bay Packers who belong to the Indians west of Green Bay just as much as they belong to the curbstone quarterbacks of the city. It is of course something that could happen nowhere else in this country.

Levi Webster, a full-blooded Oneida, has always been a great Packers fan. When his first-born arrived six years ago it seemed perfectly natural that he name him for his two great heroes, Lewellen and Dilweg. In Green Bay they'll tell you that Lewellen was the greatest punter ever to curl a toe under a pigskin and they'll add that Dilweg was without any doubt the only end who ever lived. Hence little six-year-old LaVerne Lewellen Dilweg Webster.

Over a period of years the Green Bay Packers have been the best football team in the country and before we go any farther let me add that we are proceeding on the assumption that a good professional team is as much superior to a good college team as a good professional fighter is superior to a good amateur. This assumption is always greeted with loud impolite noises by my friends among the college coaching fraternity but it is my story and I'll stick to it until evidence to the contrary is brought in. Now without any more argument let us go back to the phenomenon that is Green Bay.

Green Bay since 1919, when it entered organized professional football, has won four championships, the only team in the league to achieve that record. Nearly always the team has been one-two-three in league standing. During that time Green Bay has been consistently the biggest drawing card in pro football and the team has always used a dazzling, colorful and effective attack, usually being one jump ahead of the other teams. Man power in the professional league is pretty evenly divided. Curley Lambeau, of whom more anon, has, I think, provided that extra something or other which has given Green Bay the edge it has enjoyed. But the record of Green Bay is not the sole reason for this article. Green Bay is not an ordinary pro team run by a professional promoter in a rented ball park. The Green Bay Packers are a municipal institution owned and operated by the municipality of Green Bay, as much a part of the city as is the police or fire department, and each of the 40,000 citizens of Green Bay considers himself to be a



BREDILL

A touchdown for the Chicago Bears in an early-season game with the Packers. Nolting, of the Bears, carried the ball. The Packers lost, 14-2

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part owner of the club. That's what makes the Packers different.

Green Bay is a typical American community which has great pride in itself. It is proud of the fact that it is the biggest cheese-packing community in the world; that it is 303 years old; that Eleazer Williams, missionary to the Oneidas and claimant to the title of the "Lost Dauphin," found refuge there in 1642; that there is, and even during the depression there was, practically no poverty in the city; that during prohibition more than a hundred places which dispensed liquid refreshment kept wide open at all times; that the Green Bay Packers are the greatest football team ever assembled. Of these things the 40,000 citizens of Green Bay are proud.

Strictly Municipal

Any youngster at school in Green Bay will tell you that Jean Nicolet founded Green Bay in 1634 and that Curley Lambeau founded the Packers in 1919.

Earl Lambeau was a fine halfback laboring at Notre Dame for Knute Rockne. It was during the war years and Green Bay was buzzing with activity. Wartime plants had hurriedly been thrown up and Lambeau, who had been born and raised in the city, quit college to work for one of them, the Acme Packing Company. But when the green hillsides turned to brown and gold and when the breeze coming from the bay was tinged with crispness, Curley Lambeau's feet began to get restless. Before Notre Dame he had played in Green Bay's East High School and this was the first autumn that his feet were not encased in heavy, cleated shoes. He just had to play football.

He gathered a few of the boys who worked in the plant and recruited a few others from town and under the name of the Acme Packers the team played a schedule. The Packers would play anyone. Sometimes they won, more often they lost but they loved football and to play it was enough. They played the next year too. By now the Acme Packing Company had served its purpose and had departed, so the team called itself the Green Bay team but the name Packers had become so much a part of it that finally it was generally accepted and so the team remained the Green Bay Packers.

In 1919 the team first played as the Green Bay Packers and in 1921 the team was admitted to the National Football League. The citizens of Green Bay were delighted. "Now Curley and his boys will show those city slickers something," they chortled. Well, the Packers won seven and lost two league games that year and played themselves right into the heart of Green Bay.

Things weren't very good financially with the team. When they'd play home games they wouldn't charge admission; they'd pass a hat and if they collected enough to buy their uniforms they thought themselves lucky.

A group of prominent businessmen in Green Bay began talking it over. Everyone liked this team. Everyone was proud of Curley Lambeau and the way he and his men were pinning back the ears of those teams from the big cities. Why not give them a hand? Well, they sat around the Rotary Club at luncheons and around Oliver's Ice Cream Parlor and around the Chamber of Commerce and they talked. Finally they stopped talking and acted. Men like Andrew Turnball, publisher of the Press-Gazette; Dr Webber Kelly, Ray Evrard, Leland Joannes, George Calhoun and others organized the Green Bay Football Corporation and from now on Curley Lambeau was to worry only about playing and managing; the corporation would worry about finances. Within two years the city had built a stadium seating 10,000 for the use of the team. Since then the stadium has been enlarged to seat 18,000.

The corporation is strictly a municipal affair. There are hundreds of stockholders, yet the stock pays no dividends and it is impossible under the articles of incorporation for anyone connected with it to make any money. Stock is sold in units of $25, $15 and $5. A box seat for the season goes with a $25 share; a reserved season seat goes with a $15 share and a stock certificate which could be hung nicely on the wall goes with the $5 share. Before the season opens there is usually $12,000 worth of "stock" sold. A very good year will net the corporation a profit of $15,000. This will immediately go for the improvement of the field, the building of new stands and purchase of new equipment, and what is left goes to the American Legion, Green Bay Post.

Only the players, trainers and coaches are salaried. Even the ushers and parking-ground attendants at home games receive no salary. They are legionnaires who do this in return for the profits given to the Legion each year. The directors and officers of the corporation cannot make a penny out of the season no matter how much money the team takes in. They have the same spirit that undergraduates have at a university: this is their team and they'll work their heads off to support it. It is the only team in the professional league which is municipally owned.

Championship aspirations had to wait until 1929 when Green Bay, to the delight of all Wisconsin, beat those city slickers from Chicago and New York to be acclaimed champions; Dilweg and Lewellen were on that team. So was Cal Hubbard, the great tackle of whom Lambeau says, "There was just no sense in running a play against his side of the line when he was going good." Darling and Herber and Michalske, whom they called the "Guard of the Century" were members. So was Sleight and Nash and the incomparable Johnny Blood.

"Blood," Lambeau says, "was the most colorful football player who ever donned cleated shoes."

Mr. Blood Goes to Town

Today Johnny Blood is coaching Pittsburgh. After thirteen years of warfare he finally decided to sit on the side lines. He kept this good resolution until Pittsburgh's first game. That was with the Philadelphia Eagles. Pittsburgh had only a slight edge going into the fourth quarter. It was then that the vagabond player went to work. He gathered a kickoff into his arms and ambled 92 yards for a touchdown. A few moments later he snared a 44-yard pass and again galloped over the line. That made the count 27 to 14 in favor of Pittsburgh.

Blood trotted to the side lines, threw off his headguard and said calmly to Art Rooney, who owns the team, "There's your ball game, Art."

Last year he virtually won the championship for the Packers in a game against the Detroit Lions. Green Bay led 10 to 0 at the half but then Detroit's great backfield—Dutch Clark, considered today to be the best football player in the game, Ace Gutowsky and Ernie Caddel—went wild and when the fourth quarter came up the scoreboard read, Detroit 15, Green Bay 10.

Lambeau sent Blood in. The Detroit team was watching Don Hutson and Hinkle and Milton Gantenbein who usually snared those riflelike passes hurled by Arnie Herber. For a moment they took their eyes off Blood. That was a mistake. Herber faded back, faked a pass to Hutson and then, wheeling, sent it to Johnny Blood who was forty yards down the field and streaking. Caddel was right behind him. Herber's pass was ahead of Johnny and high but somehow or other he leaped for it, caught it and, without breaking his stride, kept in front of the frantic Caddel to score, making the count Green Bay 17, Detroit 15.

A few moments later the incomparable Dutch Clark drop-kicked one over to give Detroit the lead again. It was up to Herber and Blood again. Herber started throwing strikes as only he and Sammy Baugh of the present-day passers can throw them. Hutson grabbed two and then Blood again snared a sensational one to put the ball on the six-yard line. In three tries Green Bay couldn't gain, so big Paul Engebretsen dropped back to place-kick Green Bay to the victory. But it was Blood who really won that one. Had Green Bay lost that game they would have lost the championship which they eventually won.

"I think that was probably the greatest football game ever played," Lambeau said. "The lead kept changing. We had to come from behind three times. When a team can do that and win it's a great team. And we were playing a great team too."

There used to be a fairly well-merited criticism to pro football: that the players were just in there for their money; they were in there to do or die for dear old gate receipts. That has all changed. You don't see pro players dashing all over the field in a frenzy or crying their pretty little eyes out or raging futilely when another team has scored. But they are trying just as much as do the college boys and they do want to win. Especially Green Bay players.

Last season Lambeau had signed up an outstanding lad from a fresh-water college. He had a big name and in addition he looked like a great prospect. In pre-season practice he was sensational. The first game was with Green Bay's traditional rival, the Chicago Bears. And if you think traditional isn't quite the word to use in connection with a pro game, let me remind you that the tickets for this year's first Green Bay-Chicago Bears game were sold out last August.

Just Another Player

The Bears gave Lambeau and his team a rude shock. They were very hot that afternoon and they walked all over our heroes to win by a 33 to 3 count. After the game the Green Bay players walked glumly to the clubhouse. They sat there stunned. The world had fallen on them. They were mad, too, mad at themselves. They knew they hadn't played their game. Even Lambeau was quiet. He knew that there was no use in rubbing it in. He knew how his players felt. He only had to look around at their grim faces. The funereal air of defeat hung very heavily over that dressing room. Then our young college hero bounced in from his shower. He looked around the room and he laughed.

"What the hell, fellows," he said. "Why feel so bad? It was only a ball game."

Lambeau looked at him. The players looked at him. This wasn't their kind of ballplayer.

"Get out," Lambeau said quietly, "before someone hurts you."

"I got a contract," the kid sputtered.

"You'll be paid in full," Lambeau said grimly, "but get out. Get out of here and out of town."

The kid left. There's a refreshing aftermath to the story. Lambeau sold him to another professional team and before the season was over he was going great.

"He'd learned his lesson," Lambeau said. "This year he'll be a star. It isn't often that a first-year professional player can step right in with a team like ours and make good. Usually he doesn't know quite enough, or his temperament is unsuited to our game. He was a big shot at college, the star of his team. But here he's just another player and sometimes he can't get accustomed to that.

Clark Hinkle to Lambeau is the perfect football player. Most professional players and coaches give the crown to Dutch Clark of Detroit, but Lambeau says that Hinkle is the best all-round football player he ever saw. And Lambeau played at Notre Dame with George Gipp.

"Hinkle is great at everything," he says. "Nagurski could hit a line like nobody, but Hinkle can do that and he can pass and punt and he's a great blocker. Ken Strong could run with the ball and he could punt but Hinkle can do those things and more. Defensively he's great. My vote goes for Hinkle and that's what most of our boys think, too."

A Hundred Dollars a Drink

The Green Bay team trains just as college teams train. There is no wasted motion, no lost time in a Green Bay practice. In addition once a week there is a written quiz. Each player gets his question paper and he has one minute to answer each question.

If a player misses more than his share, a fifty-dollar fine is slapped on him. Lambeau is no policeman but he insists that the players get to bed by eleven except on game nights.

I was walking down North Adams Street in Green Bay with a few of the players. It was a warm night just before the season opened. We passed an inviting-looking pub and I suggested to a tall one, adding persuasively that I might even pay for a round.

"No glass of beer is worth a hundred dollars," Ernie Smith, the tackle, said decisively; and that was that.

Any player who takes a drink forfeits a hundred dollars. This season Curley Lambeau hasn't had to invoke that punishment once.

The Green Bay team, playing several home games in a stadium which seats about 18,000 (roughly half the population) cannot, of course, make the money that a team such as the New York Giants playing weekly in the Polo Grounds can make. Because of that, salaries to players are lower at Green Bay. One hundred dollars a game will be the average wage for a first-year player. There is one advantage, however. Curley and his fellow directors will make every effort to place a player in business in Green Bay should he be so inclined. A great many players of recent years have made Green Bay their permanent home, have become established in business and have done well.

Larrie Dilweg, the great end of the 1920's, is a prominent lawyer in Green Bay; Verne Lewellen is a former district attorney and president of the Rotary Club; Jug Earpe, center on those championship '29, '30 and '31 teams, is the sales manager of an automobile concern; Hank Bruder, still playing, owns a tire shop and does right well; Arnie Herber is in the soft-drink business; Milt Gantenbein is in the insurance business; Clark Hinkle sells bonds to the local citizenry; Charlie Mathys owns a ground-glass business, while George Svendsen has a gas station.

This all brings the team and the town even closer together. And win, lose or draw, the town insists that the Packers are the greatest team in the country. This season, when they started off by losing to the All Stars and then to two league opponents, Green Bay said nonchalantly: "The boys just started slowly this year. They'll get going soon and show those city guys how to play football."

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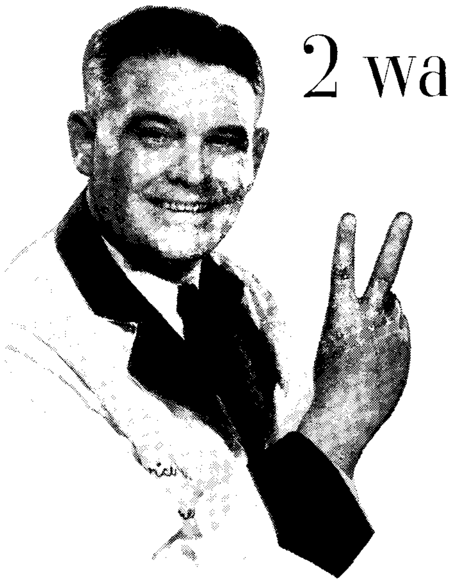

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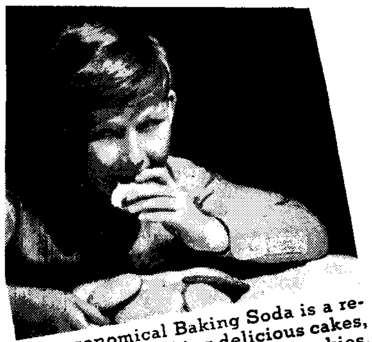

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Moving Day

Continued from page 59

face. "Why, how silly, how silly of me," she thought.

"Was she pretty, Sam?"

He shook his head. "She was the plainest girl I've seen. That's why I didn't give her the mirror."

"Oh. It was for her," Joan said. "What was she like besides plain?"

"Do you know," he said, "it's hard to believe, because you're as pretty as a picture, but she was something like you."

"No," Joan said. "Oh, no, she couldn't have been."

"Well, she was," he said. "Funny and sweet and good and bad-tempered at the same time."

JOAN thought: "What's happening to me? I've never been jealous. I didn't mind knowing about that blond girl or even about Eleanor Patterson. They're both of them beauties. Sam likes only pretty girls."

Then she spoke and could herself hear the thin strain in her voice:

"Sam, how strange of you never to speak of this place before. It's obviously something that's meant so much to you."

She thought: "What a fool I am."

"Why, darling," he said, "what are you talking about?"

"Nothing, Sammy, nothing really."

But he was still looking at her, half concerned, half amused.

"I don't know why I've never told you about it," he said.

Joan thought: "But I do. I know why."

"Tell me now," she said. "Tell me about Kate and about what you did and about everything. It sounds lovely."

"There's nothing to tell," he said. "We were on the river a lot and we used to stay in swimming for two hours at a time with the water like soup, and after supper we'd lie out on the bluff in hammocks. Sometimes we'd sing and sometimes we'd listen to the colored people singing back in the village. Then Davis would go to sleep and Kate and I would talk. It's a funny thing. I got a feeling there that it never would end."

"What did you talk about?"

"Well, that was funny too. They were quite poor really, in spite of living well, and Kate had never been anywhere much or even had much education, but she could talk about anything and she had as much charm and wit and imagination as any woman I've ever known. You sort of forgot her face out there in the dark. She had a beautiful voice."

THAT was what happened at night on the bluff. Kate was a long white shadow lying in a hammock. There was nothing else to it except her voice and her laugh. "Kate," he said, "what are you going to be, what are you going to do? Are you going to stay here forever?" He heard her laugh. "I like it here," she said. Then she raised herself in the hammock, and leaned out of it, toward him. "I wouldn't have to," she said, "I could be anything. Honestly, Sam. If I had a chance I could bowl over New York and London and Paris. I could be bewitching and beautiful—ugly beautiful. Really I could. Sam, I could be wonderful." She laughed again and fell back in the hammock. "I'm such a fool," she said. He didn't speak. Then she said: "Sam, do you think I could? Or would I have to be pretty?" "You're okay the way you are," he said. He saw her white arms reach for the stars. "Sam, I love you for that," she said. It all seemed pretty crazy next morning at the breakfast table.

Joan thought: "I can't bear it when he forgets me."

She took the little knife and turned it in the silly little wound.

"Sam," she said, "were you in love with that girl?"

"It's just been occurring to me that I probably was," Sam said.

Well, here they were.

"Of course you were in love with her," Joan said.

He reached out and took her chin in his hand.

"Listen, baby, what's the matter? I haven't seen that girl for the last eight years and I never even kissed her."

"Don't laugh at me," she said. "I'm so jealous I could die."

He couldn't help laughing.

"But, darling, why?"

"I can't help it. That girl mattered to you. She was the sort of girl you marry. Why didn't you, Sam? Just because she wasn't pretty?"

Suddenly he was impatient.

"Oh, forget it," he said. "I never thought of marrying her. It just seems to me, looking back, that I probably liked her a lot more than I knew or, perhaps, admitted to myself. I've told you she was ugly as a mud fence."

Oh, poor Kate.

Joan thought: "I must stop this. I must leave it alone."

She said "Sam, did you really never kiss her?"

"No," he said. "Once on the cheek. That didn't count."

THE river was black and you could smell the marsh. There were stars but no moon. Every now and then a mullet jumped and then the shrimp he had already caught danced in the bottom of the boat. He stood in the bow, ready to cast off the flaring net. He had just learned.

"Listen," Kate said, "do you hear the porpoise?" It was off in the channel, galumphing along.

"For Pete's sake, Kate," he said, "every time I get ready to cast, you either row over all the shrimp in the river or you talk to me. We might as well go home."

"I can't keep my mind on shrimp," she said.

He took one of her oars and they pulled back together. The tide was with them and the warm, sweet breeze was in their faces. They went like the wind. When they reached the landing they leaned on their oars for a long while without saying a word. No night was ever so soft as that.

"Oh, Sam," she said.

He said, "Come on, Kate, it's after twelve."

They anchored the boat and carried the oars and the bucket of shrimp and the limp, wet net up the stairs to the bluff. On the bluff both of them turned to look back at the river.

Kate said, "Let's go in, Sam. It's very late." But he bent quickly and kissed her cheek.

"That's for rowing over all the shrimp," he said because he was so startled. Next day he went home.

"EVEN on the cheek," Joan said, "I bet it counted to her."

"I don't know," he said.

Joan thought: "He's not angry any more."

"If you'd stayed in that place another week," she said, "you wouldn't have known what that girl looked like. It wouldn't have mattered."

Sam was surprised.

"I was just wondering," he said.

"I'm glad you didn't stay," Joan said. She picked up the mirror. "How'd you come to buy her this?"

Sam laughed a little. She wasn't fooling him.

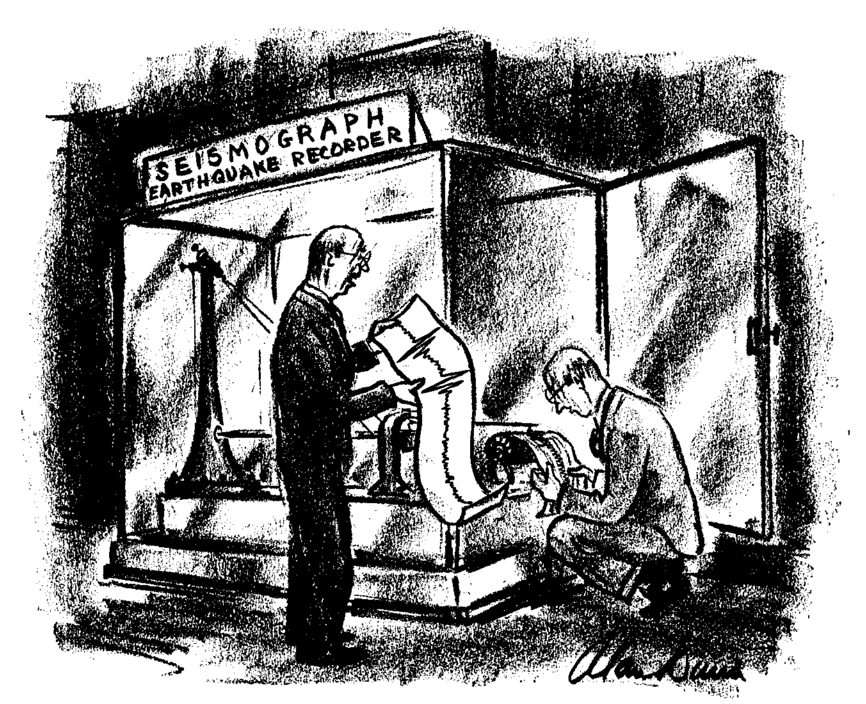
"You see, darling," he said, "I wanted to give her something before I went and that little mirror was the only decent thing I could find in the village. I think someone had left it at the general store to be sold. She liked old things."

"But you didn't give it to her?"

"I couldn't," he said. "How could I give her a mirror?"

When he came in the back gate Kate was standing in the dining-room window.

She saw him and called out. "Hello, Sam," she said in her beautiful voice. Her dear, plain face was smiling at him who was going home that day. He dropped the mirror into his pocket.



"I wish the caretaker, when he goes to bed, wouldn't drop his shoes!"

ALAN DUNN

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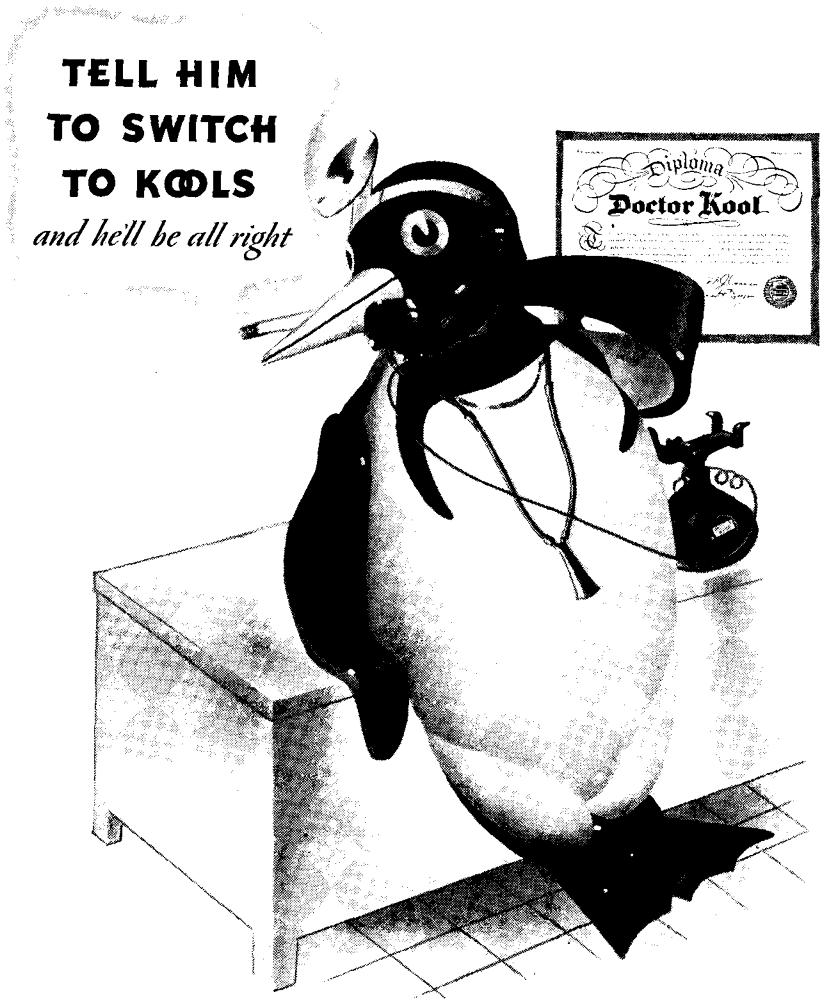

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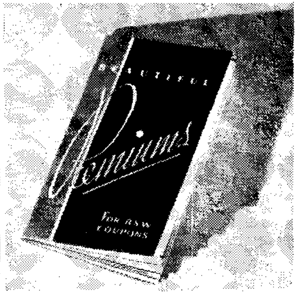

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"Didn't you give her anything?" Joan said.

"I gave her some roses," he said. "There were some summer roses blooming in the garden, so I picked them and took them in to her."

"She must have liked that much better than the mirror," Joan said.

"I guess she did."

HE STOOD at the gate with the mirror weighing down his pocket. "I won't give her anything," he thought. Then he saw the roses. He never knew what made him pick them. He picked every rose in the garden while Kate watched him from the window. He didn't look, but he knew the smile was gone from her face. When he went into the dining room with his hands full of flowers, she was still at the window. "Kate," he said, "a present for you." She turned around then and smiled with delight. "Oh, flowers," she said, quite as though she hadn't watched him pick them, as if he had gone to Savannah or Charleston and brought them back to her. "Kate, you idiot," he said. She lifted her head from the roses and he saw that her eyes were swimming. "Why, Katie, what's the matter?" She shook her head, laughing, though the tears were on her cheeks. "Nothing," she said, "only they're so pretty and you're so sweet."

"And was that all?" Joan said. "Did you never go back?"

"That's all," he said.

"Did you never write to her?"

"Once," he said. "To say thank you. I used to hear from Davis now and then but after a while we stopped writing. At first I used to think about them and the place all the time and I always thought I'd go back but I never did, and after a while it grew very dim and I never thought of it at all—not the way I have this afternoon. I haven't remembered it like this for years, only now and then a sound or a smell or something would bring it back faintly."

"And then you'd have a little pang?"

"Yes, darling. Then I'd have a little pang."

Joan raised the mirror and looked into it.

"Funny," she said, "you got this for her to remember you by and now it's for you to remember her by."

"After so long," he said, "it's not exactly remembering. Things fall into place. I'm much older now."

"Sam," she said, "did Kate never write to you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I think I would have," she said. "In the end I'd have written."

"She wrote to me once."

"Dear Sam," the letter said, "This is the hottest summer we've had since you were here. Last night, Davis and I sat out on the bluff and we talked about you. We both think it's time we knew what's become of your life. So write and tell us. Down here you would recognize everything. Dave sends love and so do I—Kate." Under the signature there was another line. It said: "I've kept the rose leaves."

Joan thought: "I know how she must have felt to write him. A proud girl with her pride down, with nothing mattering any more, except to reach him. She must have written it and sealed it very fast and mailed it. She'll turn hot and cold all the rest of her life at the thought."

"Sam," she said, "when she wrote you, did you know me then?"

"Yes, I knew you then," he said.

Joan thought: "How could I begrudge her? I who have everything. This isn't my life nor Sam's we've been talking about. It's hers."

She was still looking at her own face in the mirror.

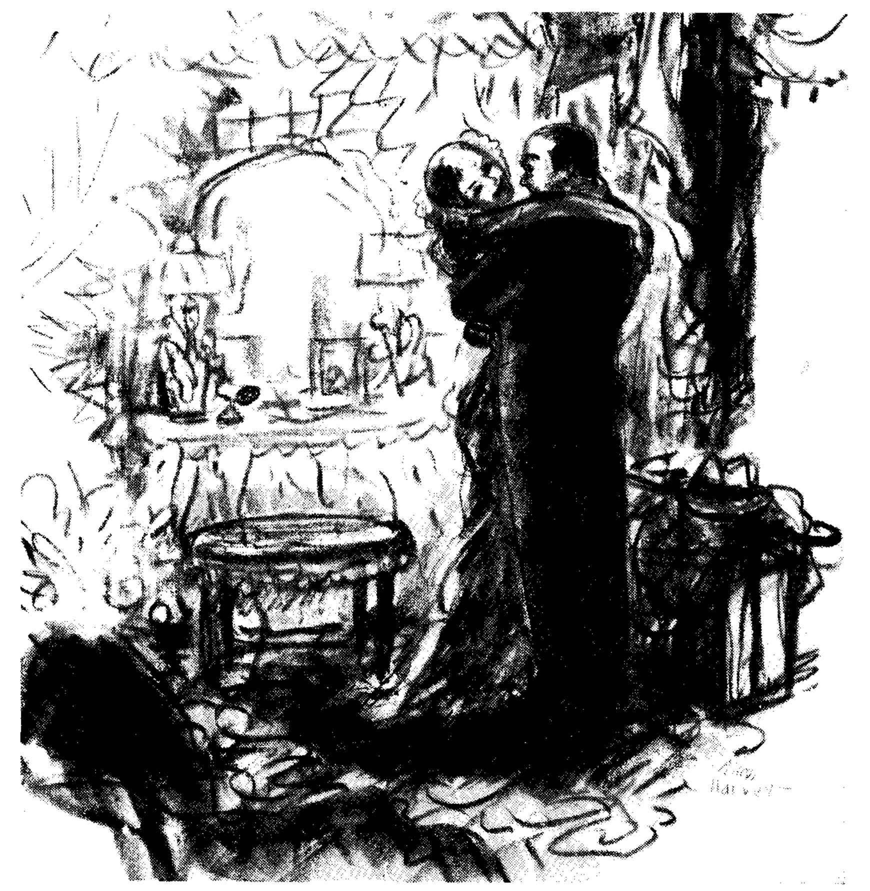
"Pretty Joan," she said.

He reached out and held her just above the elbows.

"Pretty Joan, clever Joan, sweet Joan, dear Joan," he said.

But suddenly she was in his arms, crying against his shoulders as though her heart would break.

"Oh, the poor thing," she said. "Oh, the poor thing."



"If you see some strange guys around you while I'm gone, Maybelle, baby, don't worry—they're just detectives"

ALICE HARVEY

No Smoking

Continued from page 22

we stage the big raid. Now let's frame the program for Yut Sung's advance agent. I can't spare Sabin and Parrish on that job after next week."

Within the month, through his various agencies of information, James Lee confirmed his belief that Maletti was back of this latest narcotic project.

To Riley and Wilbur, planning the next moves in the game, "The Continental Hardwood Company will handle the timbers for the Sea Guard Tower," he reported. "Incidentally, they will get the contract for erecting the structure."

"I thought that work was to be done by Chinese labor," Riley said.

"The Continental people will have the contract," Lee repeated. "They will use their own equipment for heavy lifting. The Chinese artisans will put the finishing touches to the structure after it is assembled. We'll need some time to look the timbers over at the Continental plant."

"How do we get in without Maletti knowing it?" Wilbur asked.

"That's your job," James Lee said. "I suggest that you plant a couple of agitators in the company's yards and promote a walkout. If you get the yards shut down see that the police department covers the picket line with their men. You, Riley, can see that the watchmen on the night shift are on our pay roll. If we're lucky, and if we find the stuff, we can round up the entire shipment in one night's work."

"What about rounding up Maletti?"

"We use the opium as bait if we find it. We'll bring it to my apartment here. From there on we'll see what happens."

On the night of the raid in the deserted storage yard of the Continental Hardwood Company, a quarter-inch electric drill in James Lee's hands bit its way through two inches of hardwood and then raced free without resistance.

Within an hour, after a quick series of borings, "They've evidently been systematic about it," James Lee said to Riley. "The cavities are eight inches wide and two feet long at the quarter points of the beams. Open them up seven feet from each end. Don't mar the main timber any more than you have to. Split the two-inch covers and rip them off."

An hour before dawn, "It's a good thing that you two 'watchmen' drove your big cars tonight," James Lee said to Riley and Wilbur. "Eight thousand five-tael tins will just about be a full cargo for you."

At seven o'clock that morning, with the treasure of opium stored in his apartment on Grant Avenue, "Get some sleep now," James Lee suggested, smiling at Riley and Wilbur. "Report back here at noon. We'll probably have a lead on Maletti by that time."

FOR a while thereafter, James Lee could find nothing in the reports from his foreign agents to indicate that Maletti and Yut Sung had made any move to repair the loss they had sustained in the capture of the opium that had been shipped in the timbers for the Sea Guard Tower. The cables in code from Hong Kong reported business as usual in the Macao factories.

"They're playing safe," Riley suggested to James Lee. "Maybe the Japanese market is absorbing all of the stuff."

"You mean Manchuria?"

"Manchuria and the regular trade," Riley said.

"As nearly as Hong Kong can figure it there has been a factory surplus of thirty per cent for the past six weeks. Who is getting it?"

Riley shook his head. "Search me, Chief," he said. "That's your business."

James Lee smiled thinly. "Right now as part of my business I'll make a guess," he said.

"What's the guess?"

"In the first place it isn't characteristic of Maletti or of Yut Sung to quit after losing the first bet. You know the old stuff as well as I do—lose a dollar and bet two. Double the bets to cover your losses."

"So what?"

"They're half a million to the bad on the last play. It's probable that there's another million-dollar cargo under way."

Riley scowled. "It's a cinch they can't try the teakwood beam trick again."

"Right. They'll probably fall back on the old rush system."

"Honolulu transfer to an American ship?"

"All of that is blocked," James Lee said. "We've got to watch for some tramp steamer drifting up from South America. They'll probably have a try at that play. It's old, but it works oftener than anything else."

AT FOUR o'clock in the afternoon under a dripping gray fog, convoyed by half of the power boats of the fishing fleet, the Sandala, six thousand tons and red with rust, cleared Point Bonita and came through the Golden Gate under a slow bell. Beyond the great span of the Golden Gate Bridge a signal for dead slow rang into her engine room. Three rumbling notes from the Sandala's whistle punctuated the wailing fog signal on Alcatraz. The ship hung in the tide due south of Lime Point for twenty minutes and then, out of the fog, quartering in to her starboard side, there came a fifty-foot power launch. Up forward on the Sandala a tarpaulin ripped away from a bit of cargo revealed a stack of five-gallon oil tins. A cargo winch coughed free of condensed steam and a moment later a slingload of the oil tins went over the side to the deck of the power launch. Three slingloads and the work was done. The signal for half speed ahead rang down to the Sandala's engine room. . . .

ON a night when the Sandala was a thousand miles out on her trip to Japan, disappointed with the narcotic reports from his various agencies of information in California, James Lee resolved to do a little exploring in the local colony of his countrymen. An hour after he had penetrated into Chinatown, encountering old Moy Gar, who had been a pork butcher, James Lee remarked the quiet demeanor of the elder Chinese man.

"Kwan Yin has smiled upon you?" James Lee asked after a felicitous salutation.

Old Moy Gar blinked his narrow eyes. "Coarse rice to eat—I have enough of that. My bended arm for a pillow, these rags that I wear—what more could I demand from Kwan Yin and Milo Fo?"

A sweetish acrid odor of opium, more pronounced than usual, lay in the dead air of Moy Gar's basement.

"Long life, sons to mourn at your grave," James Lee said quickly. "I would enjoy the honor of a prolonged visit with you so that I might benefit from the wisdom of your words, but at the moment guests await me at my house."

James Lee's guests were Jim Riley and Frank Wilbur. "Old Moy Gar is smoking first-class stuff again," he said, greeting his two assistants. "If he can afford it, it means the price is down. Maletti and Yut Sung have probably turned

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the trick. Moy Gar was reeking with opium. Stupid with it."

"What's the program?"

"First of all, we'll have a look at the shacks on Suisun Bay—the north shore. The man Maletti hired to kill me came from that fish camp."

"Tonight?"

"Right now," James Lee announced. "We'll take my car and cross from Martinez to Benicia. I'll be with you in ten minutes. I want to get into some old clothes and drape a gun under my left arm."

When Riley and Wilbur had left the apartment James Lee walked to the desk in his library. From a sealed carton of cigarettes that lay in a locked drawer of the desk he took an unopened package. He dropped these in the right-hand pocket of his coat. In his bedroom, from a case containing a collection of pistols and revolvers he selected a short-barreled .30-caliber automatic.

Leaving his apartment, he wore this gun in a shoulder holster under his left armpit.

At the curb where the car was waiting, "Let's go," he ordered. "You might as well drive, Wilbur. Head for Martinez and keep her rolling."

Frank Wilbur nodded. "Where do we go from there?"

"We'll follow around to the north shore of Suisun Bay as far as we can."

"That fish camp—the Sea Treasure Company?"

"That's it, but we'll stop half a mile before we get there. I want to prowl into that joint on foot."

Now Riley asked a question: "Have you got anything definite on the fish joint?"

"Fairly definite," James Lee answered. "Maletti paid a Cantonese man to rub me out a few weeks ago. I did a little trading with him. . . . There's some mighty good opium in Chinatown tonight. I think perhaps the Sea Treasure shacks are hot territory."

AT MIDNIGHT, four miles north of Benicia, where the railroad swings to the right from the highway toward Fairfield, "We'll stop here," James Lee said to Wilbur. "You stay with the car. You will come with me, Riley, as far as the railroad track. If you hear any shooting both of you will close in as fast as you can. It will probably mean that I need help and need it badly."

Leaving Riley at the railroad embankment, in the darkness James Lee walked east until he came to the first tidal channel of the complex system of waterways that threaded the slough north of Suisun Bay. In the faint starlight he explored the swampland northward for a thousand feet until he came to a narrow footbridge that led eastward to the open waters of the bay. His pathway was a series of ten-inch planks, some of them warped and twisted by the weather. The going, difficult enough in daylight, was acutely hazardous. The tide was out and a spill from the footwalk would have meant nothing more than a ten-foot fall into the mud of the swamp, but there were several important reasons why the midnight prowler used every precaution to avoid falling.

As he remembered the layout, there was less than eight hundred feet of the rickety footwalk to be traversed. When he had covered three fourths of the way a noise up ahead brought a picture of the problem that he would face in an encounter with a pedestrian bound in the opposite direction. He halted, listening for a moment. "If there is someone coming," he reflected, "I'll swing down underneath and hang onto one of these barnacle-covered pilings until he passes."

After a moment, reassured by silence, he resumed his journey. Presently, looming large in the meager starlight, fifty feet ahead of him he saw the first of the ramshackle structures wherein the Chinese fishing crew lived and worked. He remembered that there was a wider walk leading to the left somewhere up ahead and that this walk ended on a wide platform that surrounded the half-dozen shacks of the establishment.

"The third building to the left—headquarters," he recalled. "Two windows and a door on the west front. A fifty-foot platform east of it." He came to the wide walk and turned to his left. Three seconds later, up ahead, lighted windows marked the main building. "I wonder if they have an alarm system rigged."

On the instant there was no further need for surmise. The door swung open and a brilliant beam from a flashlight cut through the dark and blinded him.

"Hola!" he said. "*K'u chin t'ien lai.* Sweet after bitter, to have found sanctuary."

The voice of a man speaking Cantonese bade him advance. Then, "Who comes at this late hour?"

"A traveler, weary and torn with hunger and thirst."

"Enter this house. You are welcome to food and drink."

James Lee walked through the doorway of the shack. He faced two Chinese men. One of them bowed to him. "Good evening, Mr. Lee," he said. "You do not know me. I am Chang Wing."

From a dark corner of the room, "And never mind the shooting, Mr. Lee. I'll do plenty for both of us."

This was the voice of Joe Maletti.

James Lee turned toward Maletti. "I wanted to have a talk with you, Joe," he said. "I thought I'd find you here."

"Listen, Chink, I'll do the talking." Maletti walked into the center of the room. There was a long blue .45 automatic in Maletti's right hand. To Chang Wing and his companion Chinese, "Get out of here!" Maletti ordered. "I don't want no witnesses to what's coming. Come back when I call you and not before—unless the signal bell rings."

Maletti turned again to James Lee. "Wise guy, ain't you? Didn't you feel that thread across your ankles fifty feet out from shore?"

James Lee smiled. "That was slick work," he said. "Those rigs are good, when they work."

"This one worked." Then, "That hophead tongster tip this joint off?"

James Lee shook his head. "This joint has been hot territory for a long time."

"It's going to be too hot for you."

"Maybe not."

"Too hot for you, I said! Listen, Chink, you're not singlehanded tonight, but your foot slipped on one bet. You might have an army back of you on land, but the bay is clear. I know that much."

"I don't need an army, Maletti. I'll admit that you're a good thief, but after all you're nothing but a thief."

"Cut that out right now or I'll blast if it costs me—"

"If it costs you half a million? That's a high price to pay for one shot. That's why I came over here tonight."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen, Joe, you don't think a man gets rich in this game of mine, do you?"

"I know one of them in your game that ain't gonna get rich. He's gonna get bumped and mucked. You're going to take a trip at high tide till the fish eat you. You'll be a skeleton in rags by the time you hit the Golden Gate."

"I'll give you a wave when I pass Alcatraz—you'll be back on the Rock, Joe, by the time I drift that far."

MALETTI snarled: "One more crack like that and you get it through the neck! Chink, tonight you're going to choke to death on your own blood!"

James Lee smiled. "That's a pleasant thought, but I don't want to talk about those things. I came over here to make a deal with you."

"Deal for what?"

"Well, let's start with a half a million dollars' worth of opium."

"Burned up by this time."

"Wrong again—it's parked away safely in my apartment in San Francisco."

Maletti looked puzzled. "I heard that but I thought the punk was lying to me."

"It's the truth. Suppose I ante that shipment for a fourth interest in the business? You and Yut Sung doubled your bet on your second consignment, didn't you?"

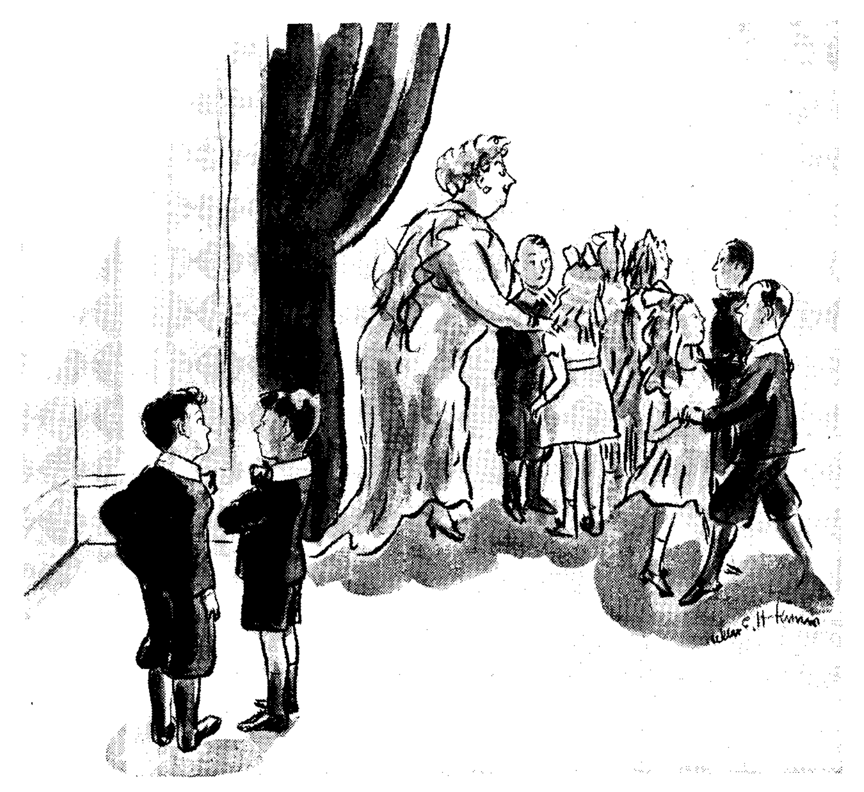
"You know too much."

"My men tell the truth. A fourth interest—how about it?"

"And you stay under cover?"

"I wouldn't last a day out in the open."

Maletti was silent for a moment and



"If they play another rumba, I'm going to telephone for my car"

HELEN HOKINSON

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This girl's father died at 40. At 35 he took stock—found that though his earnings had averaged over $3,500 a year for fifteen years—a total of $55,000—still he was not saving fast enough to make his family financially secure. So he found a way to guarantee a security that is now a living memorial to his foresight.

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then, half to himself, "If you move out it would put a crimp in the works that would let us clean up big in the next year. There's only one hitch. I might ride, but the other two Chinks—"

"You mean old Yut Sung and this flashlight artist?"

"That's Chang Wing, his son-in-law."

"I know it. How about letting me handle that end of the trouble?"

Maletti hesitated.

James Lee reached into his pocket for the package of cigarettes that he carried. He ripped the outer wrapper from the package and dropped it on the floor.

Maletti saw him tear away the paper and the foil from one end of the package.

"Lay off of them quick moves—frisking yourself," he said. "I've let you keep your rods on you so far. Don't scare me that way again."

James Lee selected a cigarette. "You mind if I reach in my vest pocket for a match?"

"Reach and be damned."

James Lee held the package of cigarettes toward Maletti. "Have a cigarette?" he invited.

Maletti took a cigarette and tapped it on the arm of his chair.

James Lee lighted a match and held it out to Maletti.

"Never mind that match, Chink. I got matches of my own. Don't get too close to me."

James Lee nodded. He lighted his own cigarette.

Maletti put his cigarette in his mouth and reached for a match. Before he found one his head fell forward. A second later he crumpled in the chair where he sat. The gun dropped from his hand to the floor.

James Lee picked it up. Standing beside Maletti for a moment, "Poor, crooked fool," he said half aloud. "I had to do it." He held the automatic away from him then and fired a shot through the roof of the shack.

There was a sound of pattering felt slippers. When Chang Wing came through the door, James Lee swung the .45 straight in line for the man's heart. "Only a dead snake is straight," he said in Cantonese, firing as he spoke.

To the man behind the dead Chang Wing, "You have served an evil master. For you perhaps repentance may come in time to save your life. Speak the truth now! Where is the black gum of dreams, the treasure of opium that these men brought in?"

Cringing with fear, "It's in an iron tank under this room," the man said. "Tins of oil were emptied to provide—"

"I know that. Where is it?"

"An opening in the floor behind you. A ladder leads downward—" .

"Silence! Show me!" James Lee commanded.

The trembling man lifted a grass mat on the floor, revealing a hinged door. He raised this door. "It's dark below," he said.

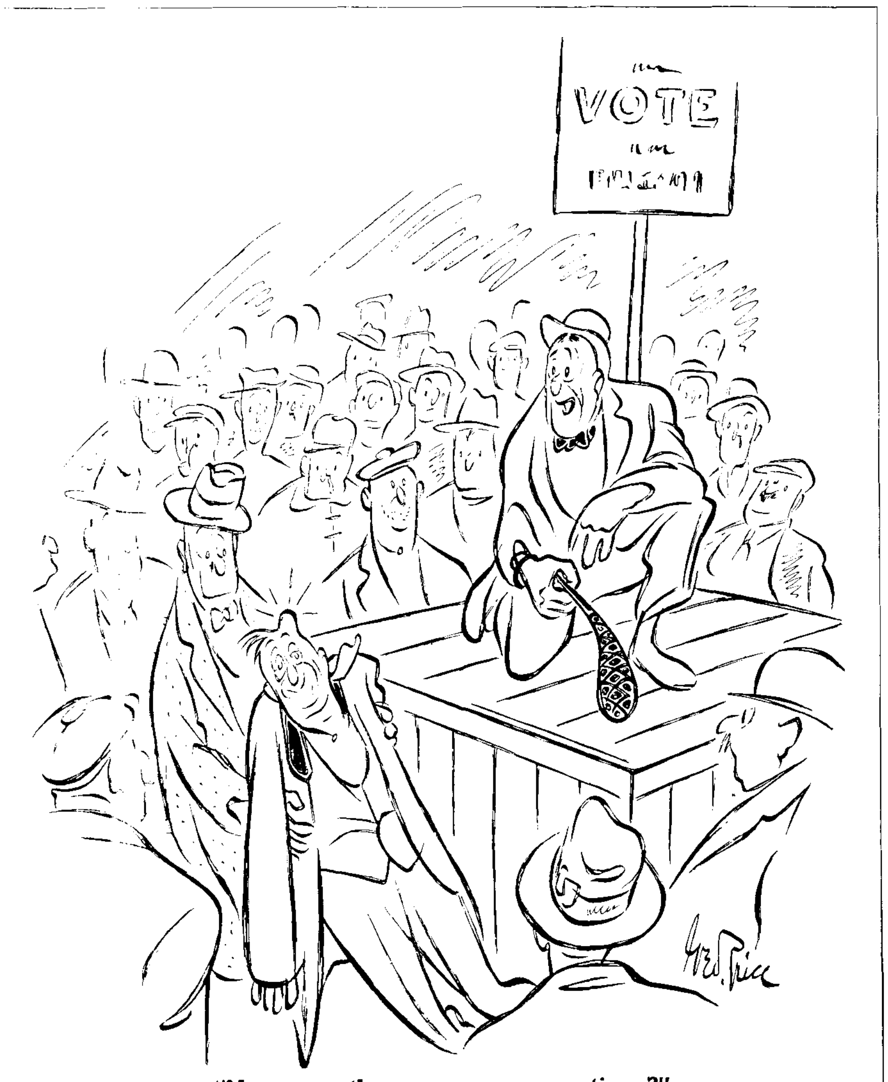
"Enough for the moment! Close the door to this room. . . . Now wait where you are."

Seven minutes and then, answering Jim Riley's hail through the darkness, "All safe!" James Lee answered. "Come ahead."

WHEN Riley came into the room where the two dead men lay, "Maletti and Chang Wing," James Lee announced. "Dead. The dope is down below. Get the links on this fellow and hold him while I have a looksee."

Jim Riley coughed violently, saying, "Chief, I've been on pins and needles. In a pinch I wouldn't trust that poison cigarette trick as far as I could throw a bull by the tail. You've got to play mighty heavy poker to put it over."

James Lee smiled grimly. "Hydrocyanic crystals always work," he said. "But you've got to be careful to pick the right cigarette for yourself and leave the nineteen loaded ones for your playmate."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"Now—are there any more questions?"

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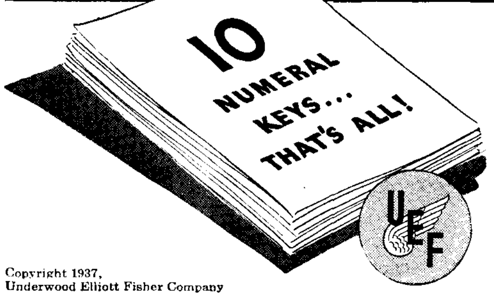
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ADDING-FIGURING MACHINES

Tears by Sylvia

Continued from page 11

the small pointed chin, overemphasizes a naturally emotional mouth, and blunts the tip of a rather cute little nose.

According to statistics, a large number of Bronx babies were born in the upper section of New York City on August 8, 1910. She was one of them. By the time she was twelve, she informed her parents that she wanted to go on the stage and that she wanted to start training for it then and there. They thought it was a bit early to stop regular schooling and tried to persuade her to wait a few years, but the peace of home life had to be maintained and Sylvia won.

Some years before when Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a dental surgeon, had married Mrs. Kosow, he had legally adopted her small daughter and that is how Sylvia got the last name of Sidney. She had inherited an emotional face and general equipment from her almost entirely Russian ancestry and it began to get into action when she started private dramatic coaching. After a good deal of that, she entered the Guild School.

Having been duly bounced from Scarborough to Broadway, she pounded the pavements, pattered up and down office stairs, and rode elevators for about two months, at the end of which she got a part in something called The Challenge of Youth. On the second night of the tryout in Washington, she fainted in the middle of the first act and was ordered to go to the hospital for an appendectomy. She refused, finished the show that evening and continued to play it through the rest of the week, at the end of which it closed never to open again. Further examination proved that the trouble with her was not an appendix but a torn ligament in her right side, due to a fall over a balustrade during rehearsals. She had landed on her feet all right but the force of the fall had jammed things up a bit inside. She spent six weeks rigidly strapped together. Recovering, she went into a play called Crime.

In and Out of Hollywood

Crime ran well for a while and then she went out to summer stock at Elitche's Gardens in Denver. One play after another in somewhat too quick succession followed this summer, but the most notable of the lot was Maxwell Anderson's Gods of the Lightning, which didn't last long but brought her first picture offer.

Life looked rosy. She went to Hollywood. She made a film called Thru Different Eyes. She took one look at it and life didn't look rosy. It was the second sound picture ever made, and neither she nor the sound machine was ready for talking pictures. Rushing out of the studio, she left a new automobile in the middle of the street and telephoned the dealer from the station that he could pick it up if he wanted to. Returning to New York, she took refuge in a Rochester stock company. She attacked Broadway again in the autumn and enjoyed a fine series of plays most of which closed after the first gasp, though Nice Women ran for quite a while.

"It was in The Old-Fashioned Girl that you broke your ankle, wasn't it?"

"You mean the first time?" She appears amused at the memory. "No, that was in So Help Me God."

She was rather young to be wearing a train, but she was wearing one just the same. Someone stepped on it, she put on the brakes too suddenly, and a bone in her ankle snapped. She played through the rest of that engagement with her ankle in a cast. It mended in time for her to appear in Mirrors, with Gene Raymond, with whom she later made the picture Ladies of the Big House, and she was also in Crossroads and another one called Many a Slip.

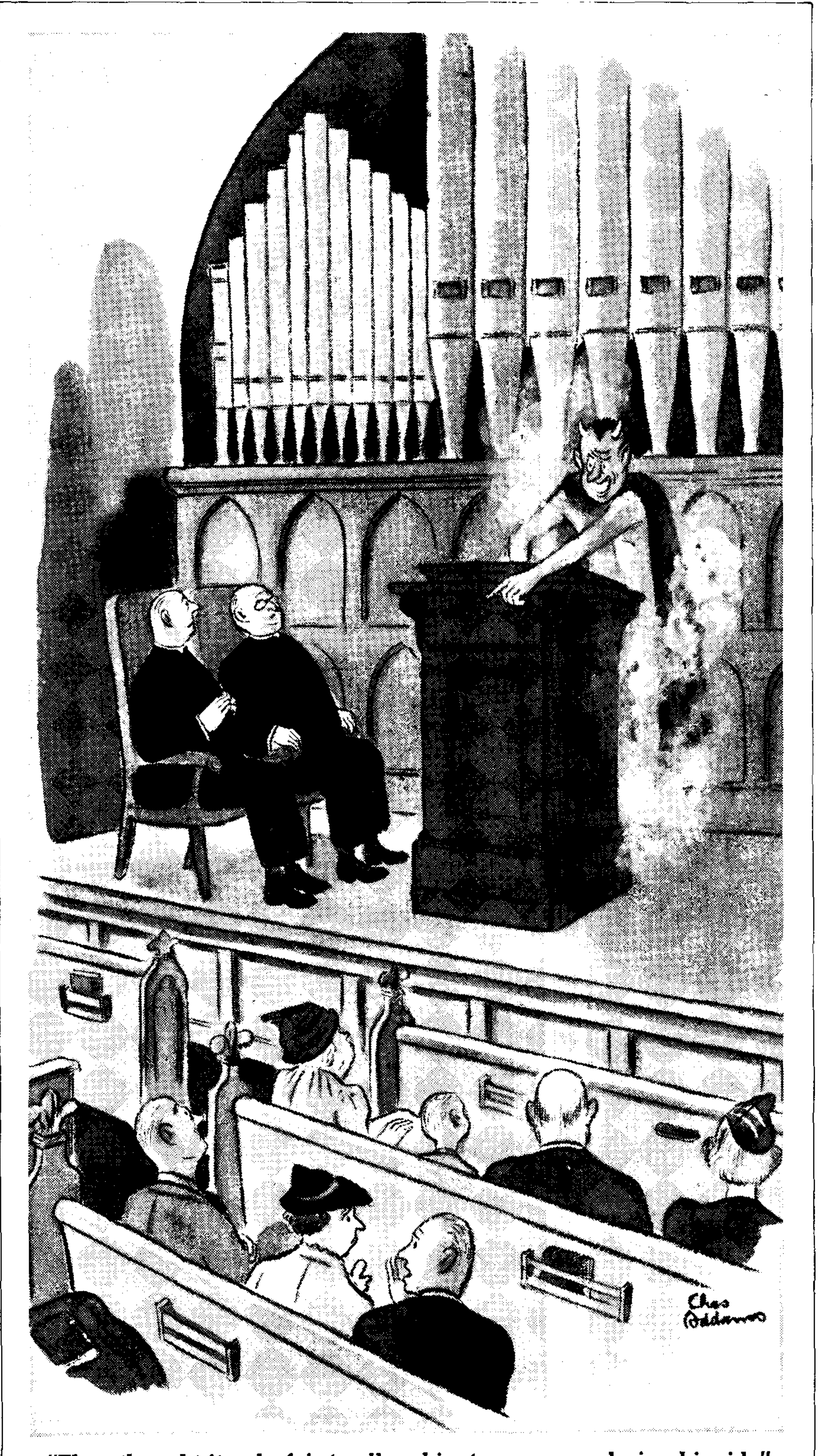
By this time she'd been in and out of so many flops that she decided to stay quiet, look for nothing, and wait to see what the current brought. It proved to be Bad Girl in which she made a sudden and tremendous hit. It was the first of her social documents. Miraculously she remained intact throughout this engagement until the final night when she began a bout with her appendix.

But this in no way delayed her second trip to Hollywood, where she arrived with renewed hope, her mother, and five boxes of books. Clara Bow, the Brooklyn bonfire, who was about to abandon the "It" phase and go dramatic, was suddenly taken ill and Sylvia Sidney took her place in City Streets. From then on, it was one tense drama after another.

Pained Expression

To complete the clinical record, she did the technicolored Trail of the Lonesome Pine without serious accident—merely a few minor sprains and bruises—but took a fall during the filming of Fury and got a nice case of water on the knee. When You Only Live Once was in production Fritz Lang was enthusiastically sending her and Henry Fonda stumbling through the swamp in their final flight and making take after take of the scene After the second take of the last moment when she fell, Lang let out a cry of joy at the exquisite expression of suffering on her face. It was just what he wanted. "We'll use that take!" he cried.

"You certainly will—because there can't be another!" responded Miss Sidney through gritted teeth as they picked her up and carried her from the lot. It was the pop and pain of another broken ankle that had provided just the expression the director had asked for.



"They thought it only fair to allow him to appear and give his side"

CHAS ADDAMS

She stayed all in one piece in England during the filming of The Woman Alone and even visited the Brontë country in preparation for Wuthering Heights without mishap. But she climaxed her former accidents in Hollywood just a few days before Dead End was due for production. She went to a beauty parlor and, while there, slipped on the marble floor, hit herself squarely between the eyes on the sharp point of a glass-topped table, knocked herself out and split her face in star-streaks that ran in all directions. For several days it looked as though Sylvia Sidney's film career was finished, but when the stitches were removed it was discovered that all was well and she could go ahead with Dead End.

Miss Sidney has a temper which, when it goes off, does it with such a bang that there's nothing left when the siege is over—including nothing much of Mrs. Sidney's little girl, since it invariably makes her physically ill for two days afterward. She has gradually got said temper more or less under control and reports that it flies now at approximately only two-year intervals.

"You have to let loose once in a while," she explains. "You can't be just sweetness and sunshine all the time."

You Can Count on Her

But in the calm between the storms she seems to be inordinately sweet-tempered and placid. This, she says, is merely personal economy. When a situation rises which promises to start the temper bubbling, she goes away from there as fast as possible. Others involved in the question have to wait for it to be settled until she returns from Chicago, New York, or wherever the impulse has taken her. By the time she gets back, everyone, including herself, has a better perspective.

Her real friends have learned to understand these things. What some of them don't understand is why she rises at six-thirty on mornings when it is not necessary, gets her correspondence and such things out of the way by a little after eight, and then begins telephoning and rousing them from sweet slumber. However, those who have tested her don't object, since they have found they can call her any hour of the night or day and get loyal support if they need it. Directors who have worked with her insist that despite accidents, temper and the various other things of which she accuses herself, she is one of the coolest, most dependable young actresses in Hollywood. Fritz Lang, most merciless star-driver of the lot, who put her through the stormy paces of both Fury and You Only Live Once, is inclined to feel that she should be included with the New York postmen in their motto, "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." He calls her Strudel because, when they first met, he fell in love with her small dachshund of that name. Many dogs have been named for stars, but this is probably the first time a star has been named for her dog. It's all right with Sylvia Sidney. She's fond of Strudel, too.

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READ THAT HEADLINE AGAIN!—It means no more Icy Drafts . . . Dust . . . Stale Air . . . or Window-Steaming! It means winter comfort you have never before known in any car! It's one more of the sensational, thrilling, new 1938 Nash features.

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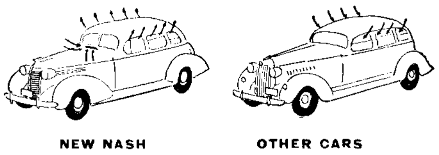
Other cars, in motion, have lower air-pressure inside than outside. That sucks in dust, cold drafts . . . no matter how well-built the car may be.



Nash reverses this . . . draws in enough fresh air to have slightly higher pressure inside . . . filters and heats it to proper temperature . . . shuts out all dirt and dust . . . and ends window-steaming.

That's *something,* you'll agree. But it's only *one* of the SIX sensational, new engineering features by which Nash has scored another great scoop on the entire automobile industry.

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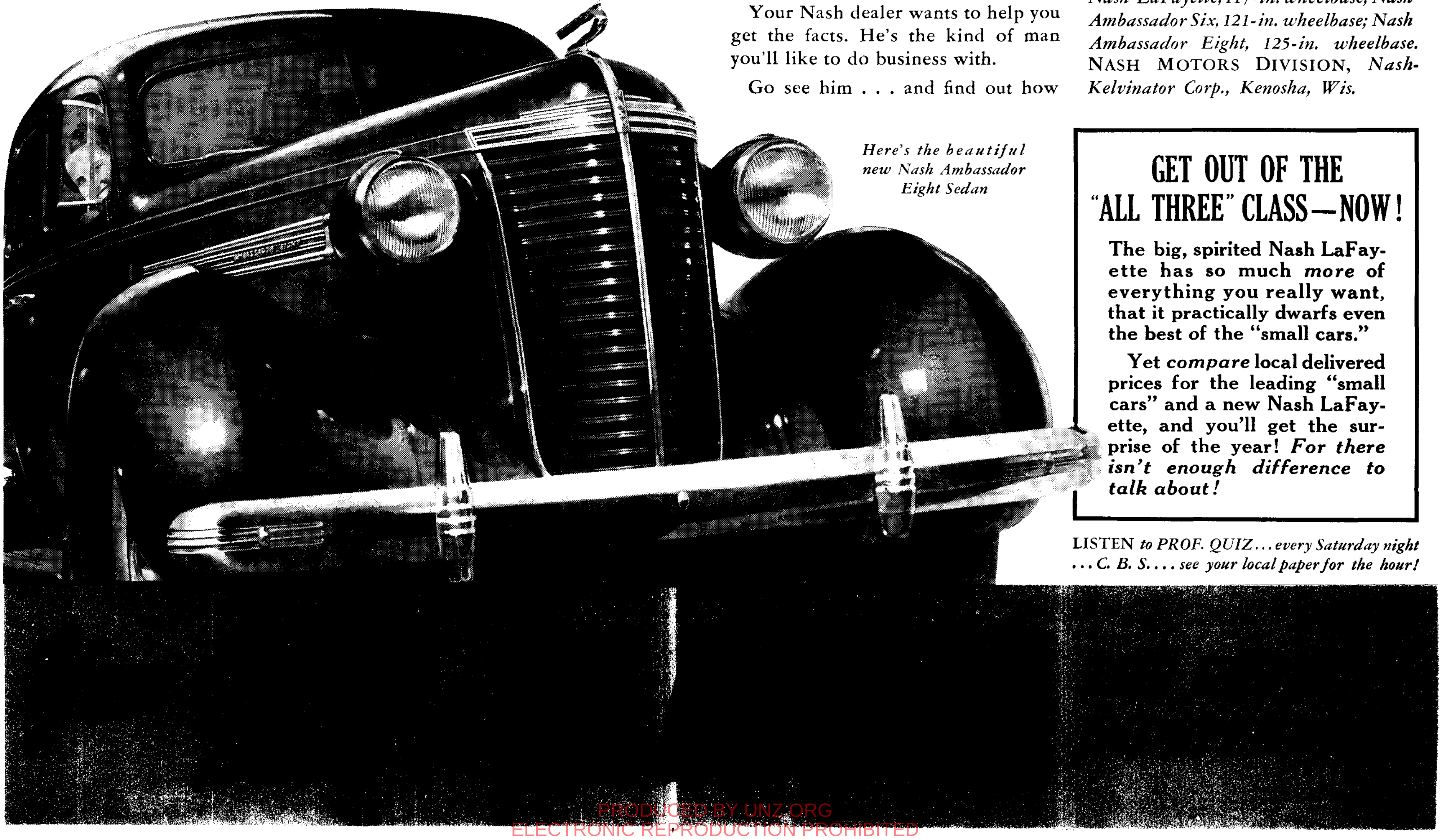

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The big, spirited Nash LaFayette has so much *more* of everything you really want, that it practically dwarfs even the best of the "small cars."

Yet *compare* local delivered prices for the leading "small cars" and a new Nash LaFayette, and you'll get the surprise of the year! *For there isn't enough difference to talk about!*

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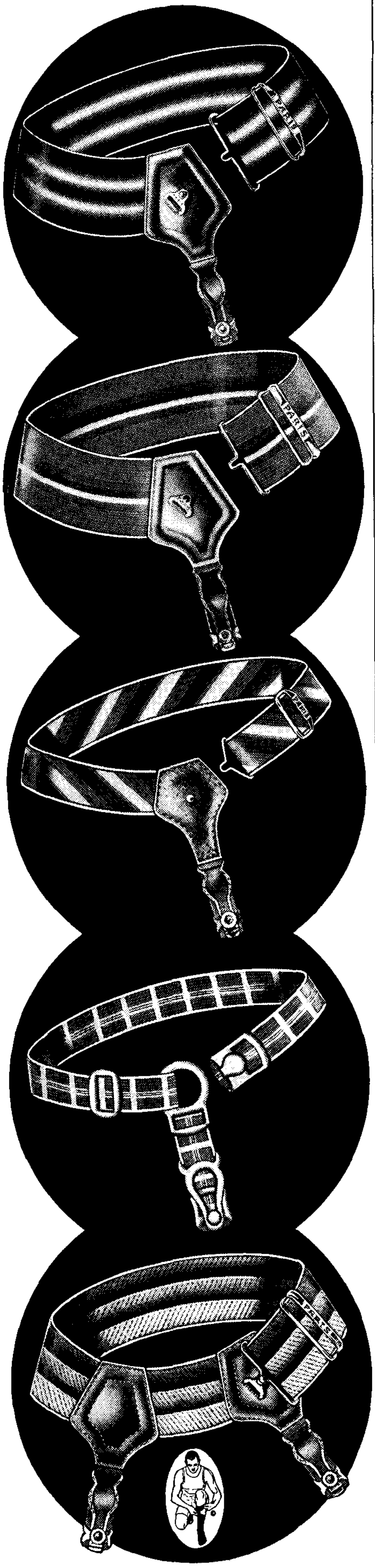

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Keep the Corn Flying

By Homer Croy

[redacted]

WOLTZ

[redacted]

A MAN, bare to his waist, stands in a cornfield in November, and perspiration runs down his skin. Near him, and about him, and around him, men and women are shivering and shaking in their overcoats.

He does not really *stand,* for he is working madly, desperately. If he works fast enough and skillfully enough he may become a very famous man indeed—no less than the cornhusking champion of the world.

He was started upon this by the President himself, who, in the White House, closed a key which set off a bomb in the cornfield, and eighteen athletes leaped forward in the most grueling contest in the United States. A big statement, but I'll get back to that.

Bang-bang-bang! the corn rattles against the bump-boards—shots heard all over this country, for the National Broadcasting Company is there with as many stations on its hookup as it has for the world baseball series.

There must be some reason for all this pother. I give you "Dad" Carlson, a farmer of Audubon, Iowa. He has four sons, and they are all mighty men—two of them world champions—the greatest cornhusking family in the world. Already they are legends in the corn belt; Paul Bunyans of the cornfields. Tourists draw up in front and gaze reverently at their house.

The story goes back to an early morning years ago. Dad Carlson looks across the breakfast table at his sons. He has a plan in his mind.

"Boys, I'm going to offer a five-dollar prize for the one who brings in the most corn this week. And that's not all. I'm going to keep it up until the last field is clean!"

Those words went much farther than that breakfast table, and they became vastly important to millions. The millions never heard them, but they have seen the result, for those words have helped make the fastest-growing sports spectacle in the world.

A Business for Strong Men

Dad Carlson was a wonder in his day; powerful in build and light as a lynx on his feet. He liked to enter neighborhood contests, and he usually won. He is said to be the first man in Iowa to make a study of the scientific way to shuck. He had ideas about the motions one should go through, and he passed them on to his sons, and the boys have done well by him. Twice a silver cup has sat on his mantelpiece; and on it is Elmer Carlson's name and the date 1935. Also on it is the name Carl Carlson and the date 1936. And Dad Carlson is looking forward to what the corn rows say November 4th of this year. Three names on one trophy? But the chances are against it. Iowa is full of tiger corn shuckers, and so is Missouri, and so are all the ten states where pulling corn out of a sheath of husks and tossing it into a wagon-box is reduced to a science. And some say the boys who do this are athletes as powerful as those who pommel each other with gloves.

The Carlson family is worth more than a few moments at breakfast. By the rules of all the best brains in husking circles, a good corn wrestler has to be under thirty. Flesh and bone over that age cannot stand the terrific pace, the astonishing feats of endurance, and the co-ordination between mind and muscle that it takes to toss 'em against the throw-board. This is all very well—except Carl happens to be thirty-nine. Thirty-eight when they handed him the cup. Elmer is two years younger. Put that in your corncob and smoke it.

Carl Carlson—the Iowa Viking—is a bachelor. Elmer, former champion, was married early last September. Carl is of a religious nature. For a time he thought of becoming a preacher; when he was younger he went to Chicago, where he attended the Moody Bible Institute. But the call of the Iowa black loam was too strong, and he returned. Each year he sends some of the money he makes husking corn to the Institute with the request that it be spent to buy Bibles.

He speaks quietly and reverently to intimates of how much religion means to him. He says it helped him win the

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2 **SKID-RESISTANT** design. New "squeegee-action" assures maximum stopping power on wet pavements.

3 **FATIGUE-PROOF** body. A perfect balance of insulated cotton cords and heat resisting rubber. Heavy insulation against heat affords maximum blow-out protection. It's a *safer* tire.

4 **TOUGH *ARMORUBBER*** tread—Kelly's exclusive development! Thicker, wider, deeper cut—for long, safe, trouble-free mileage.

See it at Your Kelly Dealer's...the Finest Kelly in 43 Quality Years

ON SLEEK LIMOUSINES...on hard-driven business cars...there's where you'll see this finest of all Kelly Tires!

For here is Kelly-Springfield's answer to modern motoring requirements...a tire that's tough...and safe...and silent.

An **Armorubber** tread as thick as this *must* have more mileage in it; those sharp, "squeegee-action" ribs simply *can't* fail to act when you step on the brake; and that sound-proofed, streamlined design is smart enough for *any* car!

Trade in old, road-weary rubber! Kelly REGISTEREDS cost no more than any good tire, yet give more miles for your money.

Replace with KELLY Springfield TIRES DEPENDABLE FOR 43 YEARS

A MAN CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK LIKE LAST NIGHT'S PARTY!
Then he learned the way to FEEL fit LOOK fit—FASTER—
I KNOW I LOOK FOGGY—I FEEL LIKE BLAZES TOO!
WHY NOT SNAP OUT OF MORNING-AFTER WITH BROMO-SELTZER?
SOON
BROMO-SELTZER WORKS FAST! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN NOW!
DOES MORE, TOO. STOPS HEADACHE FASTER—CALMS NERVES—SETTLES AN UPSET STOMACH

● Celebrate now and then, of course. But go to the office *feeling* and *looking* fit next day—take Bromo-Seltzer.

It stops next-morning headaches *faster*, doctors found, than any other remedy they tested. It settles your upset *stomach*. It soothes quivering *nerves*. It **ALKALIZES**—reduces the excess acidity caused by overindulgence.

At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Keep it handy at home, too!

Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

1936 championship. Before the contest he prayed to win, and during the contest he prayed, and he did win.

Cornhusking fans have tried to get Carl and Elmer to enter against each other. Ah! that would make history. *They have never done this, but as I write* this word comes they have both agreed to enter this year's contest. Before they can do this they have, of course, to go through the state eliminations.

You may get an idea as to how fast the boys pluck and pitch their corn; hundreds and hundreds of men have watched them, trying to learn how they do it, but the boys' hands move so much faster than the eye that no one has come away with their secret. Movie companies have asked them to pose for slow-motion pictures, but the boys have refused. Rivals would like to know, too; they have studied the marks of their thumb-hooks on the ears of corn, and they have studied the way the boys detach the ears from the stalks, and they have studied the wrist movement which starts the corn on its journey to the wagon, but they have never discovered anything worth while. It's a secret that is passed along in the Carlson family.

Mother of Champions

They can shuck fifty-three ears a minute—not only shuck but throw them—which means they go so fast that some of the time there are two ears in the air. Not only do the Carlson boys do this but they husk the corn, moving from stalk to stalk and from hill to hill—and some of the time in five inches of mud. How do they do it?

I don't know, but men, far wiser in cornfield ways than I, say the boys do not husk at all; that is, as husking is ordinarily thought of. They squeeze, rend and tear, so say the spies. The left hand shoots out and seizes the butt of the ear: at the same moment the right hand darts, and the palms open and the *thumb-hook flashes like a fighting* cock's spur. There is a tearing, ripping, rending sound and a strip of yellow is revealed. Working in conjunction, the left hand then squeezes the butt of the ear. The right hand (which now has its thumb pointed up) turns partly over, comes back and seizes the ear. The thumb is then parallel with the ground. *The wrist moves—the ear is in the air.* I write all this most bravely, but it may not be exactly correct. Only the Carlsons know.

You see a hand flash, you hear the tearing sound, *bang!* the ear hits the bump-board. And almost instantly *bang!* it goes again.

Once a reporter asked Elmer how he did it.

"Oh, I just sort of coax it out."

This closed the technical end of the conversation.

Iowa is the Mother of Champions, for it has produced six cup men out of thirteen. A real husking fan will tell you this is more than Ohio has done with all its Mother of Presidents talk. The huskers are mighty heroes, and there is no greater honor than to feed them the day of the contest. And if the family on whose farm the contest is held can feed the men that day . . . well, that makes up for having the fences torn down and the pastures trampled into mud puddles. Last year the contest was held on the Alva L. Oyler farm east of Columbus, Ohio, and Mrs. Oyler did the honors. She brought in some of her relatives and they turned to and cooked and served dinner to thirty-eight cornhuskers. (There are two contestants from each state, but each has a runner-up; and there were several extras.) A bit later one of them would demonstrate he was champion of the world; they all made a good showing at the table. So good that, among other things, Mrs. Oyler served forty pounds of roast beef. Another item was eighteen pies. The boys at the second table didn't get pie. Cornhuskers have their sad moments as well as other people.

When the ceremony at the tables was over, Carl Carlson went out, a bomb was set off, and in eighty minutes Carl was champion of the world. Dad Carlson knew his onions.

In that time Carl Carlson picked 21.02 bushels, the lowest score ever made in a national except once in Minnesota. But it was not his fault. A snowstorm the week before had laid the stalks as flat as Indians on the warpath; then a rainstorm had turned the field into a duck puddle.

The score may not sound much, but a cornhusker calls himself good if he can bring in eighty bushels in a day from a field that is as perfect as a rich man's lawn. I have tossed 'em in myself, and never in one day did I unload more than fifty bushels. But the Croys are not Carlsons. Besides, Pa never offered me five dollars.

The highest score ever ripped off was made by Brother Elmer Carlson, 41.52 bushels. But that was in a different kind of corn, and under different conditions. One year there may be 100-bushels-to-the-acre corn, standing up as straight as a movie usher; the next year it may be 60-bushels-to-the-acre corn and as flat on the ground as Johnson grass.

The time to hold a contest that attracts such tremendous crowds and arouses so much enthusiasm would be fair time; that is, along in September. But there is one obstacle that no one has found a way around; and that is the state elimination contests. Each county in each state entered is entitled to have a local contest; there are further parings-down, finally the state champion is arrived at; then he is limbered up and sent away to the national. But all this takes time, for corn doesn't mature until September or early October, which puts the national into sleet time.

Does this dampen the ardor of the fans? No. They would turn out even if it were held in Little America with a blizzard whipping the shucks off the corn. That is one reason why the corn crowds are growing at such an amazing rate. The biggest crowd that had ever turned out to a sports event was the one that gathered last year at the Indianapolis automobile races; it was estimated at 166,000. Last year the cornhusking contest turned out 160,000. (The yacht races, lasting several days, are not considered a fair comparison.)

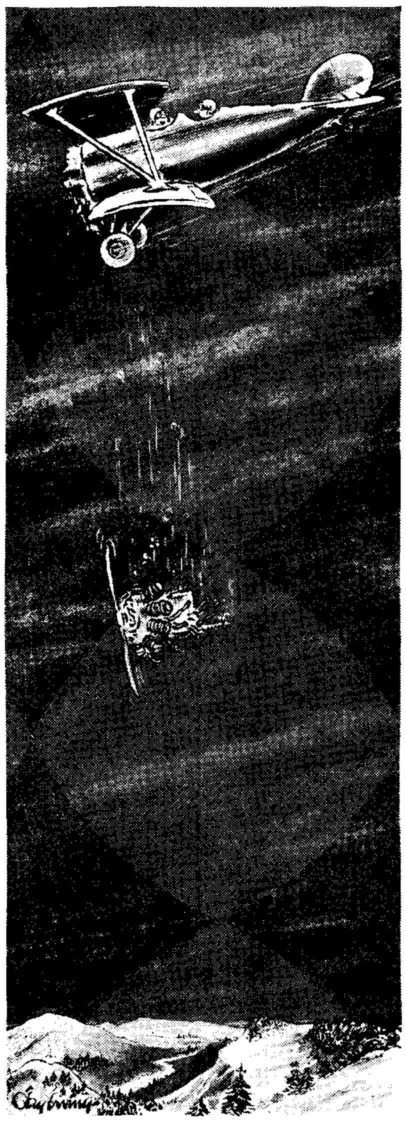
White or Dark Meat

This amazing American sport came into being in a most casual and haphazard way; as much accident as anything. Henry Agard Wallace, present Secretary of Agriculture, was the match that set off the keg. He was on a trip through Iowa when he met a farmer who told him that he had shucked 150 bushels of corn in a day. This was so astonishing that Wallace wondered if there was some way of proving it. The farmer, of course, had gathered his corn and there was no backtracking. After quite a bit of cogitating and talking with other farm enthusiasts, he decided to get up a contest and try out some of these wonder boys. And this he did in Polk County, Iowa, December 8, 1922. When it came down to the scratch, only three huskers showed up; the 150-bushel man was too busy to come.

The idea was to see who could shuck the most corn in an hour. A rough-and-ready set of rules was drawn up, the chief of which was a penalty for corn left in the field; and another for "ribbons;" that is, excessive husk remaining on the ear. It was a sort of hit-or-miss affair, but there was an idea lurking in it. Two years later the first contest that was considered national was held.

The selection of a field is far, far from a casual matter. They don't just get together and say, "Boys, this year let's have it on the old Rockhill farm. He's a good farmer, has some good corn on the east eighty." No, indeed. The farm is selected two years in advance and the farmer begins to work over his field as carefully and meticulously as a watchmaker repairing a wrist watch. Also in a different part of the state another farm is selected, a sort of runner-up, in case the grasshoppers declare a field day on the first one.

Ordinarily you would think of it as a man's day, but it's family day, and especially it is church day. The churches have booths and serve hot meals at a price so low that it's hard to tear yourself away to see who's winning. As an example, at the Oyler farm you could get an all-white-meat chicken dinner for thirty-five cents. Not refrigerator chicken, either. If you don't feel like letting loose of that much all in a bunch, you can find church booths where you can get a dinner for a quarter. But you'll have to put up with dark meat. You've got to do a bit of roughing it when you run with the cornhusking crowd.



"How quiet it got all of a sudden!"

JAY IRVING

But it is not all church, by any means, for there are stands where you can get hooch. Even with temptation within the reach of everyone there are few arrests for drunkenness; the old grad business hasn't yet struck 'em.

In addition to the contest time, about an hour more is needed for the judges to superintend the weighing and to work out the penalties; but the crowd doesn't mind, for there is entertainment for the crowd—even a fashion show.

Odd things happen which you wouldn't ordinarily think of. Horses formerly were used to draw the wagons, in order to keep everything as nearly true to normal husking conditions as possible. But in 1928, in Benton County, Indiana, one of the teams was made nervous by the crowd, and quietly and firmly and patiently balked. The officials came on the run, for it is comparable to a tire going off in an automobile race, and clucked and prodded and threatened, but the horses were on a stand-up strike and no power under high heaven would move them. They had seen all of the contest they wanted to. The farmers seized the wagon and pushed and pulled and heaved. . . .

Since that day there have been tractors which don't show what they think of crowds.

In another contest, one of the huskers broke his thumb-hook and had to replace it. The timekeeper allowed him two minutes and ten seconds.

At first the contests were casual affairs, as I have said; the thing was to get the corn into the wagon; but now a contest bristles with rules and regulations and penalties. For instance, if you leave five ounces of husks on the ears in a hundred pounds of corn, that is all right; but if you leave six ounces you are docked one pound out of a hundred.

You must husk two rows and two rows only. If you see a big, tempting ear from the third row leaning over into your path, and toss it into the wagon box the judges can ask you to turn in your hook.

Three on One Shelf

The worst thing possible that can happen to you is to have a friend who wants to run along ahead of you and help you by straightening leaning stalks. Strong men blanch when they think what would happen.

But it's not all one-sided, for if someone has a friend in, or money up, and tries to rattle you, you have only to lift an eyebrow and the stern hand of the law is on him. History does not record one single pop bottle.

It has developed a jargon of its own, and a strange assortment of officials. You hear of "lands," "starters," "weighmasters," "scorekeepers," "waterboys," "husker deductions," a "gleanings weigher" who is a different bird from the "weighmaster;" "double-standard box," "sample weigher"—he's different again. On top of these come the judges and referees. And in husking shock corn there is something called the "stover."

The men are started off as carefully as race horses at the Derby. They are lined up, each at his "land," then a shotgun (or a bomb) is fired; sixty seconds later there is another shot and the corn begins to fly.

The length of time is eighty minutes. That eighty minutes is a tremendous strain, for there are no halves, no quarters, no innings, no bells, no chukkers; it's corn, corn, corn, and keep it in the air, boys.

This year the contest is to be held in the fine old state of Missouri, not so far from the fine old town of Maryville. The exact spot is Saline County. There will be ten states competing, Wisconsin entering for the first time. The time is November 4th, and they tell me they expect a crowd as big as last year's. I might add I offered my farm as the place to hold the contest, but the decision was made in favor of Saline County, and I won't have another chance for nine or ten years, as it takes that long for it to get around. Naturally I want a Missourian to win, but if it has to be another man I hope it is one of the Carlson boys.

Three on one shelf would look pretty.

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Eastern ... Northwest ... TWA ... United

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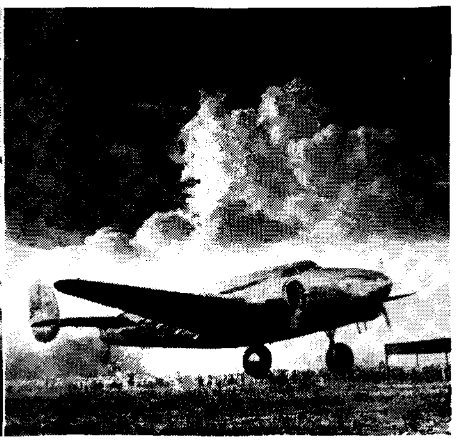
The first Hamilton was bought by a railroad man nearly half a century ago. Soon this fine timepiece was known as "the watch of railroad accuracy." On that reputation, thousands of Americans—taking pride in owning the best—have bought Hamiltons year after year. On that reputation, too, America's great airlines have selected Hamilton as "official watch" in timing America's newest mode of transportation. To uphold this priceless tradition of accuracy, Hamilton makes no watch with fewer than 17 fine jewels, and none cased in less than precious metals. If you need a watch that combines accuracy with beauty and fine craftsmanship, then you, too, will want a Hamilton. Hamilton prices range from as low as $37.50 up to $5000. Write for illustrated folder of newest models. Hamilton Watch Co., 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

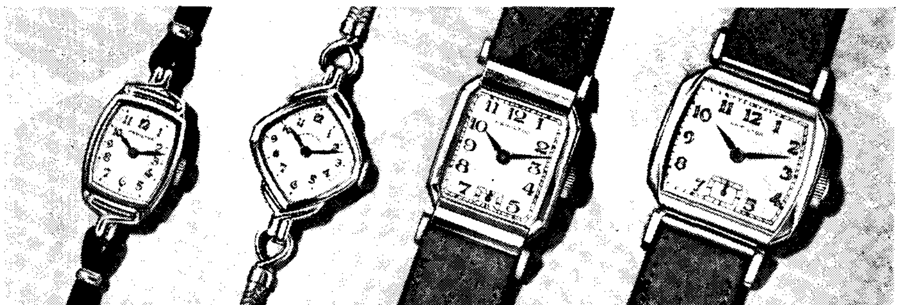
EASTERN AIR LINES has named Hamilton standard time aloft on all flights of The Great Silver Fleet. Shown above is James W. Clow, Jr., Eastern Air Lines Flight Steward, checking flying time on his Hamilton strap watch.



WORLD'S FASTEST transport planes are Northwest Airlines' new "Sky Zephyrs," like the above. All Northwest's Senior Pilots carry Hamiltons, because an accurate, dependable timepiece is essential to many navigation duties.

TWA CAPTAIN H. J. Zimmerman checks with Hostess Naomi Bryan before taking off. Hamilton is official watch for TWA in checking the arrival and departure times of the famous "Sky Chiefs" between New York and San Francisco.

UNITED AIR LINES' Captain Harry Bitterman checks his Hamilton watch by radio with the dispatcher before taking off for Chicago. Hamilton is the official timepiece for all pilots on United's famous coast-to-coast Mainliner flights.

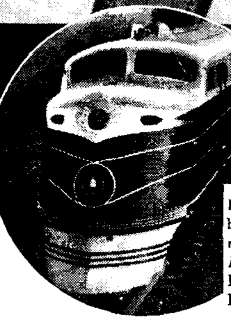


HAMILTON

the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

(Left to right)

CELIA. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled case, white or yellow $40
CONSTANCE. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled. With bracelet $50
ELLIOTT. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled case, yellow only $50
HARRIS. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. Gold numeral dial $40



Hamilton has long been "the watch of railroad accuracy." *Left*, one of the B & O's modern Diesel engines.

Looks like a Rich
Graham

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An Engineering Marvel That Slashes Driving Costs

● On land, on sea, and in the air, Supercharger engines have made history. Now the Graham Supercharger brings to thousands of motorists sensational new economy, undreamed of power and performance.

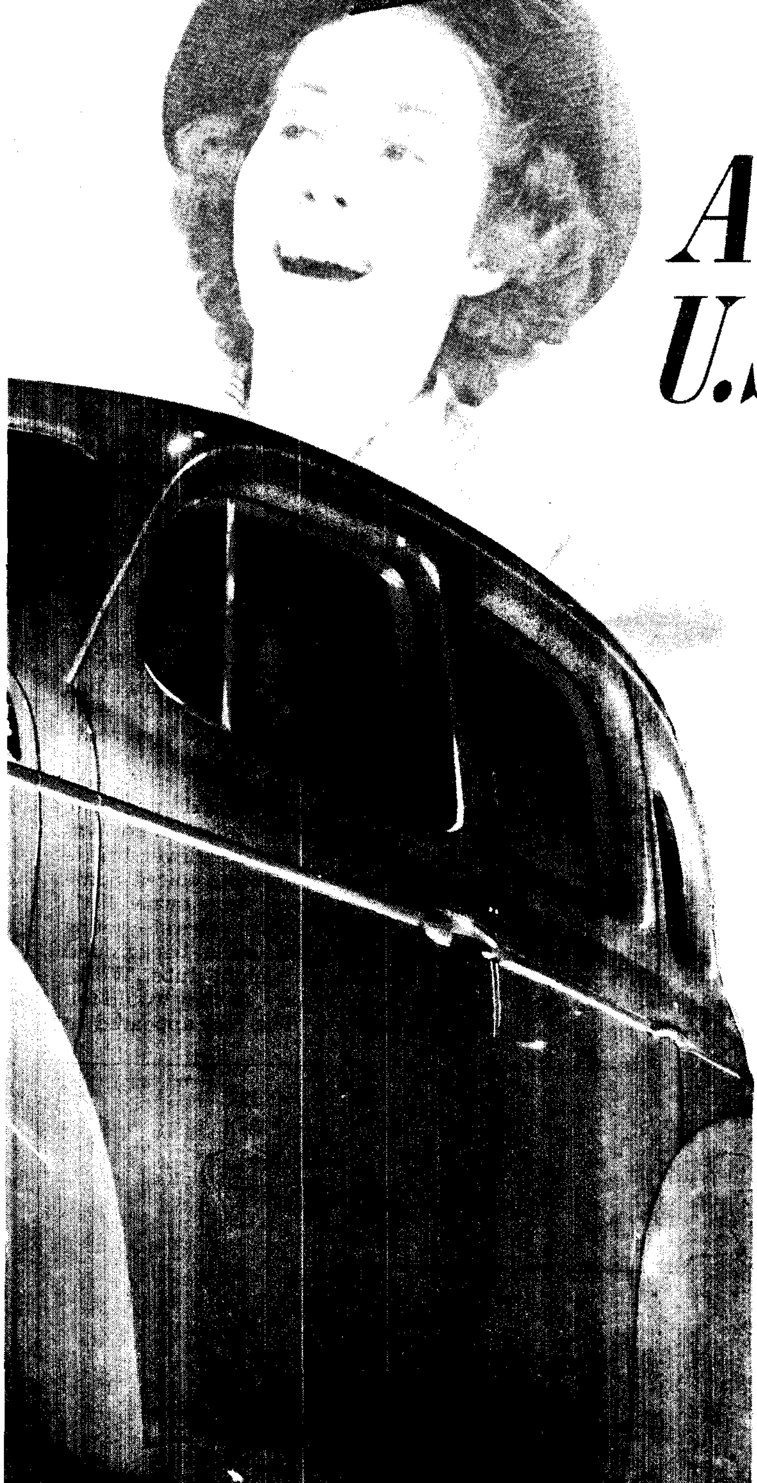
The Supercharger is conceded to be one of the world's most effective gas-savers! An engineering marvel that breaks gasoline into fine vapor, mixes it with air under pressure, forces evenly into the cylinders a "leaner" fuel mixture of far greater efficiency. Supercharger uses far less gasoline per cylinder explosion. That's why it's such an efficient gas-saver—that's why it slashes driving costs!

No wonder the Graham Supercharger holds the *Official* U. S. Economy Championship. Twice winner of the Official A. A. A. Sanctioned Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Runs—with an *official*, unbeaten record of 23.95 miles to a gallon of gasoline. That's proof—not a "claim."

Man's Luxury!

1938 Graham

MAKES ITS BOW



Actually–It's the Official U.S. Economy Champion!

And Graham costs just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars.

Just when everybody was saying "all cars look alike today"—along comes Graham! Look at that racy, sixteen feet of clean-limbed automobile. So eager, so alive, so restless . . . it looks like it's going when it's standing still!

And wait till you drive this spirited, high-powered motor car. Just to sit behind the wheel makes your pulse quicken. And when you bear down on this eager gas treadle . . . you can wave farewell to all others. It's alive with power! You'll never know the top performance of your Graham. You won't even want to. *In a Graham—you own the road!*

But here's the most amazing part of the story. With all its power and fine car performance . . . Graham holds the *Official* U. S. Economy Championship—a *proved* record of 23.95 miles on a gallon. The Graham Supercharger actually uses less gasoline per cylinder explosion—slashes driving costs.

And, because of its tremendous reserve power, Graham is the safest of cars! Graham gives you lower center of gravity, extra wide tread, a Gyrolator fifth spring, oversized hydraulic brakes, all steel bodies, safety glass—a score of other unique new safety features. *We honestly believe that Graham is the safest car in America today.*

See the new Graham SPECIAL, the new Graham SUPERCHARGER! See all the exciting new features on these thrilling cars. There's a new vacuumatic gear shift optional on all models. You shift gears with a finger. Overdrive transmission is also optional. If you intend to see any new car this year . . . you *must* see Graham. And we dare you to drive it . . . then try to go back to any ordinary car.

ONLY A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST! Ask your local dealer for the price of the big 120-inch wheelbase Graham *delivered right in your own town.* You'll be amazed at Graham's low delivered prices. A little more than the lowest! Easy payment plans.

OR

Neglected Wife

Continued from page 10

York, and Steve sat hunched over in his chair, big-boned and slow, saying little; sometimes his face lighted up in a grave, rare smile.

Once he said, commenting on a Depression Party which Dino had attended in New York, "That must have been pretty funny, Dan." And Dino agreed that it was. "By the way," he added, "I've meant to ask you—don't call me Dan any more. I've outgrown that nonsense, I hope." Gradually Steve's visits became more infrequent and after a while he stopped coming. But Dino did not seem to notice it.

When the inevitable wire arrived, asking if he might bring Polly Baker for a week end, Andrea and Myra went on with their game of rummy as calmly as though they'd been accustomed all their lives to entertaining millionaires' daughters.

"She'll be thin, with a big red mouth and red fingernails," prophesied Andrea. "Probably wear a square-cut emerald and think everything is divine. Like that one who came up with what's his name, the boy who thought we should build a swimming pool."

"No," Myra said reflectively, "I think she'll be the blond, horsy type without any make-up. Polly Baker—I can just see her."

But when Polly Baker walked in at the door they saw that they had been wrong. She was a tall girl, slender but broad-shouldered, with a vivid face and brown eyes and light brown hair. She wore a gray dress that might or might not have cost a lot of money and there was nothing about her to suggest the N & S millions except a certain air of shining good health.

Dino was so terribly in love that he was humble. And humility suited his young face, giving him such an appealing look that you wondered if any woman could resist . . . and when Andrea had taken a good look at Polly he hoped not. Dino had chosen the right girl.

That first week end she had stood on the terrace, saying wistfully, "You have everything here, haven't you? Everything that matters." And then, abruptly, "Mr. Perugini, would you mind very much if I married Dino?"

ANDREA looked up slyly over his pipe. "Are you thinking of proposing to him, Polly?"

But she was too much in earnest to smile. "Yes, if he doesn't propose to me," she said honestly. "He loves me, I think."

"Anyone can see that he worships you."

"I was afraid, though, you'd think us too young."

"I was married at twenty," Andrea remarked, tamping his pipe. "My wife was eighteen. Everybody—especially Myra's family—was sure the marriage wouldn't last a year. But of course," he added with another sly glance, "people are not always so perfectly suited to each other."

"We are," the girl said steadily. "This—all this—is what I've wanted all my life."

Andrea sat gazing at the mountains, purple and smoky blue, thrusting sharply into a pale twilit sky. "What about your father, Polly?"

"I'm of age," she said. She was silent for a moment, then she turned to face Andrea. "My father loves me very much. After my mother's death he sent me to the finest schools and camps he could find. Naturally I didn't see him often, because he is a tremendously busy man. But when he came to see me he always asked, 'What would my little girl like to have?' He still does. My father doesn't know," she said quietly, "that I'm so stifled by *things* I can't breathe any more."

AS a concession to James S. Baker the wedding was held at St. Thomas'. All of Myra's relations came down from Boston for the ceremony, so impressive in their faded elegance that James S. Baker went away looking a little awed.

After the wedding trip Dino and Polly came to Greenfield for a visit. Dino, his father thought thankfully, was a new person. He had invited Steve to meet Polly and soon the boy was a regular visitor, dropping in two or three times a week at the end of the day. Dino was seeing life through Polly's eyes, and the view, reflected Andrea tenderly, must be magnificent. For Polly was one of those rare, warm women who would have to the end of her days a genuine appetite for life.

One day she came in to announce breathlessly, "We've something to tell you. Dino stopped off in the village, but when he comes—oh, I can't wait that long!" her brown eyes shone excitedly. "We're going to buy the old Sampson farm. We're going to live here!"

"Good," said Andrea. But Myra rose with a spontaneous movement of her hands and kissed Polly. Seeing them together, Andrea was struck by a resemblance in the two women, superficially so different. Beneath Myra's gentle serenity and Polly's ebullience there lay a quiet strength that would be, he thought, like a rock to lean upon.

THE old Sampson place responded gallantly to a few coats of paint. "It'll do," said Dino, "for the moment. Now I've got to find something to occupy myself with. This bucolic life is all very well for you, Father—you've got your work. But I'm not talented in any way. Except with people." He grinned disarmingly. "I'm a hellion with people. Too bad bond salesmen have gone out of style."

He reached for an ash tray and ground out his cigarette. When he looked up again his expression was serious and slightly self-conscious. "As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of opening an art gallery in New York."

Andrea looked speculatively at Dino, handsome in the gray flannel shirt and slacks which he wore with an odd effect of theatricality.

He said, "Why, that's fine!" Myra would be so happy to learn that the boy had found an objective.

"It shouldn't be hard to get started," Dino said, extracting a cigarette from a gold case. "I have good connections."

Andrea looked out of the farmhouse window. "Here comes Polly," he said. Affectionately he watched her approach, moving with her distinctive, graceful swing; she was deeply tanned and in the red, blue and gray linen dress, with red sandals on her slim feet, she looked like a lovely young Mexican. "I must ask Polly to pose for me," Andrea said, thinking aloud.

"Hello, darlings," she called. She came in, set her market basket on the table and bent to kiss Andrea. "You'll stay to lunch, of course. I've got to have someone to practice on."

"I'll take a chance," Andrea said.

Dino looked up lazily. "I've been telling Dad about the gallery. He thinks it's a good idea."

"Do you, really?" Polly turned, her eyes shining. He knew at once that the idea was hers, not Dino's. "It won't be like the fashionable galleries, you know. We shan't have any famous men like you. Because we want people who haven't arrived yet—good artists who've never had a break."

"Just a couple of altruists," Dino laughed lightly.

At that moment they saw Steve Donnelly on the steps. Polly ran to open the screen door. "Steve! Where have you been? We haven't seen you for a week."

Steve smiled his slow, sweet smile. "I've been working pretty hard."

"It seems to agree with you," said Dino. And it was true, thought Andrea, that Steve had never looked more alive.

"By the way, Polly," Dino looked up casually, "I picked up a letter from that fellow Johns just now. He wants me to see a possible location for the gallery, so I thought I might run down for a few hours."

"Oh," said Polly blankly. Then, quickly recovering, she added with a gay smile, "Then Steve will have to help me eat a steak dinner."

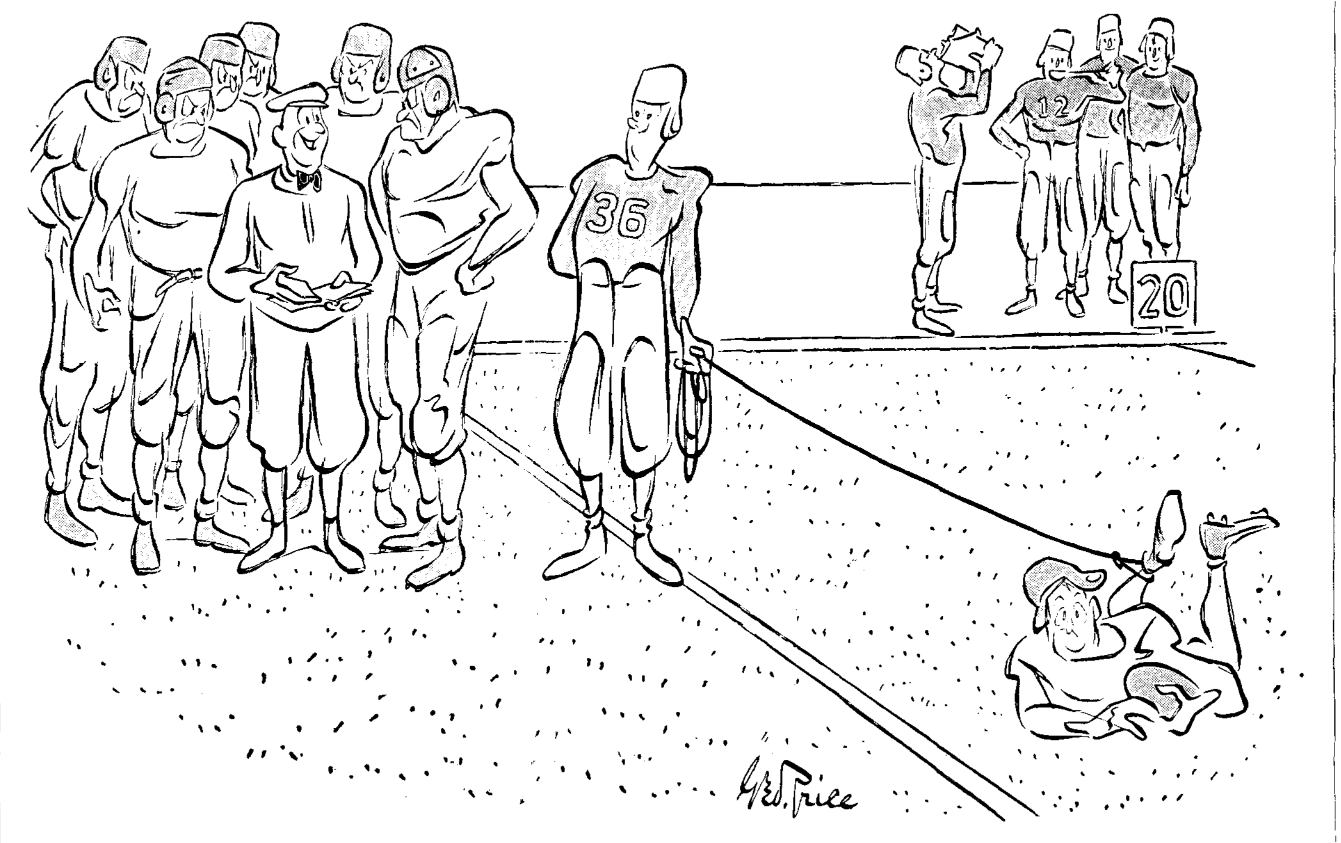
"I'll even take you to the movies afterward," said Steve.

Dino glanced at his watch and stood up. "Good," he said heartily.

THE leasing and decorating of the Perugini Gallery took Dino into New York so frequently that it became necessary to take an apartment. Also, he and Polly had social engagements in the city, made months before, and these could not be broken at a time when they needed every possible connection.

He was right, Polly conceded. But there was sometimes a bewildered look in her eyes as she watched the gallery taking shape as a series of elegantly decorated rooms where people instinctively would lower their voices and walk as quietly as possible. That was right, too; she wanted it to be beautiful. And perhaps it didn't matter that the Perugini Gallery—a haven for the struggling and hard-pressed—resembled so closely the exclusive galleries in Fifty-seventh Street.

WHEN Andrea and Myra dropped into the farmhouse nowadays there was usually a crowd of guests—clever, brittle people with light bantering voices. Some were "in the theater;" some owned little Madison Avenue shops; several—young women of impeccable social background—sang torch songs in night clubs. Working people, these were, as they would tell you themselves. The rest appeared to

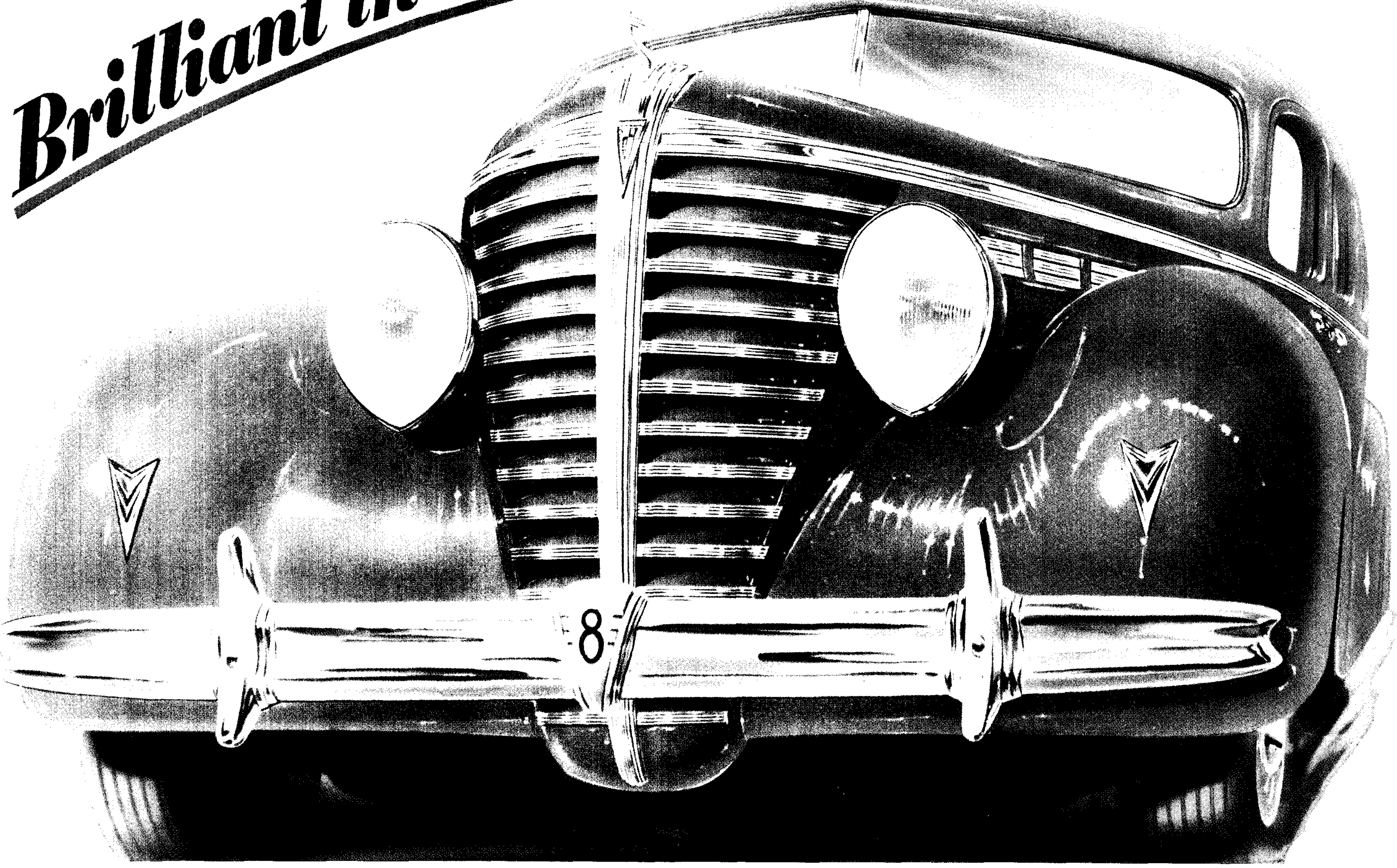


"I'll see what the rule book says about it"

GEORGE PRICE

New 1938
HUDSON *Eight*

Brilliant in ..Brilliant in



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Drive with
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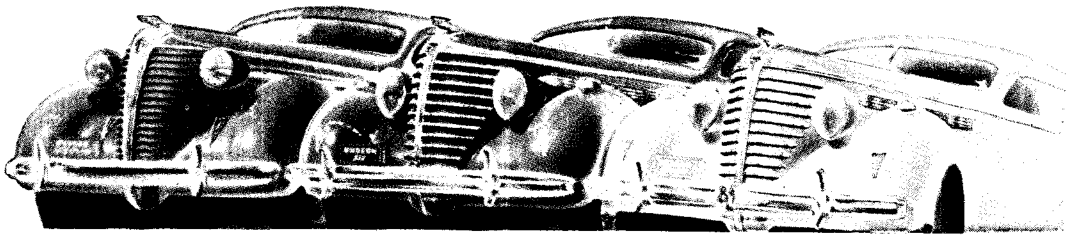
IN ITS 4th YEAR . . . GREATER THAN EVER



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CADILLAC

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THE GREATEST CARS EVER TO BEAR THE GREATEST FINE·CAR NAME

Here are the new Cadillacs, and the new LaSalle . . . the greatest cars ever to bear the greatest fine-car name.

Embodying the industry's newest and simplest method of car control, the SYNCROMATIC GEAR SHIFT — and revealing the most beautiful and luxurious coachcraft ever to grace a motor car — they are finer, in every phase of their excellence, than the magnificent cars which won 46,000 buyers in 1937!

LOOK AT THE NEW LASALLE, for instance! This great Cadillac-built V-8 has been bettered, refined and improved throughout. It is far more beautiful. It is easier and safer to drive. Yet, its traditional economy has been preserved.

LOOK AT THE NEW CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD! Much more luxurious, roomy, and beautiful—with power increased and performance improved—it is, by far, the most magnificent V-8 in Cadillac history. Yet, it is moderately priced, and is unusually economical.

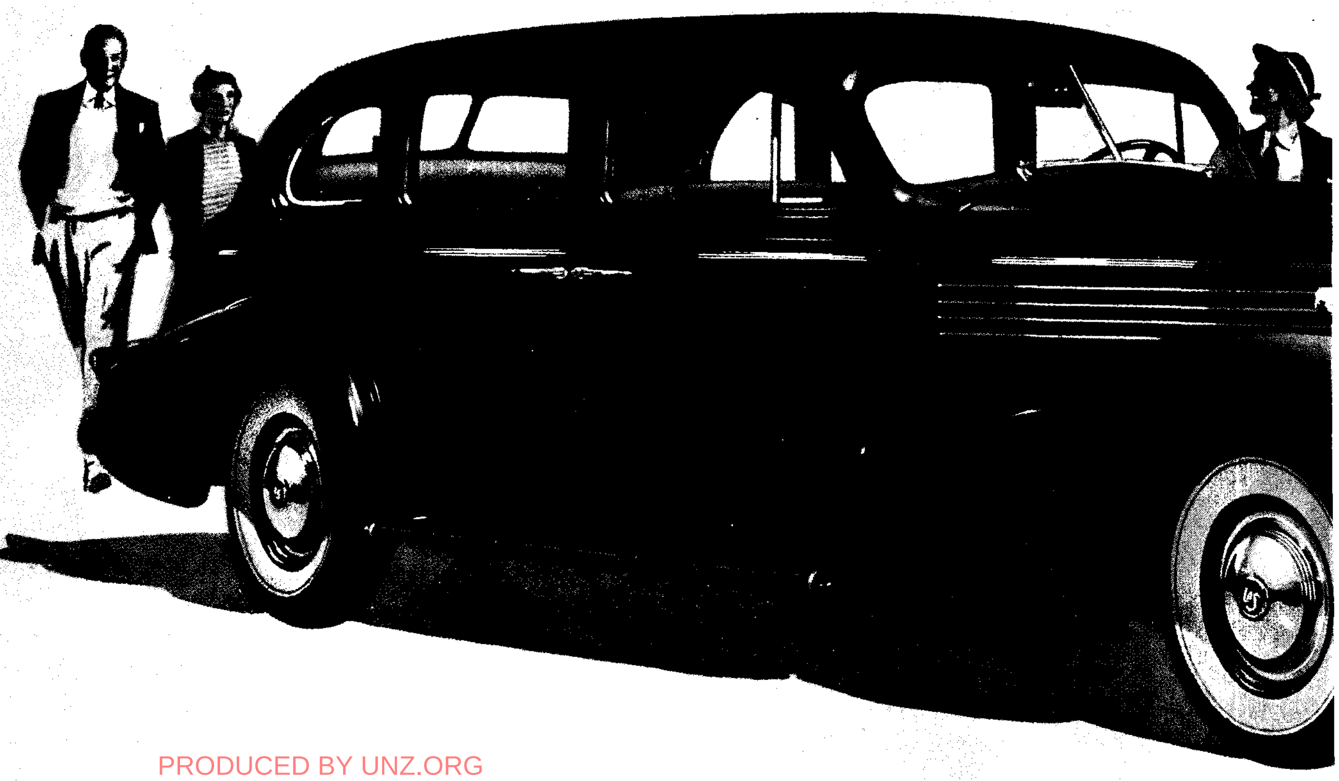
AND, FINALLY, LOOK AT THE NEW CADILLAC SIXTEEN! Redesigned around a completely new motor, the Sixteen was created to lead the world in everything that makes a motor car desirable. Yet, it is amazingly practical in every way. Not only is it easy to handle —but it is priced in the range of the 12-cylinder cars!

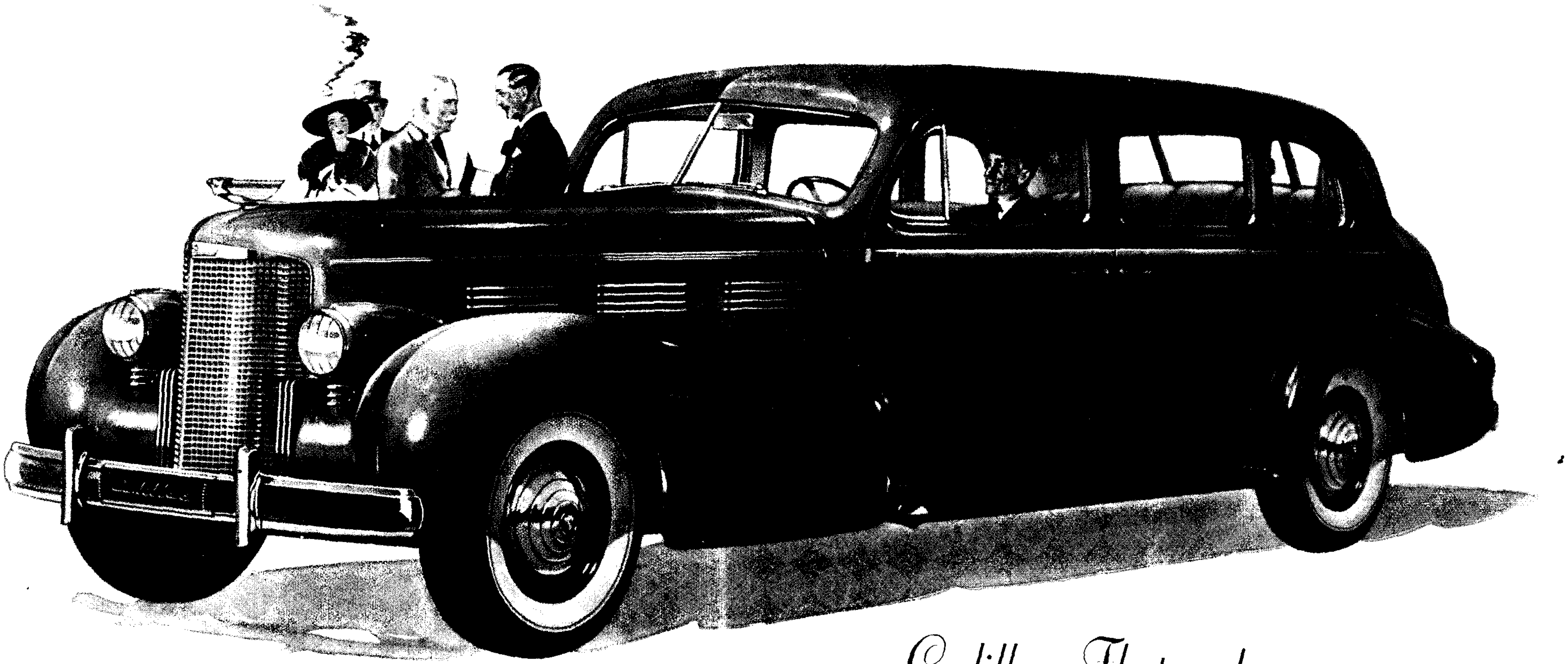
The new LaSalle and the distinguished new Cadillacs are ready for your inspection. Why not see them today!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ◆ *General Motors Sales Corporation* ◆ DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE NEW V-8 *LaSalle*

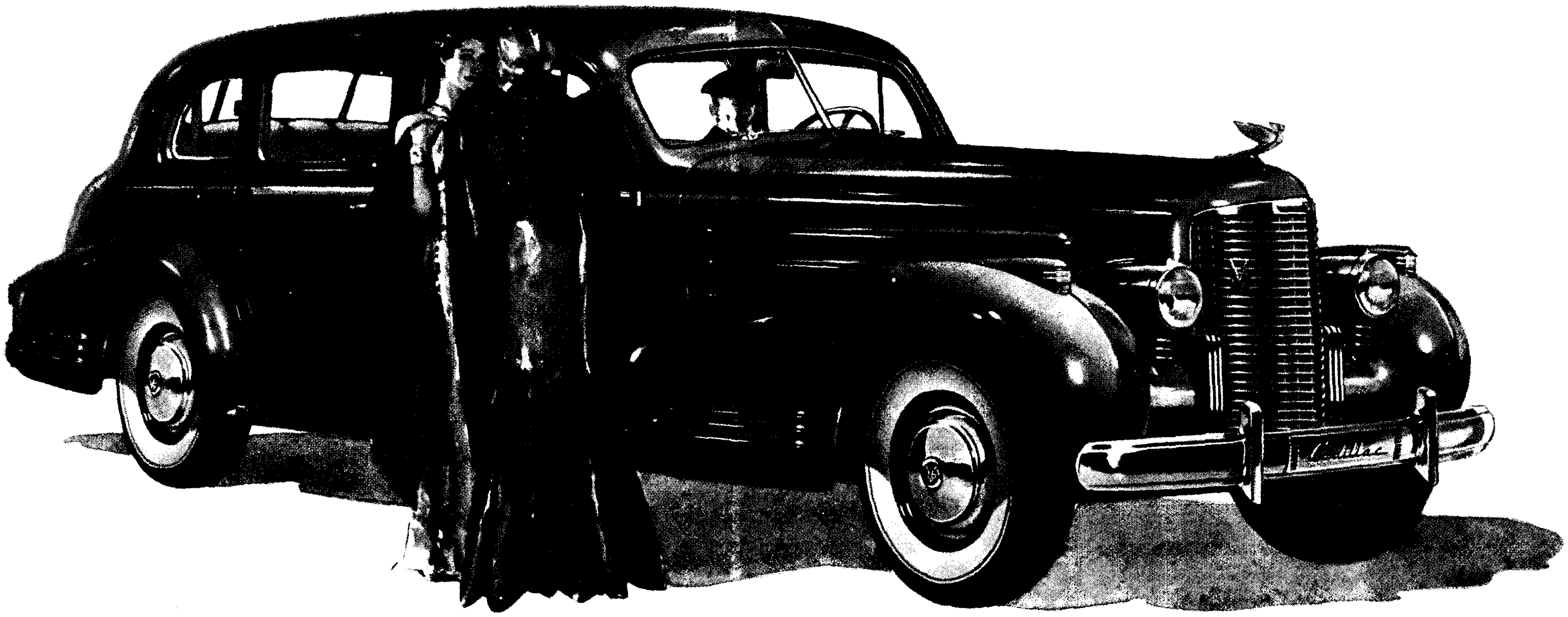
The new LaSalle V-8 retains LaSalle's characteristic *style*—but exteriors have been completely re-designed to reflect more adequately the car's great power and sturdiness. The distinctive radiator grille is more deeply curved and lamps are now mounted in the valleys between the low, sweeping fenders and the hood . . . giving a front end ensemble of striking new beauty! Louvres, bumpers, running boards are all new. Vision is improved. Due to the new remote-control Syncromatic Gear Shift, the front compartment floor is level, and entirely unobstructed. There are five body types, with luxurious new upholsteries and appointments.





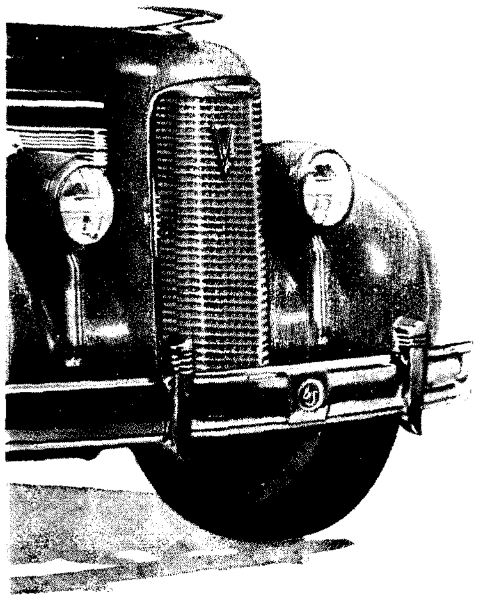
THE NEW *Cadillac-Fleetwood*

Only Fleetwood could build bodies of such astonishing *roominess* and *comfort*—and yet achieve coachwork of such *authentic* grace and style. Interior roominess is literally amazing in the new Cadillac-Fleetwood. Every passenger has ample room for relaxation. Even the auxiliary chairs cushion the largest men in perfect comfort. Performance is equally luxurious—the traditional brilliance of the V-8 engine being heightened by a substantial increase in power. There are twelve standard models from which to choose. Custom bodies are also available for this chassis.



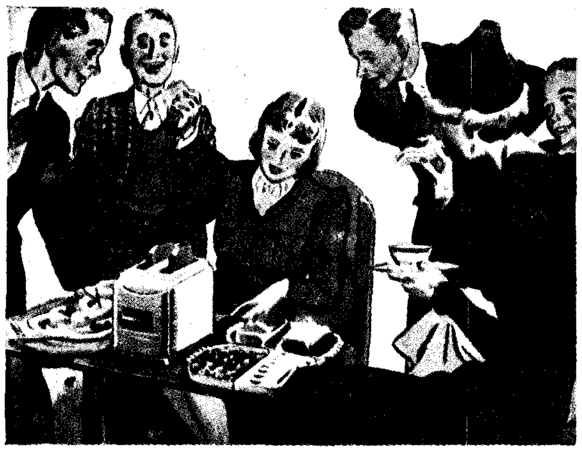
THE NEW *Cadillac Sixteen*

The new Cadillac Sixteen is America's most revolutionary motor car. Its new, 135-degree V-type, sixteen-cylinder engine is a marvel of compactness—occupying no more space than the average "Eight." Yet its performance is truly sensational. In speed, smoothness and resiliency, it knows no counterpart. The new Sixteen is an eminently practical car, too. The daintiest feminine hands are completely its master. There are twelve standard body types by Fleetwood. In addition, custom creations may be had to suit any requirement. Remember . . . if you want more than *eight* cylinders, *get sixteen!*

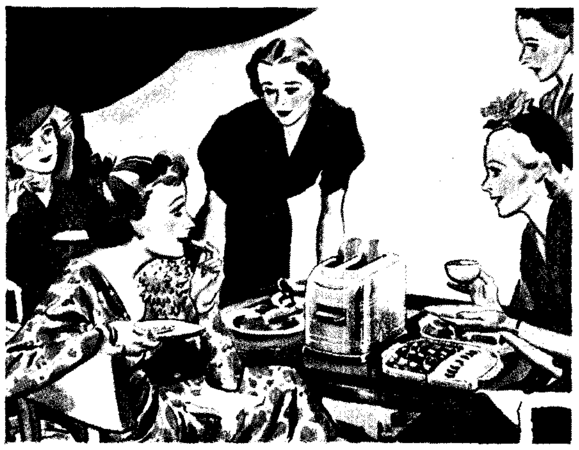


{There is also a distinguished new Cadillac V-8, priced only slightly higher than the new LaSalle. Though not illustrated, this luxurious and fine-performing Cadillac is on display at your Cadillac-LaSalle dealer's showroom.}

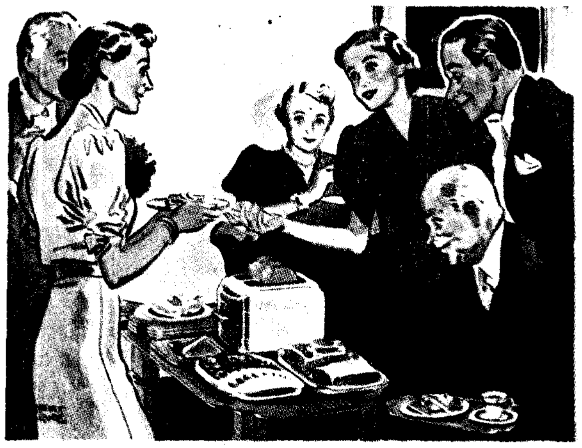
The gift that makes parties *All Play* and no work



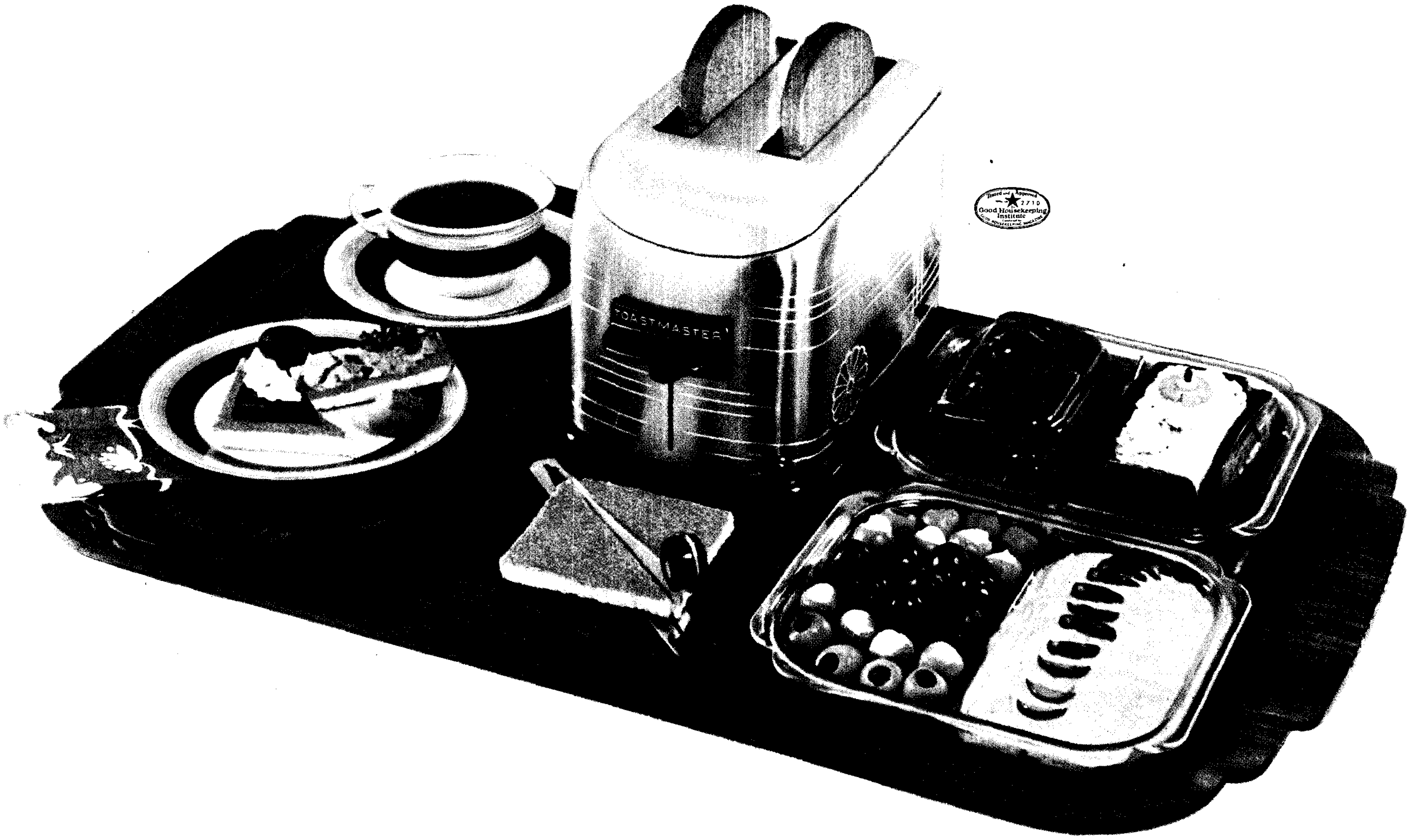
For those Informal Gatherings: Ask the gang to drop in after the football game. It's next to no work with a Hospitality Set. They'll all get a big kick out of making their own sandwiches or spreading nice hot slices of toast with jelly.



For Cocktails, Tea, Bridge Parties: The climax comes at bridge or tea or cocktail time when the Hospitality Set makes its appearance. One guest vying with another to turn out the most original sandwiches—while the hostess relaxes.



Keeps the Party Going: Don't spoil everything with "won't you come into the dining room" just when the party is getting under way. Just trot out the Hospitality Set—well stocked with sandwich makings and let each guest make his own.



IT'S A GIFT—that's what it is, the way the Hospitality Set with the Toastmaster Toaster lets even the hostess have fun at her own party.

Notice the four trim little lap trays—small enough to balance on the knee—large enough to hold sandwiches, cup and saucer or glass. Notice the keen little cutting knife to make sandwiches look their best. And the relish dishes of exquisite Duncan glass, for holding pastes and spreads and olives and all manner of sandwich makings. And the big tray to hold it all. *AND*, most important, the Two-slice Toastmaster Toaster. THAT'S the work-and-worry saver. You just put in the toast—push down the handle. The current goes on and when the toast is ready up it pops and off goes the current. No burnt toast—no current wasted. And all the toast is the same—from nine P.M. to the wee small hours, thanks to the Flexible Timer that makes the toaster run fast when it's cold—faster when it's hot. Why don't you give a set like this to someone—even if it's yourself—or your wife?

This magnificent De Luxe Set—or a companion set, none the less beautiful but less expensive—may be seen with other fine Toastmaster Products, wherever quality appliances are sold.

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★**FREE!** "The Party's On"—A new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write direct to: McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Dept. 106, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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TOASTMASTER *Hospitality* TRAY

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS: 2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00, with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50 . . . folding stand, $5.95 . . . 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50; Junior toaster, $7.50 . . . automatic Waffle-Baker, $12.50 have no object in life beyond amusing themselves and one another. But one and all adored Greenfield, that divinely unspoiled place. And especially they adored Dino's farm, so rustic, so amusingly *primitive*.

One afternoon Andrea picked up Steve Donnelly at the post office and drove out to the farmhouse. The clear autumn air echoed to the sound of voices as he stopped the car in the lane. "Goodby—had a swell time," a man's voice was saying. "Well, shall we—"

And now another voice, a woman's bright, brittle voice, cried, "Dino is coming with us. I've persuaded him."

"Oh, but Polly darling, you've got to come too!" That was the man again, a stranger, not quite sober, saying, "Polly darling—" As they went up the path Andrea and Steve could see her, tall and slender—not slender, either, but thin—in a blue sweater and skirt, standing in the doorway with a strained smile on her lips. She turned to Dino and spoke in a low tone.

Dino laughed, his eyes hot and reckless. "Listen, everybody—this is marvelous. Polly can't come because she has to go to a dance at the firemen's hall!"

"We promised," Polly said.

"Well, if you must go, get good old Donnelly to take you. No doubt he'd be delighted."

They had not noticed the presence of Andrea and Steve. But now Steve stepped forward. "Will you go with me, Polly?" he asked.

Polly looked into Steve's grave, honest eyes and what she saw there caused her thin body to relax. Smiling as a woman might who after a period of uncertainty had arrived at the only possible solution, she said quietly, "Yes, Steve."

THE sun had gone down, and the room, drained of color, was very still.

Dino stood up. "I understand now," he said. "Everything." His voice was tired. "I won't try to get her back, Father. Because, whatever you may believe, I want her to be happy."

"Of course." Andrea paused to relight his pipe. "And you can make her so."

"I!" Dino laughed bitterly.

"Haven't you forgotten the Perugini Gallery?" asked Andrea gently. "It means a great deal to Polly. Because all her life Polly has been forced to *take*. She's never had a chance, until now, to give, to contribute something to life. I think, Dino, that is true of you, too—and blame myself for it. But now—"

"YOU mean to run the gallery as Polly suggested, taking only unknown artists? But, Father, wouldn't that be pretty unbusinesslike? You forget that—the Baker fortune won't be behind us now. My idea was to get hold of a few well-known men, just to interest people in coming."

"Like the kootch dancers outside a circus tent," said Andrea, his voice hard. He leaned back and said more gently, "I have a little money. It would have been yours eventually, in any case."

"Yes," said Dino. "You're one of the most famous men in the country—and you made your own way."

"I did." This time Andrea did not raise his voice. "By working at whatever I could find to keep myself—and your mother—from starving. Yes, and starving a little, too, when work couldn't be found. By spending my energy in doing to keep alive what any able-bodied man could have done, and having none left for the work I was fitted for. If some gallery had been willing to take me on, perhaps finance me for a little while—but none was." He broke off to look at Dino. "We don't want charity, son. All any real artist asks is freedom to do his own work."

Dino turned his face away. Presently he said, "Polly understood that. While I, an artist's son—it makes me feel pretty rotten, Father."

Andrea stroked his arm. "Growing pains aren't pleasant," he said. "But they're worth the suffering."

Phrases from the letter ran through his mind as he sat in the train. ". . . sailing on Saturday . . . we didn't want the same kind of life, you see . . . I thought Dino was your kind of person; stupid, wasn't it?"

At the hotel he gave his name and was asked to go up. Polly met him at the door, her face pale and composed, and asked him very politely to sit down.

"Well, Polly," Andrea said, holding his hat in his hand. "I'm glad I caught you before you sailed."

"But it's useless," she said. "I'm joining Steve tomorrow, on the boat."

"That's all right. I wanted to say goodby."

"You do understand, don't you? You do see how Dino managed to turn everything I wanted into something else?" Polly shook her head wearily. "He's cleverer than I am."

"He may be," Andrea said. "Cleverness is a highly overrated quality at best. But you are stronger than he is. Polly, before you begin your new life, may I give you some advice? Not that you wouldn't have learned it yourself, in time, but you're still so young. It's just this: people have to make adjustments to each other; tear down here, build up there. That's how you achieve something solid. And the stronger you are the harder you have to work, to make up for the defects of your partner." He rose. "That's all. I won't keep you, Polly. Goodby—and good luck."

"Goodby." Tears shone in the girl's eyes. "I wish—it might have been different."

MYRA was setting the table when Dino came in.

"Where's Father?" he began. "Oh, here he is—Father, I've got a list a mile long." He looked tired but his eyes were excited. "I've seen every painter and sculptor in Greenfield and each of them had several people to suggest. The invitations will start going out tomorrow. Now I've got to figure some way to work it so they'll all get a chance to exhibit—that is, if they all accept." Dino turned to his mother. "Have I time to do a little work before dinner?"

"Fifteen minutes, no more."

In a matter-of-fact tone Andrea said, "Polly will be happy about this."

Dino stood motionless for a moment. Then, "Well, I'll go up and check the list."

Myra looked after him. "You shouldn't have mentioned Polly, I'm afraid."

"Why not? He must learn to think of her calmly."

"Ah, but we are not all so reasonable as you."

"Well—" began Andrea, and broke off. Perhaps it was that his memory was playing him tricks by evoking the sound of Polly's light footsteps. He went to the door and opened it.

"Hello," he said. "Come in, Polly."

She looked at him. "I've heard a thousand times," she said, "that you can't run away from yourself. But I had to walk up the gangplank of a ship bound for the Bahamas before I understood."

"It's true," Andrea said.

"Steve—will be all right, of course. He needs nothing but his work." She smoothed out her gloves. "Is—is Dino—"

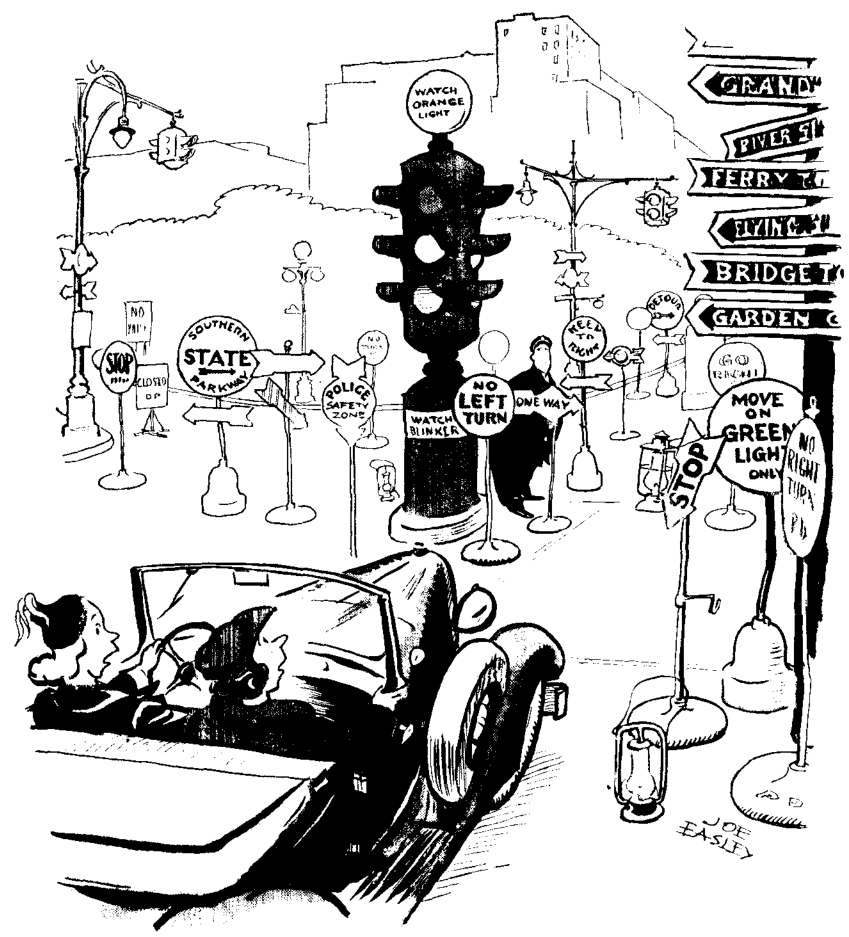
"Dino is upstairs, in his old room," said Andrea. "He is—well, I don't think I'll tell you what he is doing. You go and find out."

Polly looked at Myra, who nodded and smiled. Bending to kiss Myra, she left the room. They heard her swift feet on the stairs and then the opening and closing of a door.

Myra looked gravely at Andrea. "You are a brilliant man," she said.

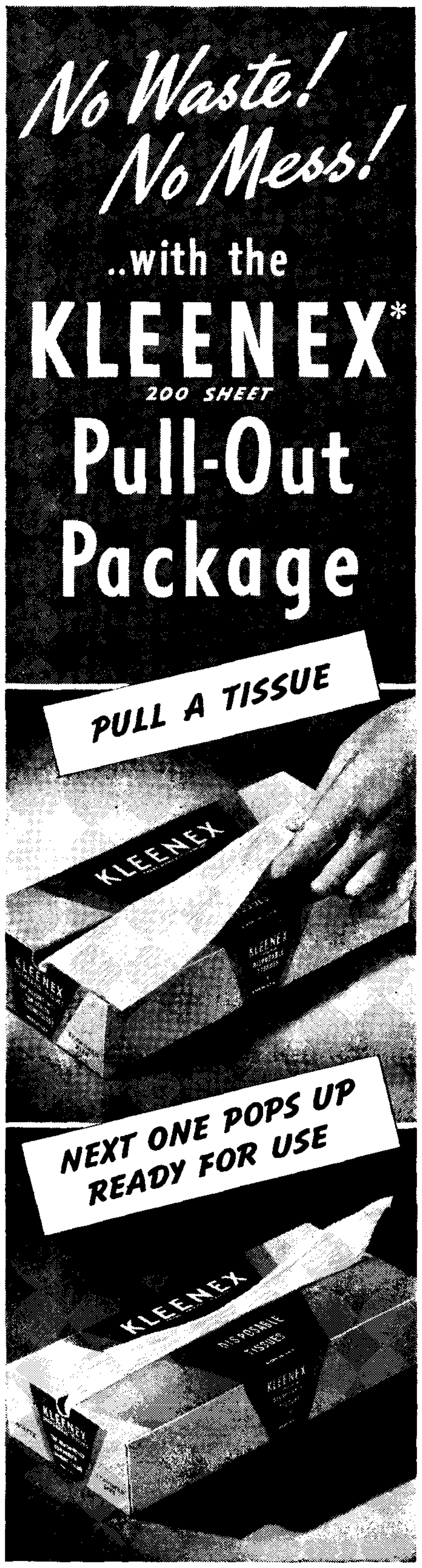
"I?" cried Andrea indignantly. "Never!"

"So brilliant," said Myra, "that you can probably tell at a glance the best bottle of wine in the cellar. Please bring it up."



"Let's give up!"

JOE EASLEY



200-SHEET KLEENEX now 2 for 25c

The handy size for every room and for the car

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy?* Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex in the famous Pull-Out Package . . . now reduced to 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room. And it's indispensable in the car!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

hank e ngle

y Frank Buck h Ferrin Fraser

hen you eat your dinner, drive your car or just lax in a comfortable air, you are unconsciously patronizing one the largest department res in the world—the ngle. Forget its wild animals and savage tribes a moment to discover at an important role it ys in your daily life

OTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
LLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

IN THE twenty-five years I have spent bringing animals back alive from the jungles of Asia, I have naturally gotten close to the life in and of those jungles. Not only am I close to the lives and habits of the tigers, elephants, rhinos, rare birds, reptiles and other creatures that live there, but to the habits of the natives and the commercial life that goes on there.

It may surprise you to hear that the jungle has a commercial life. You probably think of it as being a deep, dense, dank growth, covering thousands of square miles, inhabited by savages and wild animals—which it is. But the jungle has just as definite a part in *your* daily life as do the automobile tires on your car made in Akron, Ohio, or the shoes you wear which were probably manufactured in Massachusetts, or the gum you may be chewing as you read this article. Parts of all of them originated in the Asiatic jungles from which I bring back wild cargoes.

Most people never think of the jungle in a commercial way. I admit I did not until I began to make my living on its produce. In my case, of course, the produce was wild animals. I have brought back alive dozens of tigers and wild elephants, scores of pythons, cobras and other snakes, thousands of monkeys of all varieties, and tens of thousands of rare birds ranging all the way from the thrushes of the high Himalayas to the songbirds of Southern India.

But while I have dealt in jungle wild life, there are other wild products of the jungle which give a living to millions of men, whereas its fauna gives a living to but a few. And the work of the millions touches *you* constantly, here in America where you only wonder about the jungle occasionally as you see some splendid specimen of orangutan or clouded leopard behind bars as you take little Algernon to the zoo for a Sunday stroll once a year.

For instance, do you realize that the basis of the glue on every postage stamp you lick came from the jungle? Did you think, when you had tapioca pudding for dinner last night, that the only thing that made that pudding possible was the "deep, dense, dank" jungles of Asia?

I became increasingly aware of the commercialism of the jungle as a young man on my first expeditions to the Far East. Naturally I was constantly in various native villages, buried deep in the interior, getting either supplies for my captured animals or for myself.

Masters of Bargaining

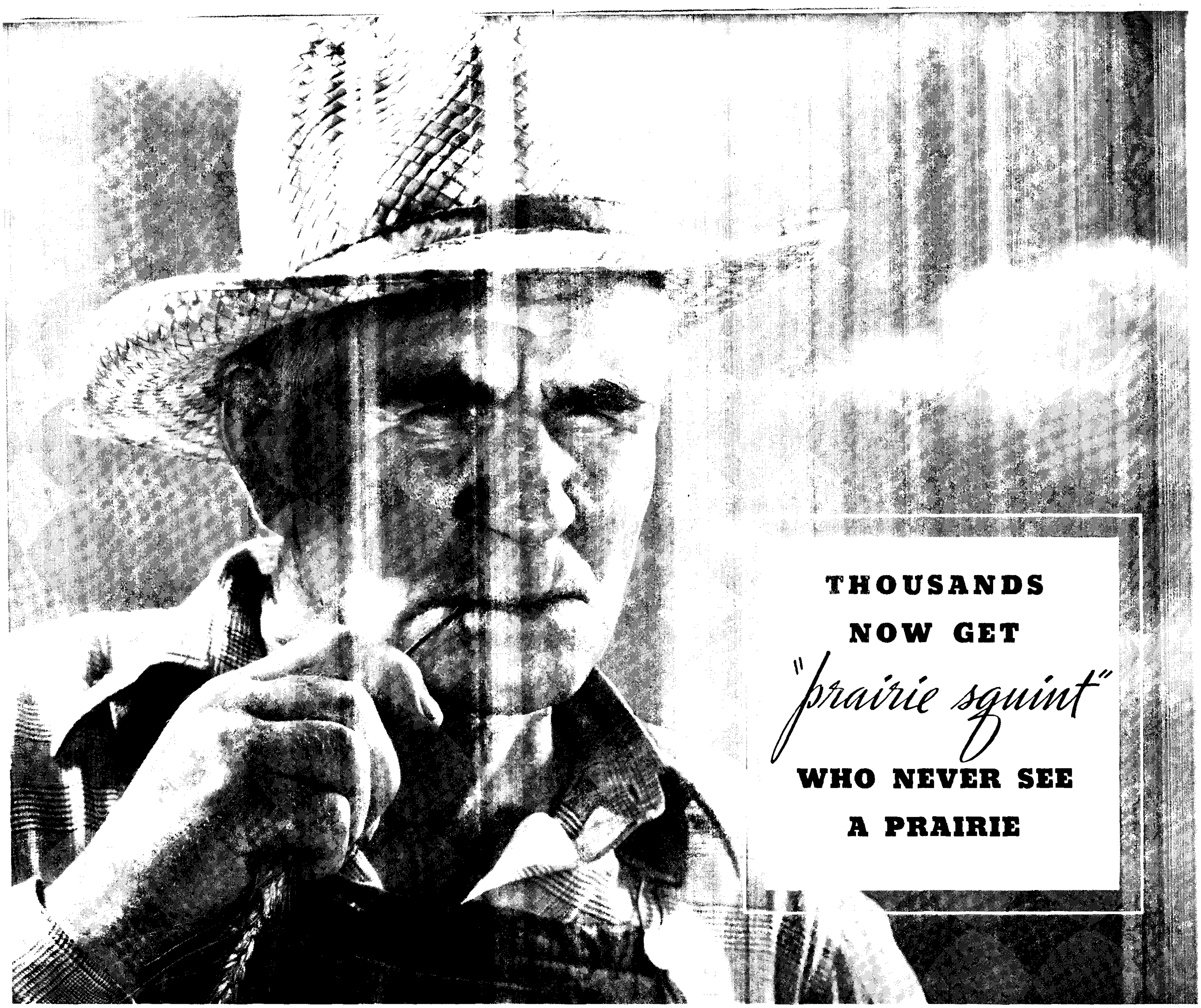
I found the natives of these villages—the Malays and even the wild *sakai* of the jungle *kampongs* who had never been more than ten or twenty miles from their forest homes in their entire lives—thorough masters of the art of bargaining. Whether I wanted eggs for my birds—perhaps you didn't know that many birds in captivity thrive on a diet of hard-boiled eggs, shell and all, ground up with chopped vegetables and grain—or the chickens that laid the eggs for my own table, these jungle folks knew how to drive a shrewd bargain and invariably got value received.

I became even more aware of their commercial instincts when the news got around that I was in the market for live animals. There seems to be an underground telegraph system in the jungle, and no safari enters it without news of the arrival spreading like wildfire from village to village. The mere mention of "Buck Sahib"—if I am in India—or "Tuan Buck"—if it's Malaya—is sufficient today to send literally hundreds of ambitious Malays, *sakai*, or natives of the Indian jungle to my camp door with collections of live specimens ranging all the way from tiny thrushes to giant king cobras.

It didn't take long, as soon as a white man collecting specimens for zoölogical gardens came into the jungle, for the native mind to grasp the fact that there was a real future in the live-animal business. During many years that I traveled in Borneo and Sumatra—the only places in the world where orangutans live—it was a fairly common sight to see a native mother nursing her child at one breast and a baby orang at the other. She knew the orang had value, and that sooner or later I would come along and offer real money for it, or if I did not someone else would, so she kept it carefully alive.

One of the first words I learned to use in Malaya was "Brapah." You use it frequently there in your daily life. It means, "How much?"

When a native comes into my jungle camp with a newly caught monkey in a cage, a pair of Argus pheasants in a



THOUSANDS NOW GET *"prairie squint"* WHO NEVER SEE A PRAIRIE

OUT on the winding open road and in the thick of city traffic you have undoubtedly noticed that some motorists squint through their car windows, while others sit back comfortably and gaze serenely on the passing parade. Personal characteristics, habit and other factors may be responsible for this difference, but often it is due simply to the fact that ordinary wavy window glass is used in the Safety Glass in some cars, while in others the Safety Glass is made entirely of the finest polished PLATE Glass. ¶ All *window* glass, regardless of the scrupulous care with which it is manufactured, has an unavoidable wave; and when sheets are laminated, as in Safety Glass, the vision is distorted and eyestrain, fatigue and unbecoming squint frequently result. ¶ On the other hand Safety PLATE Glass is first carefully ground to eliminate waves, and is then painstakingly polished to a mirror-like brilliance. Its greater clarity and freedom from waviness minimize eyestrain and fatigue; and its sparkling beauty lends distinction to your car—adds immeasurably to your pride of ownership. ¶ Before you buy a new car make sure that it has Safety PLATE Glass in every window. Many car manufacturers, continuously striving to bring added comfort, enjoyment and satisfaction to motoring, are now completely equipping their cars with Safety PLATE Glass *at no extra cost to you.*

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Safety PLATE Glass

SAFETY FIRST–
friendliness too!

HERE are plain facts which touch the lives of us all:

American railroad rates are the lowest in the world; American railroad service is the best.

But the continuance of this efficient, economical service is imperiled today by the threat of laws which would check progress.

One such measure is the bill now before Congress to limit the length of freight trains to seventy cars—a needless restriction that would add more than one hundred million dollars a year to the cost of transportation, but would add nothing to railroad revenues, service or safety.

The unjustified burden of this threatened legislation should not be imposed upon the commerce of the nation.

DO YOU KNOW

—that during recent years, while trains have increased in length and speed, railroads have made new fine records in the safety of passengers and employes?

—that the more trains run to handle a given amount of traffic, the greater is the risk of accidents?

—that the proposed law to limit the length of trains would increase the cost of handling freight more than 100 million dollars per year?

—that increased prices of materials, supplies and fuel since 1933 have added another 250 million dollars to annual railroad costs?

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

rattan basket, or perhaps a giant monitor lizard trussed to a carrying pole, the first thing I say is, "Brapah?"

At once he names a large sum—not for a moment expecting to get it. I immediately shake my head, which means "Too much." If I like his product, however, we settle down to a long argument in which he points out the animal's good points, and I indicate the bad ones. Eventually we agree upon a price and I become the possessor of more stock for a wild cargo.

The point of these wangles over a sale is that if you did not argue, if you at once agreed to the price asked, the native would think he was being cheated, that his product was worth more than he had asked. Even though he had more money, he would go away intensely dissatisfied with himself and his bargain.

A Diet of Orchids

The deeper you go into the wild countries the shrewder the natives become in driving a bargain. The only difference here is that they bargain for something they intensely desire rather than for money. Money has no value to them, whereas a good jackknife or a few sticks of tobacco are considered an excellent price for the rarest of specimens.

I once purchased a splendid pair of hornbills—immense birds with huge beaks, and very difficult to capture—for fourteen ounces of tobacco. In the East imported tobacco, of which all natives are extremely fond, comes in sticks weighing four ounces each. I gave the native three sticks, then took out my knife, and carefully measuring exactly half of the fourth stick, cut it squarely in the middle. Had I given him *all* of the fourth stick—a matter of pennies to me—he would have thought he had made a poor bargain. By cutting it carefully, and making a show of the transaction, I sent him away happy in the thought that he had driven a shrewd deal.

But all this is purely jungle commercialism in animals. I want to get back to those postage stamps and that tapioca pudding, and to your shoes, and your automobile tires and your chewing gum—and a lot of other things.

It's really amazing, the number of things *you* use every day that have their origins in the jungles—the same jungles from which I bring back pythons, rhinos, water buffalo, elephants and members of the cat family. Why, even the peaceful tabby that purrs comfortably on your hearthside is a cousin to my leopards and tigers.

Perhaps the material of the chair you are sitting in as you read this grew in the jungle. If it's a porch or sun-parlor chair, nine chances out of ten the "cane" in it is rattan.

Rattan is a vine which grows luxuriantly in the tropics. If you've seen pictures of jungle country you've seen rattan drooping from tree branches, hanging down in a thick, intertwined mat. The natives use this natural wild vine to make ropes and twine, to weave sleeping mats and screens, to build bird cages—for a thousand and one different purposes.

We use it to make furniture, and next time you look out on your sunporch you can think of the jungle and the thousands of natives employed there in cutting and bringing in rattan so you can have that smart-looking "wicker" table and those comfortable chairs. And you can picture the material of your chair being cut in the jungle, dried, then soaked in a torpid stream, dried again, and soaked again, so that its rattan became soft and pliable to achieve its present curved shape.

Perhaps your chair came direct to you from an American factory. If so, it was probably wrapped in what you call burlap. In the East this is called "gunny." It's the same thing. The burlap in any sack you see grew as a water reed—called jute—along the mouth of the sacred Ganges River in far-off India.

You probably had to untie or cut several ropes to unpack your chair. The jungle again. Hemp. Manila in the Philippines has been famous for its hempen ropes for generations. They are made from the tough fibers of a relative of the banana tree, which are woven into rope. And they *are* tough. Most likely you had to get something sharper than the average kitchen knife to cut them so you could unroll the jungle-manufactured burlap to see your jungle-grown chair.

When you walk out onto that porch of yours next time think of the shoes that take you there. Shoes? Of course—beeswax. Every shoemaker uses natural beeswax in his trade. Where does it come from? The Asiatic jungle.

Natural beeswax is a product that defies reproduction. Only bees have learned to make it. On the island of Borneo the coast tribes of the Dyaks have learned its commercial value. More than once I have seen great honeycombs—combs made by wild bees which fed on orchids—taken from jungle trees by natives who pressed out all the honey so that only the wax remained. Wax that went into the making of your fine shoes.

Two commercial birds were killed with one stone here—for the natives ate the honey and sold the wax.

I mentioned postage stamps. You are perfectly safe in licking any government stamp because the glue on all stamps is absolutely harmless. It's made from a jungle base—tapioca. Don't be surprised—it's the same tapioca on your stamps that you had in that pudding for dinner. And if you don't like tapioca pudding, don't lick stamps.

Perhaps you don't realize what those little grains of tapioca that made up your pudding—and your postage stamp glue—looked like before they ever dreamed of being pudding or glue. Well, believe it or not, before they were ground up they looked exactly like sweet potatoes!

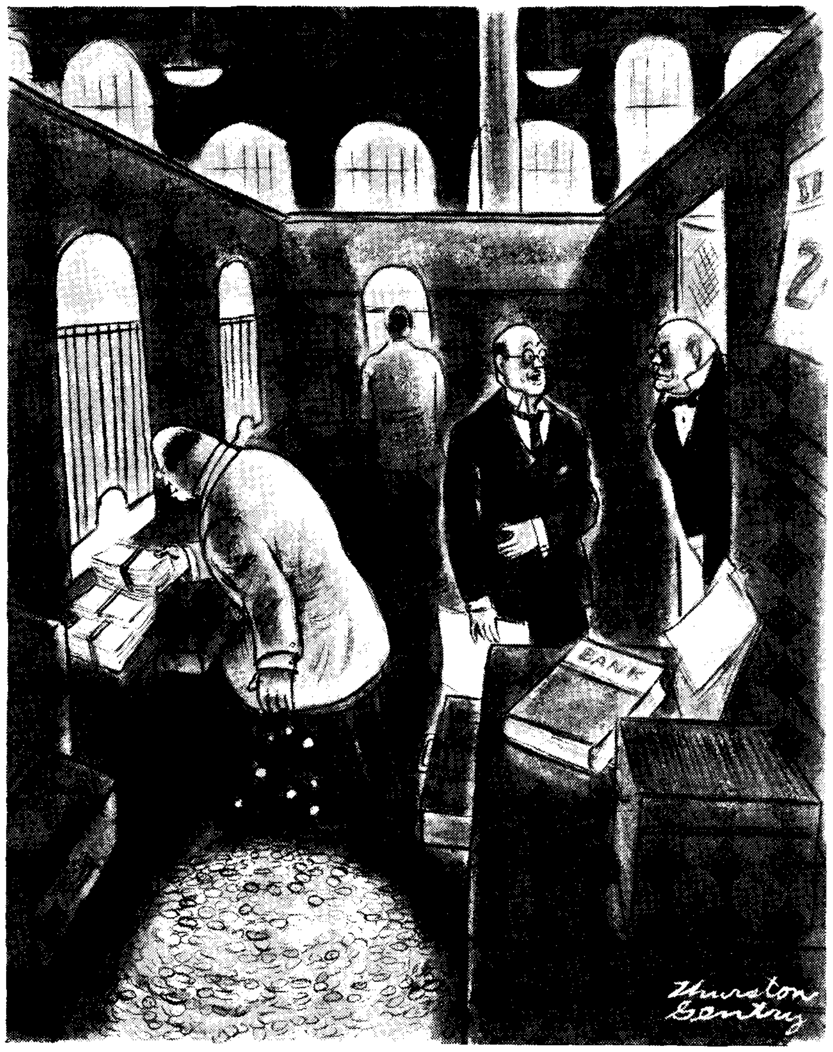
Since the Days of Marco Polo

Tapioca was originally a jungle growth of the wildest kind. It still grows wild in the East, but is now cultivated by thrifty natives. If you didn't know the plant, and saw it growing wild, you'd say it was the poinsettia plant that sat in the middle of your table at Christmas. But underneath the plant in the soil are roots that look exactly like sweet potatoes. It is these dried and ground up roots that make tapioca pudding and the base to the glue on Mr. Farley's postage stamps.

Did I mention chewing gum? Of course—jelutong. A form of wild jungle rubber—entirely different from the cultivated variety used in the manufacture of elastic fabrics—forms the basis of most chewing gums.

And how about that white shirt—or chemise—you're wearing? Every wife, or washerwoman, knows it was made white—strangely enough—by bluing. Without the jungle we would have no bluing for our laundries. For bluing is made from indigo, and indigo is a wild jungle plant from which most blue dyes are made. Wild originally, it is now cultivated and planted by those commercial-minded natives.

Perhaps at that dinner where you had tapioca pudding, before you sat down in your jungle-grown chair to read this jungle article, you had a pineapple-juice cocktail. Well, the pineapple plant is an original, wild, jungle growth. The fruit was known to the natives long before we ever tasted it. But no one ever thought of cultivating the plant until



"You'd better speak to him again. He refuses to count the small change!"

THURSTON GENTRY

Most women don't need Beauty Parlors

Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. Mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, mental depression, loss of appetite, hyper-acidity can all be caused by it.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. And in addition, *it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ everywhere.

Follow the Trails the Long Hunters trod

IN Tennessee there are half a hundred roads whose history reads like an honor roll of America's progress . . . Imagine following the moccasined feet of Daniel Boone over the wilderness road . . . or trailing the Warrior Path beat out by Indian feet . . . Thrill to the Natchez Trace down which Andrew Jackson and the long hunters hurried to the glory of the battle of New Orleans . . .

These trails are highways now . . . But their romance is still here, waiting for you to make it live again . . . As your guide to this romance, send for the **FREE** illustrated booklet, **Trails of A Thousand Thrills.**

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Nashville, Tennessee

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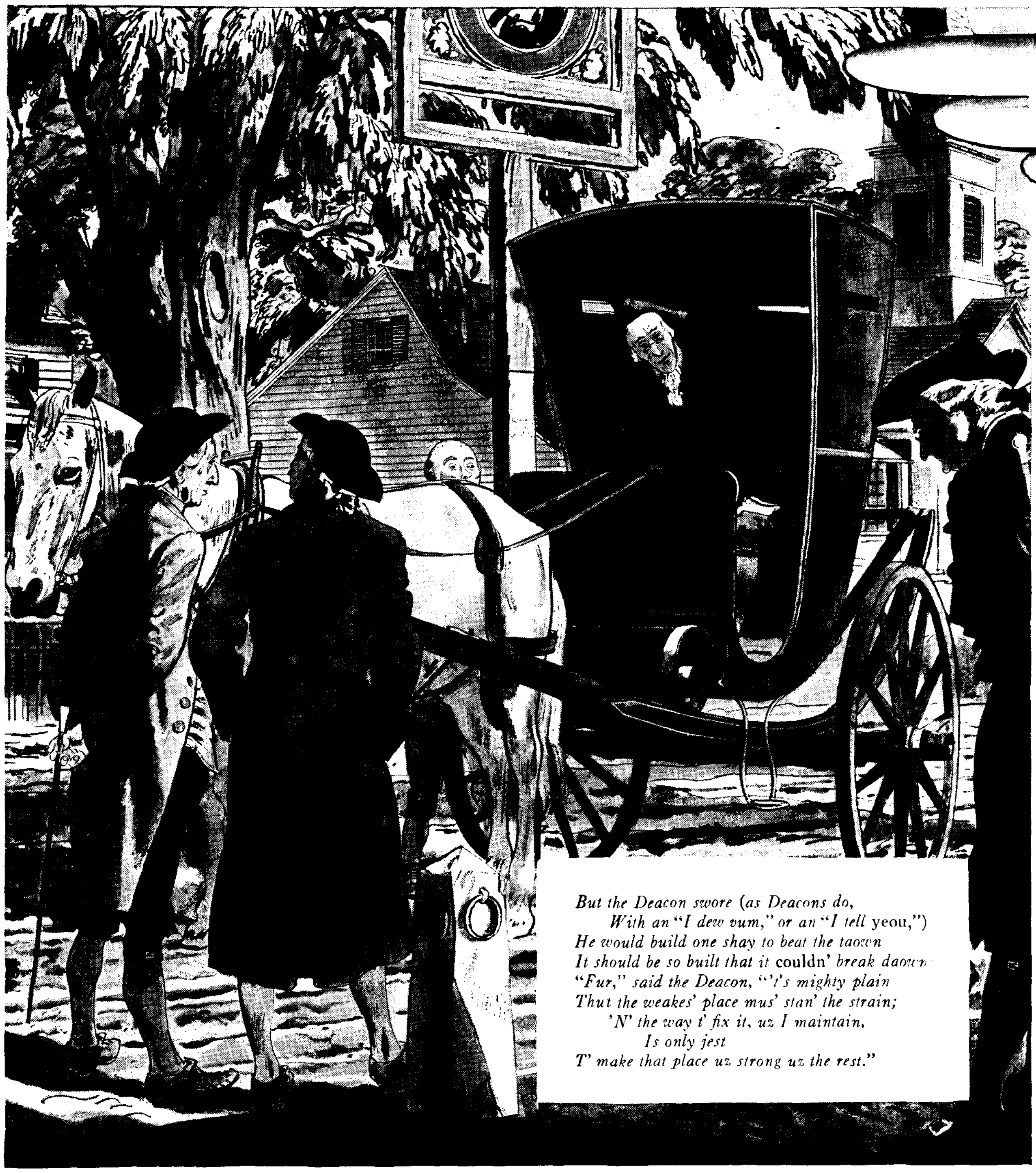
TENNESSEE

The Deacon and you



But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
It should be so built that it couldn' *break daown*
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STE

YOU REMEMBER THE DEACON'S . . .

"Wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day."

THE DEACON proceeded on a sound engineering principle. Since "the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain," he said that all he needed to do was—"*Jest*
"*T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.*"

For years the automotive engineers have been working with the metallurgists of the steel companies to accomplish that result in your automobile.

You can recall when there used to be such a thing as "axle trouble"—when transmissions wore out; when clutches had to be replaced; when, if you wanted extra power, you had to pay the initial cost and heavier upkeep of extra weight.

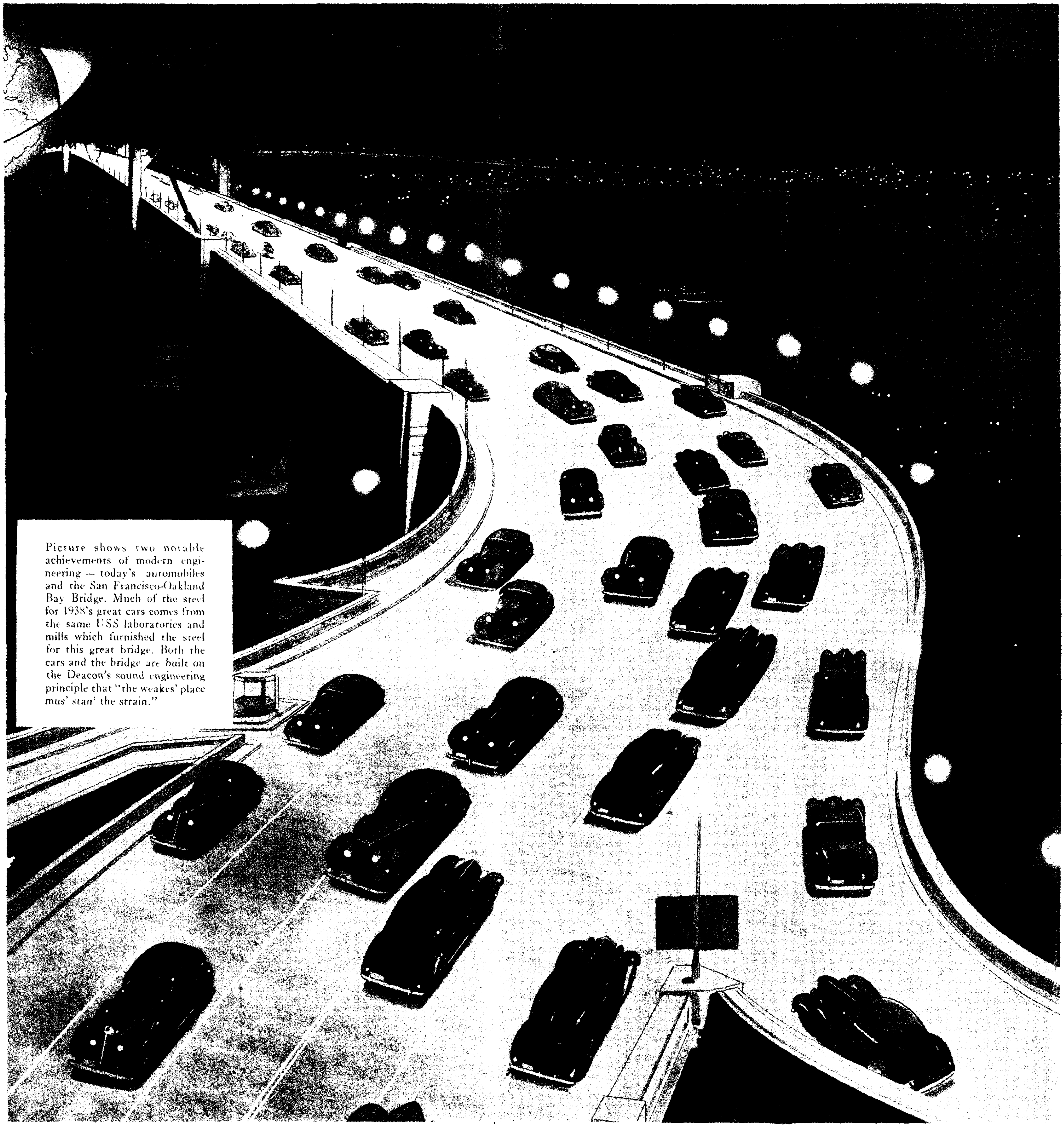
Today there is no "weakes' place." Carefully developed grades of U S S Alloy Steels combine strength and lightness in vital parts; make possible inexpensive cars which are faster and safer than the biggest cars of a decade ago. The values that will be exhibited at the Automobile Shows this fall mark a new high; they are an achievement in which both the automobile companies and the steel industry can take pride.

"Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, Steel of the finest, bright and blue." The Deacon insisted on this. Automobile manufacturers have been equally insistent. In the 1938 cars there is not merely *one* fine steel; there are literally hundreds—each representing a different specification, worked out for a definite purpose. Be sure to see these finer cars, and to ride in them, at show time.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

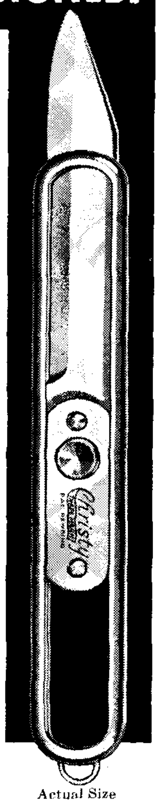
UNITED STATES STEEL

1938 car



Picture shows two notable achievements of modern engineering — today's automobiles and the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. Much of the steel for 1938's great cars comes from the same USS laboratories and mills which furnished the steel for this great bridge. Both the cars and the bridge are built on the Deacon's sound engineering principle that "the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain."

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

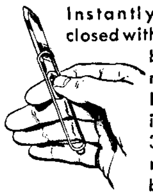


● Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable . . . Brass frame, heavily chromium plated. Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain . . . sturdy enough to stand up under the use to which you put a knife.

Three blades in one



Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Please use coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Actual Size

DEALERS—This is a fast-moving number. Order at once to anticipate increased holiday demand for this ideal gift item.
SALESMEN—Write for interesting proposition.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio. C3

Enclosed is $1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the Knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.)

ALL EYES ARE ON THE MAN WHO LOOKS AHEAD

● A MAN cannot conceal ability. And the man who is determined to go some place and is doing something about it cannot conceal that either. His associates feel it and his superiors recognize it. The man who looks ahead knows the importance of training, and other men who have looked ahead and gone some place know that I. C. S. offers the right kind of training. Look ahead—mail this coupon!

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

there was a demand. Now in Asia there are immense pineapple plantations, just as there are in Hawaii. Asia supplies Europe with pineapple juice and fruit just as Hawaii supplies the United States. Outside of Singapore are some of the largest canning factories on earth. There are thousands of jungle natives who have curry in their pots because *you* like pineapple with your breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

You receive your pineapple juice and fruit in tin cans. The jungle again. The greatest tin mines in the world extend up the Malay Peninsula to southern Burma and to the adjacent islands. This black, placer-mined ore is refined *right on the spot. Perhaps one of the* tigers I've brought back alive stepped on the exact stretch of tin ore that went into the can from which you had your pineapple-juice cocktail! Perhaps even the gold of the watch you looked at to see if dinner was ready came from the jungle gold mines of Pahang!

But to get back to that dinner. Cake with your coffee, perhaps? If it was coconut cake it was jungle produce. If you had oil or dressing on your salad it may have come from the jungle. And when you washed your hands before dinner you did so with a part of the jungle!

Coconuts cover a multitude of blessings. Practically every freight boat that leaves the East carries a full cargo of copra—which is dried coconut. From this jungle-grown coconut we get our fine soaps, some substitutes for butter, many of our salad oils, and all of our coconut that goes into our candies and cakes.

We still aren't through with that dinner. If you had any kind of relish its delicate flavor came from the jungle. For since the days of Marco Polo the spice trade made the world Far East conscious. Hundreds of years ago ships were sailing around the Cape of Good Hope to Europe with jungle-grown cinnamon, cloves, pepper and nutmeg from the "Spice" islands.

The Nutmeg Problem

The cinnamon plant, growing wild, forms a small tree. Under cultivation it is kept trimmed so that it constantly sends up long, willowy shoots. It is the peeled, dried bark from these shoots that forms our commercial cinnamon for food and the manufacture of incense. Little of this plant is wasted, for the oil is even pressed from the roots and becomes camphor.

Perhaps you've wondered at the difference between black and white pepper. Actually there is none; both come from the same jungle plant—a climbing plant which when wild grows to a height of about twenty feet. The fruit is a string of small berries, green at first, then red, and yellow when ripe. These berries when gathered and dried form black pepper. But if the skins are removed before they are dried the product is white pepper. It's as simple as that.

The cultivation of nutmeg, however—the same nutmeg you perhaps had on top of your tapioca pudding—is not so simple. There is a problem here which troubles the most ambitious of native planters.

The nutmeg plant forms a tree from thirty to fifty feet high. It is raised from seed, and commercially the trees are planted about thirty feet apart. But the great difficulty is that the nutmeg is dioecious—that is, it bears male flowers on one tree and female on another. Imagine the embarrassment of a planter when, after waiting seven years for his orchard to bear, he discovers half his trees are male, which are of course useless for nutmegs! As one male tree in seven is sufficient, there is nothing to do but cut down six of the males, plant six other trees, and wait another seven years for better luck, as there is no way of distinguishing the trees when young.

Castor oil, another important commercial product, also comes from the jungle. It is extracted from the seeds of *Ricinus communis*, a native plant of the tropics a common weed in Ceylon (from where you perhaps get your tea) and cultivated in India.

Ever hear of coca? Undoubtedly it's in some form in your medicine cabinet. Originally from Peru, where the natives used to chew its leaves to give them energy, the wild plant has been transported to Ceylon and Java where it is *extensively* cultivated. It forms a small bush like the tea plant, and its mature leaves are picked, dried, and exported. What for? Any medical man will tell you, for the leaves of jungle-grown coca form one of our most valuable local anesthetics—cocaine.

While we're still at the medicine cabinet, give a thought to the cinchona tree. Never heard of it? You've used its product many times. Perhaps it has even saved your life as it has saved literally millions of lives since its discovery. It saved mine more than once.

The bark of this tree, in powdered form, was first introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century by the Jesuits from Peru. It became well-known in 1638 when the Countess of Chinchon was cured by its aid from a raging fever. From this time on, the bark of the cinchona was in great demand. In such demand that by 1860 there was danger that these valuable wild trees of Peru would become extinct, as the method of getting the bark was to fell the tree.

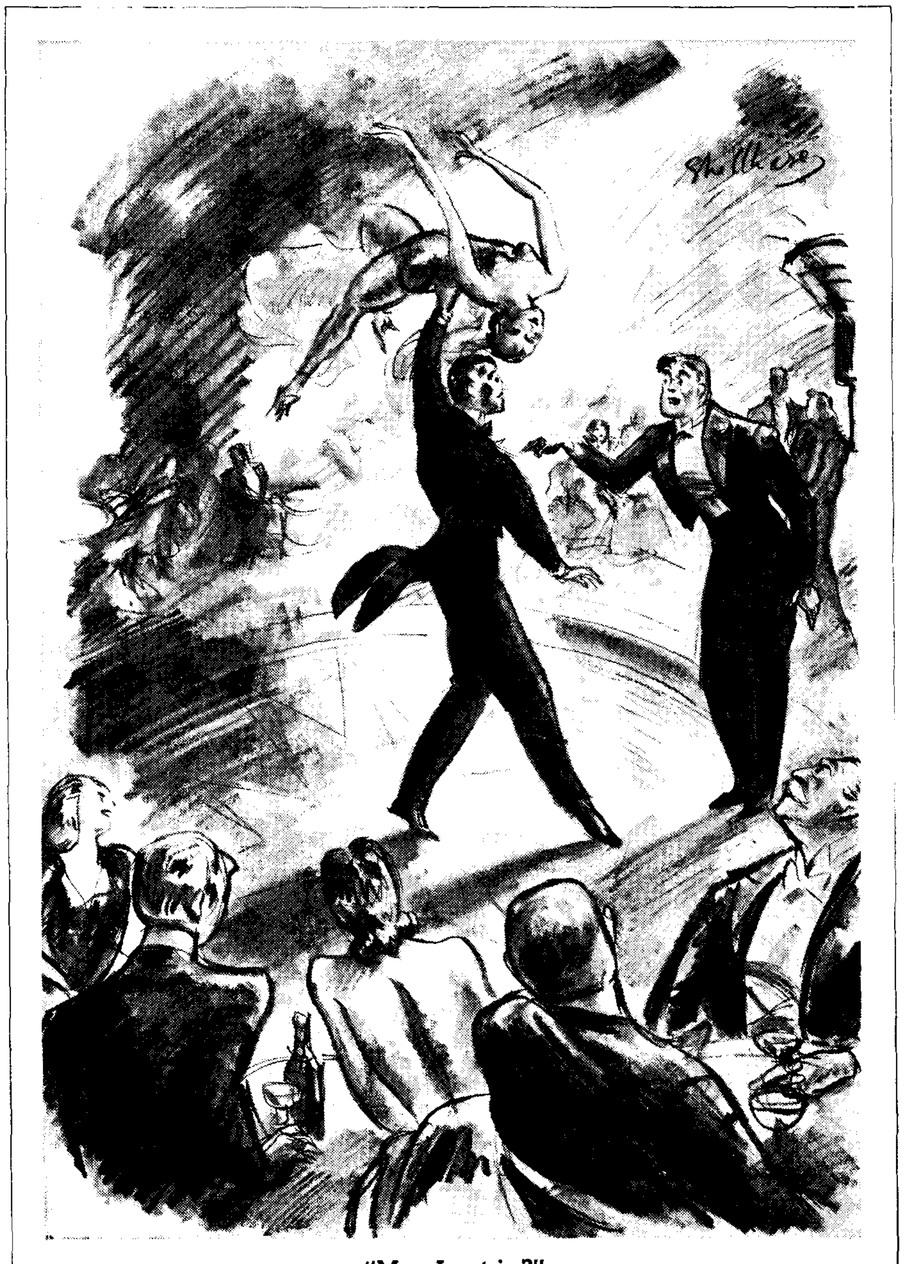
An expedition under Sir Clements Markham was sent to Peru and a large number of young cinchona plants and seeds were obtained and introduced into the jungles of India, Ceylon and Java. Here it was discovered that by carefully shaving the bark, and by binding the wound with moss, the valuable bark would rapidly grow again. Today it is these jungle-grown cinchona trees we must thank for that indispensable drug—quinine.

A Tree That Saves Lives

Three years ago, while in Burma, I visited one of the most successful cinchona plantations in the world. It is owned by a group of London bankers and financiers and has hundreds of acres of bearing trees in the midst of the jungle, with another thousand acres of young trees from one to five years old.

To me this plantation was a beautiful sight. To you it probably would have been just acres of trees. But to me, accustomed to the dangerous life of the tropics, it meant future hundreds of thousands of lives saved from malaria, and other endless suffering alleviated by the use of quinine. Right then and there I thanked the jungle, for a successful commercial business for myself in the wild animal line, and for all the means of sustaining life even to the necessary medicine to make life possible there.

Next time you sit down on your porch, eat a meal, mail a letter, drive your car, chew gum, or get sick—thank the jungle *too!*



"May I cut in?" GEORGE SHELLHASE

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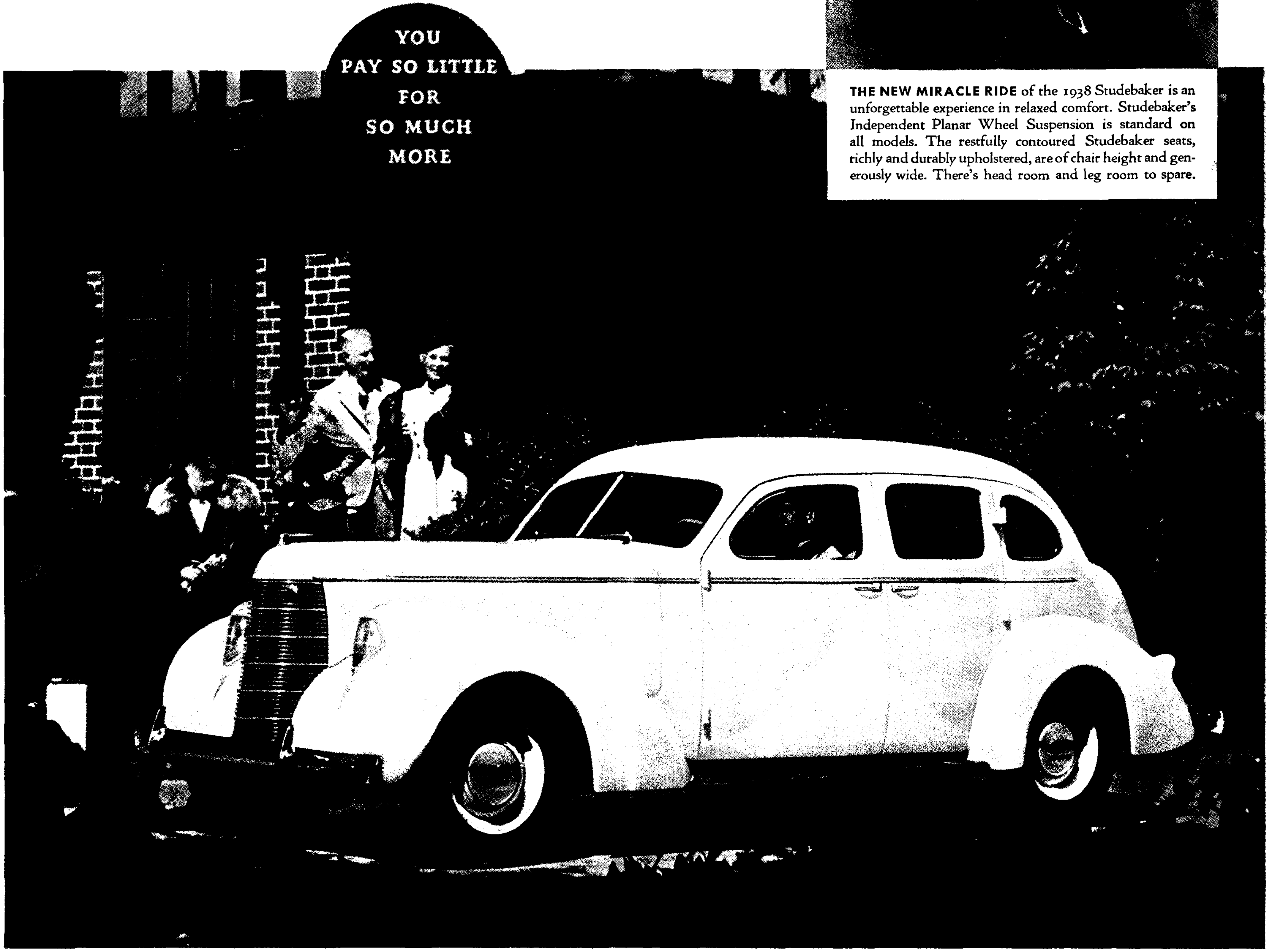

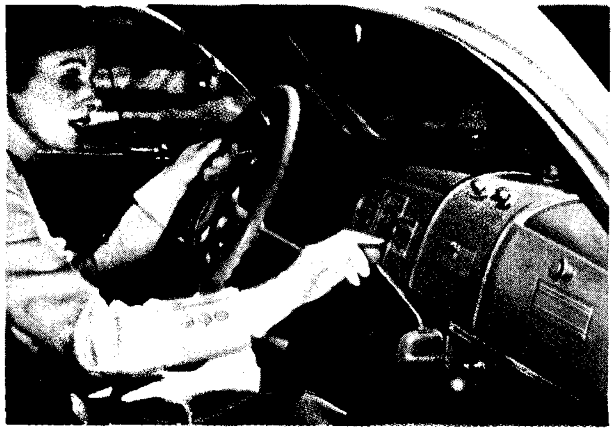

THE NEW MIRACLE SHIFT available at slight extra cost on all new 1938 Studebaker Commanders and Presidents gives you nothing new to learn. You shift more easily but in the accustomed way and the front floor is completely clear.

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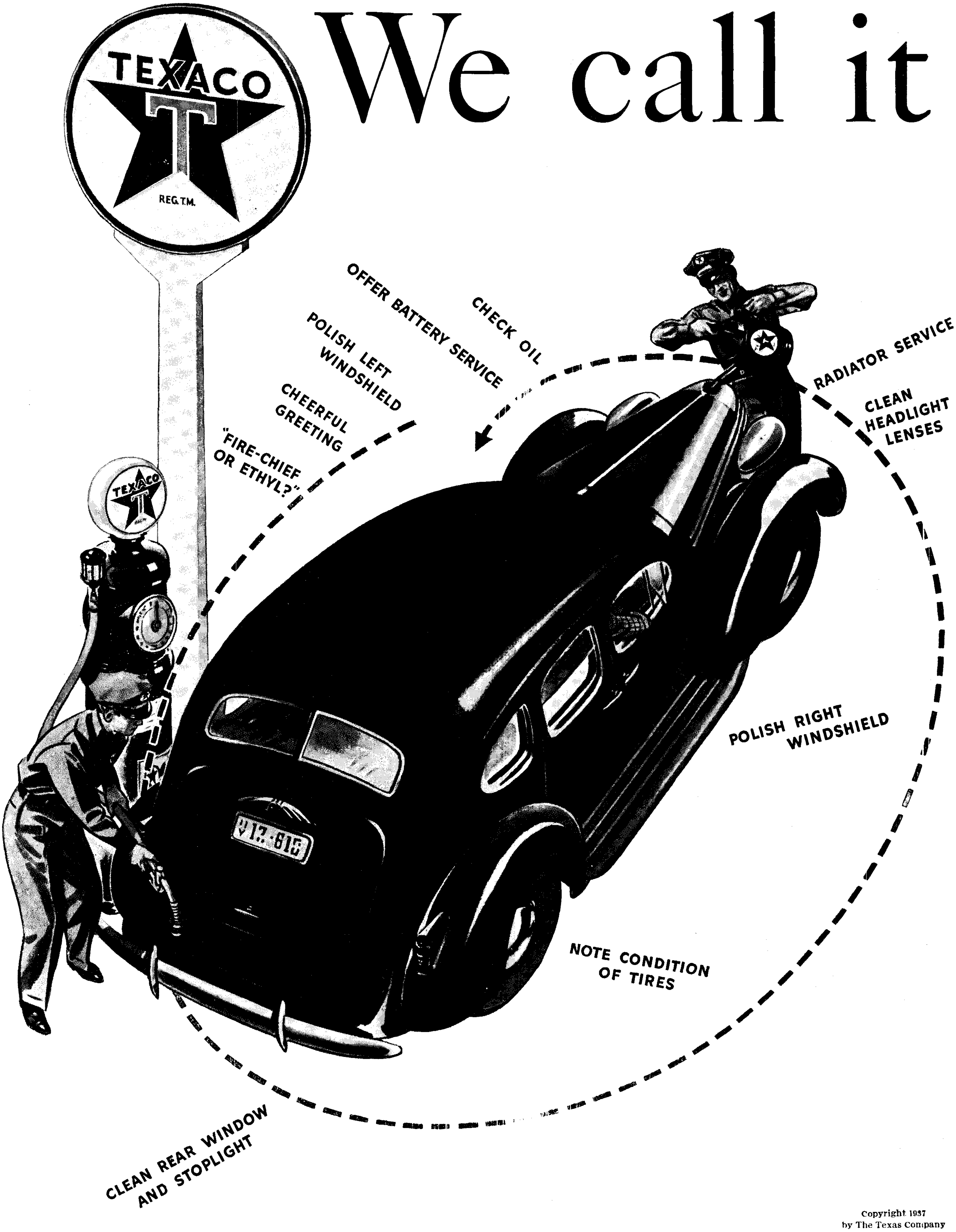
Never since Studebaker automobiles first were built . . . and that covers a lot of time and a lot of cars . . . has so small an amount of money bought you so much impressive Studebaker luxury and fineness as you will get in any 1938 Studebaker model.

And to top that off, you'll get a Studebaker that's completely new . . . with body, chassis, appointments, advancements and performance the last word. A car with the balanced, clean-cut, functional simplicity of modern skyscraper architecture! And it's one of the handful of truly outstanding cars in economy of gasoline and oil!

Go to the nearest Studebaker salesroom now and see and drive these low-priced luxury Studebakers of 1938. If you do, you'll give yourself a real advantage in your search for the utmost in 1938 car value. Sold on C. I. T. budget plan. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

New low priced luxury

STUDEBAKER
OF 1938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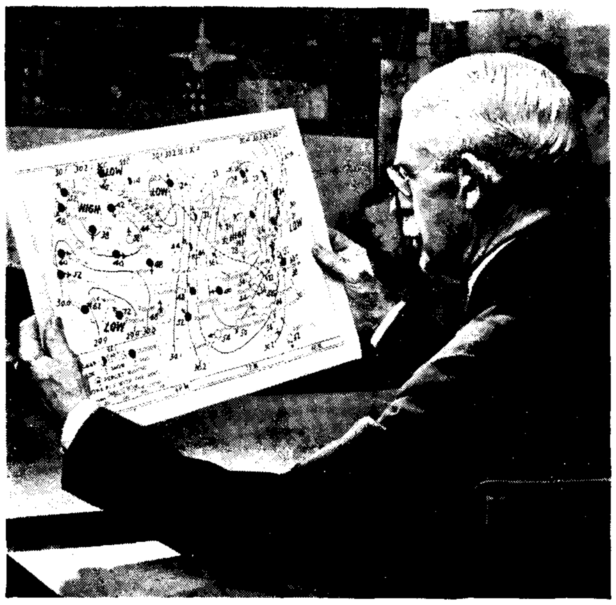

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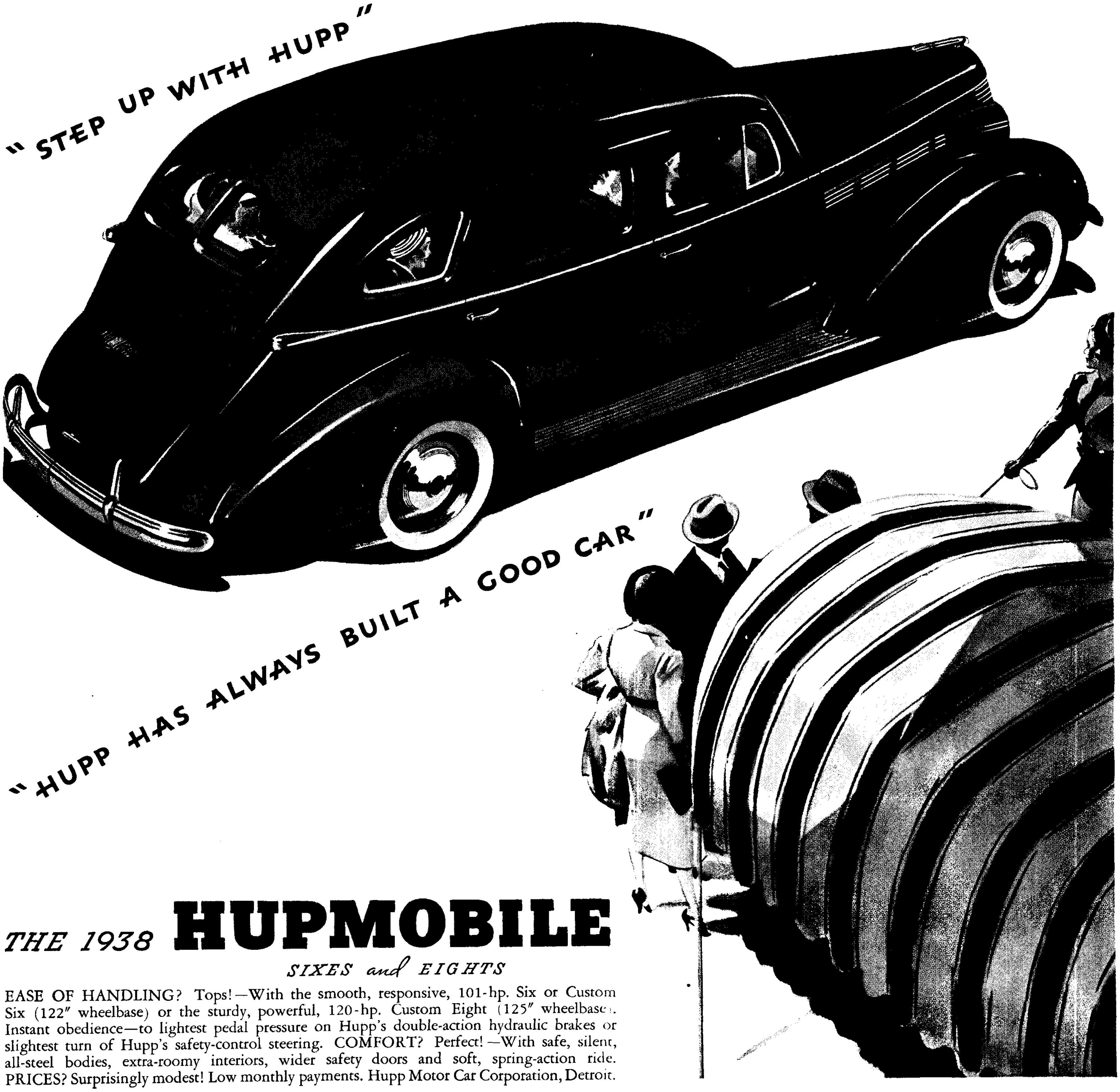
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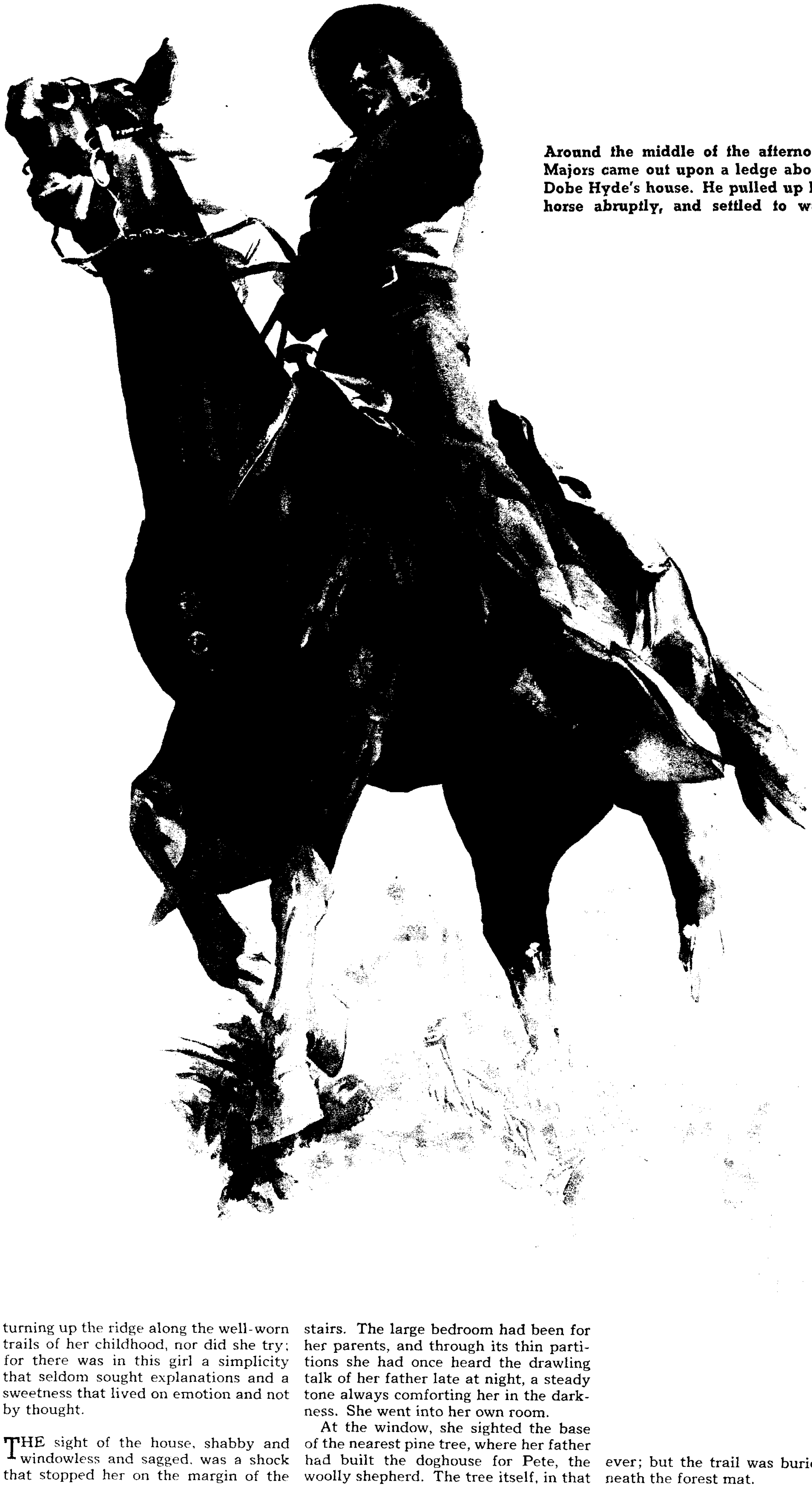
Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



Around the middle of the afternoon Majors came out upon a ledge above Dobe Hyde's house. He pulled up his horse abruptly, and settled to wait

The Story Thus Far:

JIM MAJORS (Sundown Jim), a deputy United States marshal with orders to capture, or kill, five bandits believed to be in hiding in the Silver Lode Range region, arrives in the little town of Reservation. To his surprise, he finds that no one, not even Charley Chavis, the town marshal, will co-operate with him or answer any of his questions.

Looking for an explanation, he learns that trouble is brewing between two hostile factions, one headed by old Pedee Barr and Ben Maffitt, a notorious killer; the other led by the Ketchums, the Oldroyds and Buff Sultan. No strangers, certainly no deputy marshals, are welcome.

A series of attempts are made to intimidate Majors, to force him to leave Reservation. When they fail, Ben Maffitt decides to kill the new arrival. By this time, Majors has found three friends, girls who have been impressed by his honesty and courage: "Tony," a waif whom he had befriended in a time of need; Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine; and Edith Sultan, Buff Sultan's sister.

Warned by one of these girls, Katherine Barr, of what Maffitt is planning to do, Majors cleverly protects himself when Maffitt attacks him. Then (for reasons of his own, but to the amazement of the town) he saves his enemy's life when Maffitt is, in turn, almost killed by old man Oldroyd's son, Matt!

Matt, it appears, is in love with "Tony." The girl, an orphan, had lived with the Oldroyds for a number of years; then, when she was old enough to work for a living, old Oldroyd had ordered her to leave his home. From her, Matt has learned something of Majors' true character—his innate fineness, his superb moral strength; the boy does not harbor a grudge against Jim Majors.

But Dobe Hyde, a slippery schemer, does. Hyde hates Maffitt. He has never, heretofore, joined either faction. Now, enraged at Majors' "meddling," he throws in his lot with the anti-Barr crowd. A few hours later, Ring Barr, one of old Pedee's sons, is killed by a gang led by Hyde—and old man Oldroyd is shot, in retaliation, by Ring's brother, Dan. . . .

Escorting his father's body home, Matt Oldroyd finds himself thinking, with bitterness, of the past. His thoughts revolve around his father—and poor little Tony whom his father had so cruelly cast adrift.

VII

AS SOON as Matt Oldroyd left Reservation, Tony went up to her room and put on a pair of old riding pants and a man's blue shirt; and crossed to the stable to borrow a horse. She rode directly to the deserted house which once had been her home.

Her mother had died; her father, one day ten years ago, had been killed. On that day old man Oldroyd and his wife, riding up in a buggy, had packed her few things and taken her home. She had not said anything to them, nor had they asked if she wished to go. It was something that had happened to her, beyond her control, as so many things in her life had been beyond her control.

Since that time she had never returned to the house, not wanting to be hurt again as she had been on that day of departure. She could not precisely explain to herself now her reasons for turning up the ridge along the well-worn trails of her childhood, nor did she try; for there was in this girl a simplicity that seldom sought explanations and a sweetness that lived on emotion and not by thought.

THE sight of the house, shabby and windowless and sagged, was a shock that stopped her on the margin of the clearing.

Afterward she went inside and saw how hard the place had been used by weather and cattle. She saw the note nailed above the fireplace and read it incuriously and went up the unsteady stairs. The large bedroom had been for her parents, and through its thin partitions she had once heard the drawling talk of her father late at night, a steady tone always comforting her in the darkness. She went into her own room.

At the window, she sighted the base of the nearest pine tree, where her father had built the doghouse for Pete, the woolly shepherd. The tree itself, in that day, had reached only as high as the roof; now it was half again as tall. Beyond it lay the trail to the spring. She had thought, from all the times she had packed water up that little hill, that it would be beaten into the ground forever; but the trail was buried now beneath the forest mat.

These were the things she remembered, turning back down the stairs. They were fresh, vivid images that came to her, one after another, as though all this still was and would always be. She could close her eyes and bring ev-

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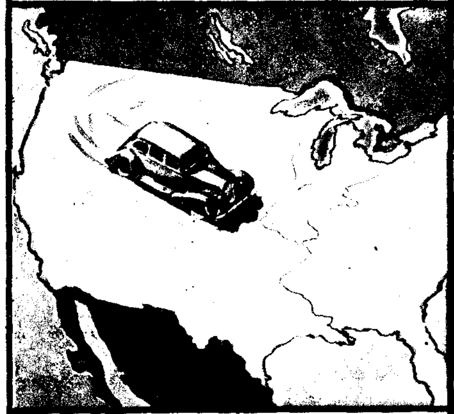

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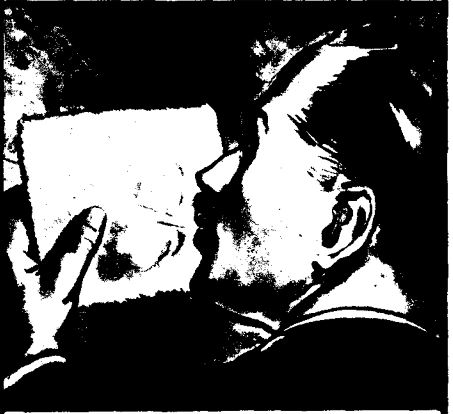

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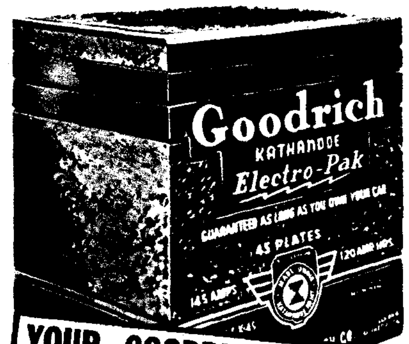

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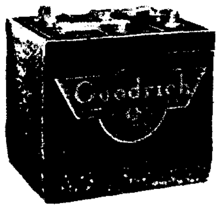

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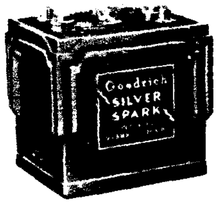

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erything back. And did. And opened her eyes again and saw the gray ruin.

This way she idled, her expression lightening and darkening to the play of her thoughts, when a rider galloped across the clearing and jumped down. Dan Barr came through the door and saw her and stopped immediately. Surprise widened the thorough darkness of his eyes and went away. He looked tired and nervous and at the end of his rope. He said. "Hello, Tony," and walked straight to the fireplace, attracted by the sheet of paper tacked over it. Tony watched his shoulders hunch forward and drop as he read that single word. She didn't know the handwriting, but he apparently did and it seemed to mean something to him, for when he turned back all expressiveness had gone from his face. He was the best of the Barrs, but now, to Tony, he looked as black and as faithless as the rest of the tribe.

Her voice was a faint melody in the empty room: "What's the matter, Dan?"

He looked at her a long while, strangely and without hope. "You grew up in this house, didn't you, Tony?"

"Till I was ten."

He said: "Sure. I remember. You must hate the Barrs. God knows you've got plenty of reason."

It was the way men spoke of hate that always disturbed her. It was their unrelenting memory of injuries done she could never understand. She said: "I don't hate anybody, Dan. What good would it do me? What good does it do anybody?"

He kept his eyes steadily raised on her, strain continuous in them. "Tony," he said, "it's a terrible world."

She shook her head, wiser now than he would ever be. "Not the world, Dan. Not the hills nor the rain nor the sky. The world is so beautiful. It's the people who spoil everything."

"Sure. And still you don't hate 'em for what they've done?"

Her lips turned to a faint smile. "No," she murmured. "No."

A WAGON'S wheels set up a groaning in the morning's quiet, the sound of it whipping Dan Barr around. She had not noticed this muscular tension until now, but he went across the room in quick, catlike steps and paused there, both hands lying flat along his thighs. He had his body swung forward. His head turned slowly, to show how carefully he kept his eyes on that approaching wagon. Out there Matt Oldroyd's brief, seldom-stirred voice rose:

"Well, Dan?"

In Tony was a thorough indifference to the quarrels of men, yet now she moved suddenly across the room and pressed Dan Barr aside and stepped to the porch. Dan Barr said irritably, "Don't get in front of me," and moved down from the porch into the yard. He said, "Hello, Matt," with a distant civility, with a high faint ring in the words. She remained on the porch, so wise in the ways of men, and felt hostility flow along the yard. They were like two strange dogs, stiffened against each other and waiting.

Matt Oldroyd was a slack shape on the wagon seat. His big hands clung idly to the reins and his shoulders were dropped forward. Beneath the shadow of the hatbrim his long face remained darkly composed. The edges of his yellow hair showed against his sun-darkened skin and his eyebrows made two short bleached lines. He was a larger man than Dan Barr and a quieter one, and once all three of them had been children roaming these hills. From her place on the porch she saw a shape in the wagon box, covered by a blanket. It was that which moved her quickly across the yard until she stood below Matt. Dan Barr called again, "Don't get in front of me, Tony."

Tony said, "Matt—I'm sorry."

Matt Oldroyd watched Dan Barr, the solemn composure not stirred by any expression. He said: "What are you afraid of, Dan?"

"We're not friends, Matt."

"That may be. I do not know—and I'm not passin' judgment."

Dan Barr said swiftly: "I don't want to talk to you."

She saw them both, one man deliberately locking himself behind a barrier, and one man slowly growing before her eyes. It was Matt who grew. He sat loosely on the wagon's seat, thoughtfully refusing a quarrel. He made a big and patient shape against the sunlight, with a quietness that came out like water damping down flame. Somewhere in his riding silence he had risen above his careless youth. "Then," he remarked, "you'd better catch up and go, Dan."

"You'll be fighting against me soon enough."

"Not sure," murmured Matt.

DAN BARR shook his head and his eyes traveled to the wagon box and jerked away with a recoil Tony could plainly see. He went about the head of the team to his own horse and swung to the saddle, thin-shaped in the day's long light. A moment later he rushed out of the clearing.

Matt said to the girl: "What brought you here?"

"I wish I hadn't come," she told him. She noticed the change in his face and instantly added: "Oh, no, Matt. I came alone. But there isn't anything left that I remembered. I wish I hadn't come."

He turned the reins around the brake handle and slid his long legs down. He took off his hat, as he always did before her, with a gesture half awkward and half humble. "For you," he said, "nothing has been right. You've had the worst of it all the way through—and none of it was your doing. I have thought of that a lot."

She said: "I'm sorry about your father."

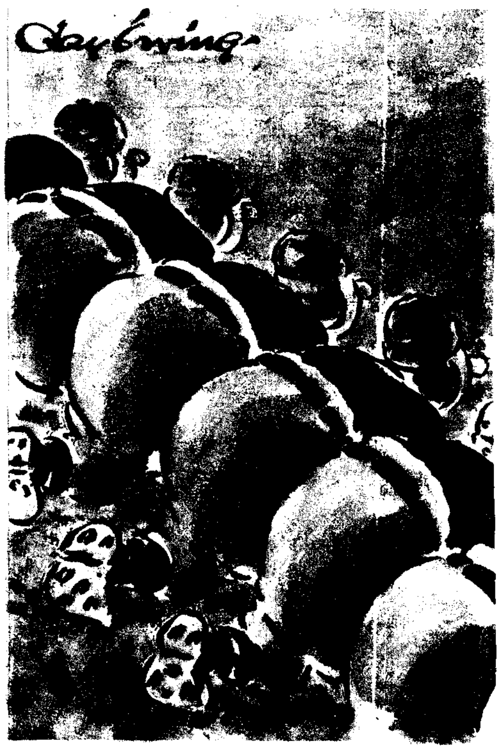
"I believe you are—and that's a strange thing, for he never did you a kindness. He put you out of our house."

"Maybe he was right," she said.

He said: "Tony, there's something in you, like—" but he couldn't put his tongue to it and stood there with his bronzed forehead marked by one deep line. "A sweetness you always had—and never lost."

She said, "Don't feel sorry for me."

He said: "Certain things that have happened I have never ceased to regret."



She had a pride—and that pride was hurt. "I don't want regret, Matt," she answered.

"I know," he said. "I know. I'm not tryin' to give out charity."

She looked at him. "Why, what made you that wise?"

His shoulders lifted a little and dropped. "I've had a long time to think," he replied.

But she was remembering the years between and all that had happened to her, and what she had been and what she couldn't be to a man like Matt. Fatalism covered her expression and deadened her voice. "Maybe once, Matt. For us. But it is too late now."

She went away from him to her horse and rode quickly from the meadow. Matt remained there by the wheel of the wagon, his glance going after her.

FROM the corner of the hotel, Jim Majors watched Matt drive the wagon toward the ridge and later saw Tony gallop away from town. The sun was up, but the scent of winter cut the windless morning rather sharply. The spires of the Silver Lode showed a deeper dusting of white. In a week or so the first winter storm would sweep over the land.

These were idle thoughts dropped into the main stream of his thinking. He lighted a cigar and put the corner of a shoulder more comfortably against the hotel wall, reflecting that Matt had brought in the first news of a fight now almost four hours old. It was a little strange, this delay in a country where news of violence spread on the wings of the wind. The stable hostler had been across the square listening to Matt's talk; and now the hostler was telling the town. The little man limped into the Old Dixie, and limped out; and went on down to the print shop, and crossed the street with a pegging briskness. The saloonman came from the Old Dixie and strolled directly up to Charley Chavis' office. Broderick came as far as the doorway of the hotel, speaking across Majors' shoulder. "You have played hell," he said tersely, and stamped back into his place.

It was ten-thirty when another rider trotted down the Barr ranch road and entered the Old Dixie. The saloonkeeper, meanwhile, had returned to his place. Presently Charley Chavis came down and beckoned to the feed-store man. Both of them went into the Old Dixie. The printer walked out of his shop, destined also for the saloon. But he paused at the door and threw one glance across to Majors, his face rather oddly white in the morning sun, and went in.

The town, usually so asleep, was wide awake. Majors could feel that change and understand it. Reservation was the cockpit of these stormy hills, extremely sensitive to the forces that played against it from either direction. These shopkeepers lived for profit, not caring a great deal which side held the upper hand, but fearful always of any change that might draw the wrath of the factions down upon it. This, Majors knew, was the prime reason for the hatred the people of Reservation showed him.

At eleven his cigar, carefully nursed, was smoked out and his patience, always so difficult to control, was about gone. He crossed the street and went beyond the vacant building into the general store operated by a quiet man named Webber, and by Webber's wife. He bought two more cigars and went out; and was walking away when Webber's wife called his name: "Majors."

Like that. Quick and peremptory. He turned, seeing her ample shape sway through the store. She was a solid, red-faced woman with high cheekbones. She faced him intolerantly. She said: "Why couldn't you leave this country alone?"

He lifted his hat and said, "My apologies," and saw Webber, futilely waving his hands, inside the store. He turned from her but her voice went up to a strident pitch and she ran after him and caught his arm and pulled him around.

She was angry in the way a man grows angry, with the desire to inflict physical punishment. Her voice lost its restraint: "Answer me! Why don't you leave us alone? My God, here's two more men dead and now we'll have a war! Nobody wanted you here! We can run our own business. If I was a man I'd do what no other man around here has the nerve to do. I'd shoot you!"

HE HAD no answer. He stood there while people came into the square and stood listening. Mrs. Webber's voice lifted upward and upward. Blood rushed to her cheeks until they were raw red. She yelled, "Before God, I would!" and slapped him twice with a swinging force. Her nails dragged welts up on his skin; she waited uncontrollably before him while the silence got past enduring. The rounds of his eyes were pale gray and he said with a wicked quiet: "Are you through?" And then she struck him again and cried out something he didn't understand, and walked away.

Majors wiped his face. The cigars were still in his hand. He put them in a

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pocket and crossed the street, going into the hotel. Broderick waited there, grayly grinning. Broderick's voice was dry as dust: "Gives you the idea."

Majors cruised the lobby in reaching, restless strides. Fury shook his muscles. He said, "Waiting's hardest, Broderick."

Broderick grunted: "What's to wait for?"

Majors stopped. He kicked a chair before a round poker table in the corner of the lobby and sat down. His fingers reached out and closed around a pack of cards lying there. He didn't answer Broderick.

Broderick repeated the question: "Waitin' for what, Bucko?"

Majors swung hard enough to carry the chair half around, its legs squalling on the boards. He looked at Broderick, the paleness of his eyes brighter and brighter. Broderick closed his mouth and went out of the lobby.

It was a wildness working its way through Majors. It was a weakness that unsteadied the balance of his mind and turned him rash and pushed him toward thoughtless action. Better than any other man he knew that he balanced now on the edge of something that would destroy him if he gave ground. It was why he sat in the chair, his shoulders crowded forward and his hand squeezing the deck of cards out of shape.

HE WAITED for that terrific gust of recklessness to pass by. He waited for the stinging feel of Mrs. Webber's slap, which was the symbol of Reservation's hatred, to wear away. He had been a peace officer long enough to know the loneliness of that job. Whatever he did and whatever he said would be misunderstood, nor could he speak in a way that would make them understand. He dealt in the worst part of the man animal's nature, in passion and prejudice and evil. People watched him for weakness and they watched him for partiality and, sooner or later, somewhere along the line of his work, he would lose even the confidence of the honest ones. There was a cruelty in the death of Oldroyd and in the murder of Ring Barr that was a direct result of seeds sown long before his time. Yet Reservation blamed him for those deaths because he had upset an uneasy peace. His acts had a far end that few people could see—which was a real peace and an open country. People had to die before that came, and somebody had to lose before that came. Of all the actors in this gray scene only Matt Oldroyd seemed to know that.

So he remained thoroughly alone, as he had known he would be. Yet there were times when his isolation was hard to bear, when the hostile silence of people stung his temper and, as now, turned him rash. He sat still, squeezing the deck of cards more and more tightly, and waited quietly for that tempest to pass by.

Broderick came back. "Sundown, Dobe Hyde's in this fight now. Up to the hilt. He organized that raid."

"I was waiting for that."

"Why?"

"I had to see him tip his hand. You can't fight a man unless you know which side he's on."

"Well, you know now. So, then—"

"Not yet. One more man has got to show his hand."

"So you wait," said Broderick, the rumble of discontent in his voice, "while somebody else prob'ly dies."

"Just so," said Majors. He laid his long fingers on the table, narrowly watching them. The bones of his face showed flat and heavy through the tightened skin.

Broderick cruised the length of the lobby and back again. He stopped at the table, the point of his steel arm resting on it. "Sundown," he said, "I kinda been likin' you. But you're dodgin' somethin'. You brought on this war. It would've come anyhow—but you brought it on quick. Oldroyd's dead and the east fork folks have gone to Dobe Hyde for help. So the east fork folks are out of it, because Dobe will make it his own fight and take the rewards. All right. It is Dobe Hyde against the Barrs. One is no better than the other, but you brought that on—and it's your responsibility. You'll take one side or the other. You got to. Which side?"

"I'll wait," said Majors, gently, "for one more thing to happen."

"Wait?" yelled Broderick and struck the table with his steel hook. "No, by God, you can't dodge! One thing or the other."

Majors said in the same dead tone, "Just so. One side or the other. When the time comes for making a choice I won't duck."

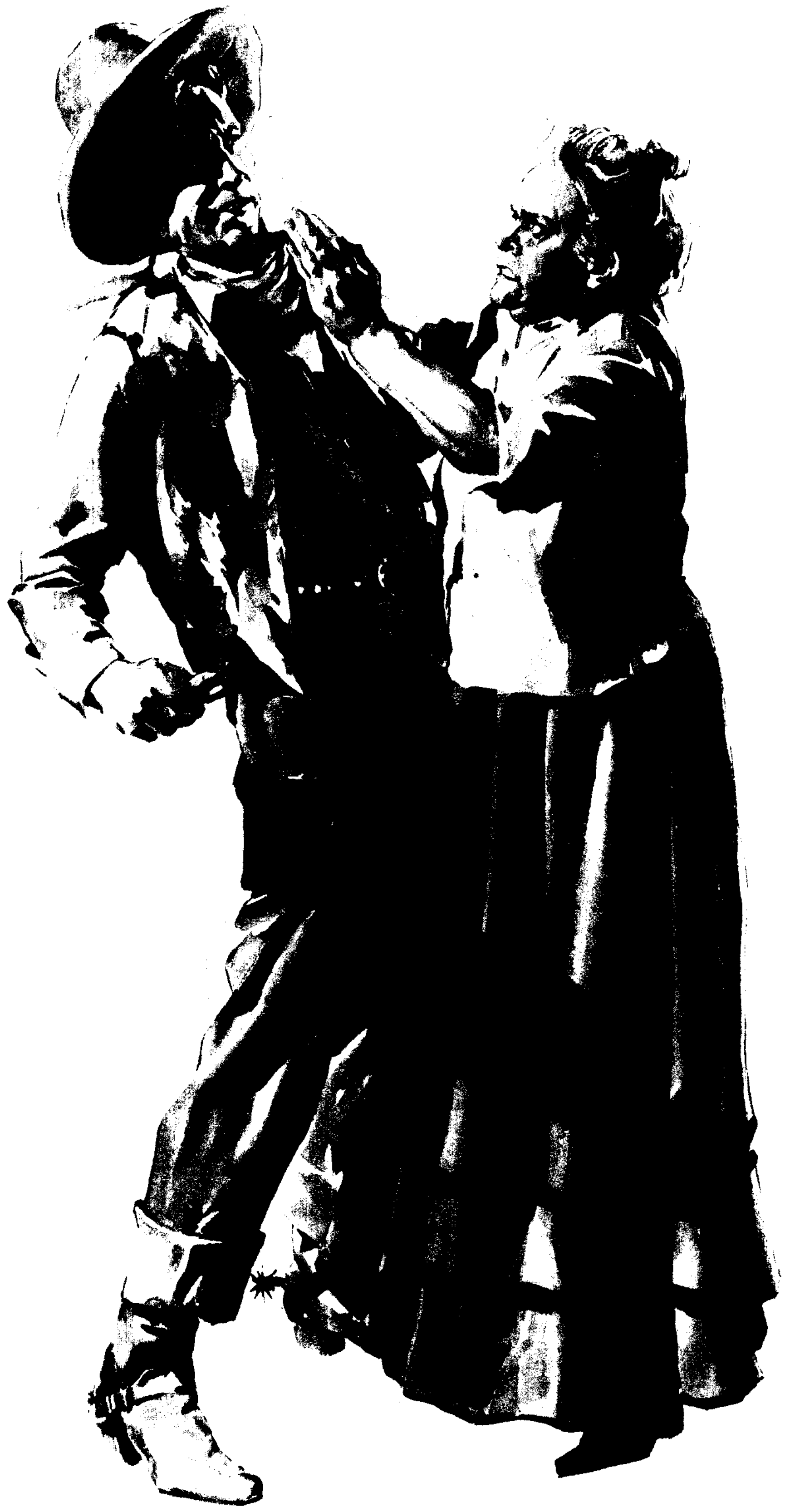
Broderick growled, "You got a hell of a choice. Both sides are wrong—and you carry a star, which makes you responsible for your conduct. I think you played it poorly."

Majors looked up at Broderick. "Why are you worried?"

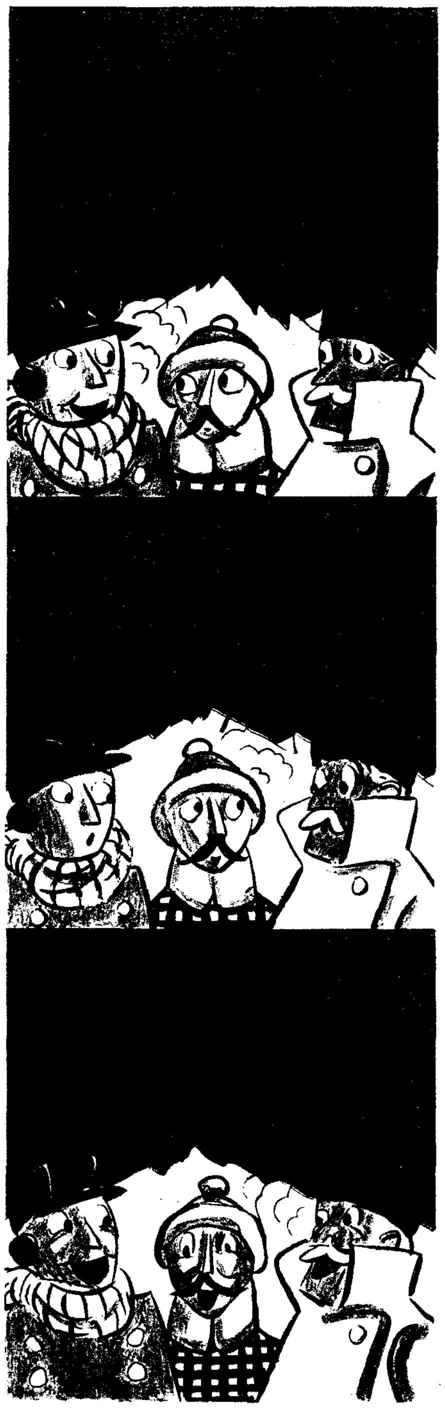
Broderick stared at the big deputy quite a while and finally shrugged his shoulders. There was a dry reluctance in his voice: "Hate to see you make a mistake, Sundown. You're a man I admire."

HE EVIDENTLY meant to say more, and didn't. For at that moment a pony rushed across the square and halted by the hotel. The next moment Katherine Barr half walked and half ran through the lobby door. Riding color flushed her cheeks and her eyes were brightly bitter when she turned them on Majors. She said, "I want to talk to you."

Majors pulled his long legs from beneath the table. He took off his hat and laid it on the table, and stood up, a heavy and tough and taciturn shape in the room. He said to Broderick: "Close



She struck him again and cried out something he didn't understand



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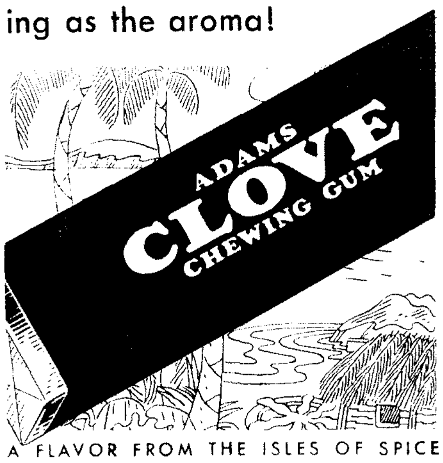

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

the door on the way out." And waited until Broderick had gone.

He said: "You're going to tell me I have brought all this on your family, that I'm responsible for your brother's death. You're going to say I am a killer like Maffitt."

She flung one word at him in a throaty whisper, "Yes," and squared her shoulders. She wore her habitual riding suit, trousers tucked into short boots, and a man's cotton shirt whose opened collar lay back from the whiteness of her throat. She held a quirt in one hand, the knuckles pale from the pressure she put on it. Her cheeks were quite colored from her riding and from her temper and that brilliant anger kept brightening her eyes. There was a fire in this girl that made her lovely, bringing out the rich and headlong qualities of a spirit otherwise hidden behind the cool reserve of her lips. He could stand here now and admire the stirring picture of a full woman and feel the strange things a man feels when he looks upon beauty and knows that it will never be for him.

He said very slowly, very quietly: "For whatever I have done to your family, Katherine, I'll pay out in regret."

She cried: "Why do you make it so hard for me? I came here to hurt you as much as I could!"

"A man's conscience will do that to him."

"Then you know you've been wrong?"

He looked at her with a smile shadowed by wistfulness. He shook his head. "No, Katherine, I don't think I have been. I said I'd regret all that's happened. But it had to happen just as it did happen."

She flung her question at him: "Do you think Dobe Hyde is better than the Barrs?"

"No," he said. "No."

"Remember that, Jim. For it was Dobe who killed Ring. And it will be Dobe who tries to run us out of the valley. Maybe my family has been wrong. As wrong as the Sultans and Ketchums, who always have hated us. I don't know. Maybe we've been wrong to be friendly with Maffitt. It's hard to know what's right and what isn't, when you're fighting to live. That's what my family has been doing for ten years. It's hard to be fair when your people are killed. I had an older brother who was shot in the first fight, years ago. That was Clay. And all this time the man who killed him has ridden this valley as though he had done something to be proud of. Matt Oldroyd's father killed my brother. Now Matt's father is dead and you're blaming the Barrs."

HIS question prompted her gently: "How did Tony's father die, Katherine?"

She looked at him, her anger showing its first break. She said, in a quieter way: "I know."

"So," he said, "we have blood on both sides and the quarrel would never die out."

"It might have died," she said, "if you had let us alone."

He lifted an arm, pointing through the door. "Before I had been in Reservation two hours a man was shot down. That's your country, Katherine. But I tried for a compromise. I got everybody together in this room. When I got them together I knew nothing would work."

"This is what I came to tell you," she said. "My brother Dan and I have always been less bitter than the rest of our family. We have wanted to be peaceful. But the east fork people are using Dobe Hyde, who will have his own way and who will stop at nothing. The Sultans are fools to trust him, and the Ketchums are fools—and we will fight because we have to."

"I expect that," he said.

She said in a quick, protesting tone: "You can be so cruel at times."

"I have no hope of a kinder judgment," he told her.

She stood still, watching the way his heavy face settled. Anger left her eyes completely and her lips softened from her thinking. "There might have been a time," she murmured, "when I might have judged you differently. I think you knew that yesterday on the ridge."

He nodded, not speaking, and watched the expressive turning of her features while a deep hunger woke and thrashed through him and left him heavy-tempered again. There was a whiteness on her temples, at the edge of her shining black hair. He remembered that afternoon too clearly. One powerful flash, like heat, had touched them both—disturbing them in a manner they had both recognized. He thought of that and knew his chance had come to him then and had gone away; and wouldn't come again. The memory of violence and death would never let them reach that moment again.

She said, "Goodby, Jim," and left the lobby.

BRODERICK came immediately in from the street, breath running strongly through the man's deep lungs. He said: "Charley Chavis dropped somethin' to Soder, which I caught on the bounce. Somebody saw Ben Maffitt ridin' the ridge a while back. Ridin' toward Dobe Hyde's valley."

Majors had started toward the dining room. He stopped and turned. He said: "You think Chavis wanted you to hear that?"

Broderick looked steadily at Majors. "I didn't hear it. A certain friend of mine brought the news to me. I got a few telegraph lines of my own in this town, Sundown."

Majors wheeled into the dining room and ate dinner; and afterward walked directly to the stable, saddling up. He had mounted and was lighting one of the store cigars when Doc Showers came in, on the half-run as usual. Showers said, "Henry, get my rig," and watched Majors drag in the cigar's smoke with a thoroughly disapproving eye. "Hate to see you do that, son. Tobacco's like a common woman—a comfort you'll later regret."

Majors grinned and trotted across the square, turning into the east fork road. He let the horse have its run, and settled then to a casual pace along the willow-fringed Ute. Ketchum's house showed its white wall from afar and the afternoon breeze bit through his shirt. The land lay brown under the sunlight, with cattle here and there grazing the low pastures. By Sultan's place he saw the girl Edith gaiting a horse in the yard. She waved at him and he drew in and waited until she came up.

She said: "You've heard about the shooting?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said with a directness he liked, "Buff was in on that. But he never lifted his gun. The thing has left him pretty sick. I want you to know that. Not apologizing, but you won't find any Sultans riding with Dobe again."

He said, "I'm glad to hear it."

SHE looked at him carefully. "Your horse is headed toward bad country. I think I'd better tell you so."

He lifted his hat and went on, soon turning into the canyon. Beyond it, he worked eastward through a high piny country and around the middle of the afternoon came out on a ledge above Dobe Hyde's car-shaped house. Squatted down on his heels, he waited there.

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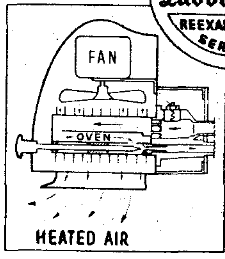

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of approaching winter had driven Maffitt's crowd into the kitchen. They sat around the table, playing an idle game of poker. Brick Brand now and then left the game to stoke up the stove. Maffitt, not playing, sat watching the other four; and was like that when Little Peters rode back from the valley. "Well," he said, "the ball sure has opened. Dobe Hyde and some of the east fork crowd caught the Barr boys flat-footed this mornin' down at the line cabin. They killed Ring, knocked all the glass out of the cabin and trotted back home. Dan Barr walked into it and got old man Oldroyd."

The card game died. Maffitt said, "How'd you find out?"

"Stopped in at the Barr house." Little Peters' nose was red from riding and he went over to the stove, slapping his hands together. "Pedee said for you to come down. He wants to see you."

MAFFITT was a thoroughly indolent shape in the chair, his huge bulk spilling over its edges. One arm lay on the table; his blunt fingers set up a slow, steady tapping and his lips crawled back from his teeth. All of them were quiet and thoughtful, considering their own fortunes in this. Brand reached out and collected the cards and laid the deck on the table, shuffling it and reshuffling it. Little Peters said:

"The Barr family can't cut it, Ben."

Maffitt shook his head. "Through. I saw it comin'. This Majors is a smart man. He played for a break and he got it."

Brick Brand's eyes laid a narrowing attention on the cards. The cuts on his mouth from the fight with Majors were beginning to heal into long, irregular scars; and the fight had put something in his head that showed through his eyes like a permanent shadow. But he remained silent. Little Peters spoke again. "Maybe. Still, he didn't figure on Dobe, who's been sleepin' in the background. Dobe's a wolf waitin' for the smell of meat."

Maffitt nodded. "Dobe will beat the Barrs—and he'll use Sultan and Ketchum for a while. Then he'll beat those boys, too."

Brand broke his silence: "What about us?"

"You want to fight Dobe Hyde?" said Maffitt.

"Well, Pedee has stuck by us," Brand replied.

Little Peters came back from the stove, standing across from Maffitt. "If you figure to help Pedee, Ben, you talk for yourself. Not for me."

"Why," said Brand, "he's helped us. We owe the man somethin'."

The rest of the crowd looked at him. Maffitt's lips were pulled back in that grimace which looked like a smile. He said, "You're a crook, Brick, and so am I and we can't afford friends. We play with the winnin' side. Which is the winnin' side?"

"Dobe," said Peters. "No question."

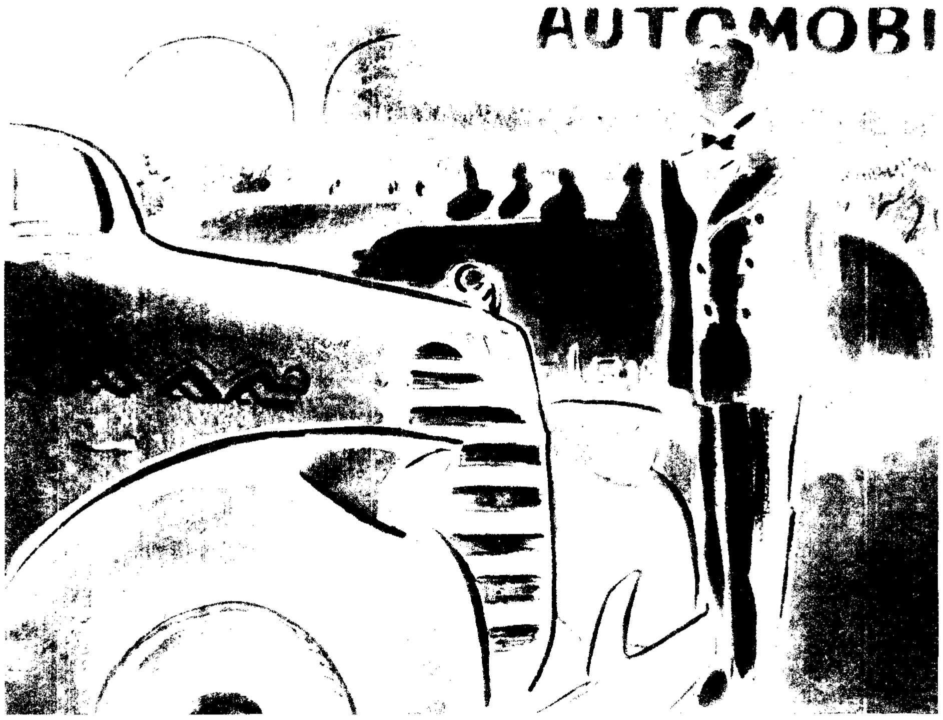
"So," said Maffitt, and got up and left the house. Brick Brand's fingers kept mixing the cards. His face showed stronger color. He looked around the group with a distinct irritability. "Man can play straight with his friends, can't he?"

Little Peters said: "Don't be a damned fool, Brick."

BEN MAFFITT saddled his horse and took the down trail to the Barrs. Near the river bridge he ducked into the timber, climbing steadily until he arrived at a point from which he could see the valley and the open country rolling off toward the broken land eastward. The Barr house lay perhaps a thousand feet below him, its sheds and corrals making an irregular pattern on the brown earth. Some of the Barr men were grouped in the back yard; and one of the crew stood on the canyon rim above the house, obviously keeping guard. Here he stopped and laid his great hands across the saddle horn while he watched.

There was in this huge hulk of a man the stirring of an emotion as near regret as he had ever known. Not for Pedee and not for the Barr fortunes—but for Katherine. There had been other times when Maffitt, traveling these wild hills by night, had paused here on the rock outcrop to watch the lights of that ranch shine out, and to think of the girl and to think of his own life with a hard wonder.

He laid no blame on anybody else for the turnings of that life. Bad as he was and merciless as he could be, he remained a thorough realist and permitted himself no excuses. He had been born to be what he was, and knew it; and though the tricky and altogether brutal lessons of life had been largely taught him by others, he knew that he had wanted to learn them and had been an apt pupil. He was not the kind to look back with self-pity. He had made his fun and he had kept his freedom. He had made his kills. He had matched his wits against the best of them. He had a name and he had the power to make men show fear in his presence. Life was a matter of survival. That was the greatest game of all and, for him, the only game worth playing—to stay alive when other men wanted him dead.



GARRETT PRICE

All this he felt without reasoning it out, for he was in no sense a philosopher. In he looked back now and saw those forks in the trail where he had stopped to make his choices, it was only because of a kind of impersonal curiosity, and not from regret, knowing well enough that those were the choices he would take again. Nevertheless he thought of them because of Katherine Barr, who was the first woman ever to break through the gray materialism of his mind and bring to him a hint of what he had missed. There had been a time when he considered his chances with her, but as he came to know her better his innate realism showed him the deep gulf he could not cross. Some things a man could have and some things a man could not have; and with this thought he put Katherine Barr behind him, and turned and rode on. He crossed the valley near the line cabin, reached the broken country and struck out for Dobe Hyde's.

Riding this roundabout way in no haste, his thinking came around to Jim Majors, whose first appearance in Reservation had been like a warning of something to come. Maffitt had ridden the trail too long not to have developed perceptions which were strange and intuitive. He had felt the big man's power definitely. Certain qualities Majors possessed—a smartness to be seen in the corner angles of his eyes, a coolness, a nerveless kind of courage that could whip him to a point of deliberate killing.

MAFFITT had made his cautious tries at the big man and had failed; and now, singlehanded and deliberately, Majors had thrown the valleys into war, himself standing back and waiting. Yet even as he stood back he collected power into his hands. And because Ben Maffitt had a pride in the matter, he saw the time soon coming when, if Majors still survived, the two of them must meet. The greatest game of all was to stay alive. But there were rules a man couldn't duck, if he wished to keep his self-respect alive and maintain his name. It was part of the game.

This was what he thought when he dipped into Dobe Hyde's little valley and rode up to the house. Dobe and two of his crew sat out in the sunlight, Dobe shabbier than the others. None of them made any motion when he came forward, nor did he give the place much of an inspection. He had a good deal of contempt for the outfit, knowing it to be wholly crooked; and so he had the assurance of one crook speaking to another.

HE DIDN'T get down. He stared at Dobe, who rested so indolently on the ground. He said: "So you made a play."

Dobe looked at him with his pale, smart eyes. "Thought you'd come along."

"Pretty sure of that, was you?" Maffitt countered.

Dobe grinned. "A man always bets accordin' to his hole card. Never saw that fail. What's your hole card, Ben?"

"You tell me."

"Well," drawled Dobe in his high voice, "you backed the wrong horse and now you're lookin' for a better bet. So you're here."

"I'll listen," said Maffitt.

"You're payin' the call," countered Dobe. "I'll listen."

Ben Maffitt's glance fell on one of the two other men lying on the ground—on Godry. He said: "Never saw you around this country before."

Dobe gave out a short bleat. "You'll see a few more strange faces pretty soon, friend."

"I'll make you a proposition," said Maffitt finally.

Dobe Hyde suddenly rose to his feet and abandoned his indifference. He had a sharpness in his voice. He was telling Maffitt what to do: "No, I'll make the proposition, friend Maffitt. You stay up in that Pocket for a week and don't interfere. If the Barrs have trouble, don't come down."

"And what for me?"

"Same thing you had before," Dobe told him coolly. "Protection."

"You can promise that," pointed out Maffitt. "But can you fill the bill? How about Sultan or Ketchum? How about Majors?"

"Always like to handle one thing at a time," said Dobe and let it go like that.

"All right," said Maffitt.

Dobe said: "This is Wednesday. Friday night you stay in the Pocket. Don't go near the Barrs."

MAFFITT continued to look down on this dirty little man whose eyes were so cold and intelligent and sly. He weighed Dobe through that long silence and saw him clearly, knowing there was nothing in the man he could trust. But if Dobe had far purposes he wasn't revealing, so had Ben Maffitt. They could make this bargain now with mutual profit; and fall out later. So Maffitt said, "All right, Dobe," and turned, riding away. Godry made a faint gesture with his arm, at which Dobe shook his head. And these two, and the kid Jett, watched Maffitt fade into the near-by timber.

"What'd you tell him Friday night for?" complained Godry. "He'll tell the Barrs."

"Because it won't be Friday night. It'll be tonight. I want you should run over to your shack, Nick, and bring up those extra boys."

"That fellow," prophesied Godry, "will rustle you blind if you move into the south fork."

"One thing at a time," said Dobe, and let go with his characteristic shrill, tittering laugh.

FROM his position on the ridge above Dobe's, Majors saw Maffitt arrive and later depart, at last knowing a bargain had been reached by that pair. This was the final move for which he had been waiting, as he had told Broderick. He had not expected to see the transaction take place under his eyes, but had believed that it would soon come about, knowing Maffitt's type of mind as he did. Here it had happened and the politics of the country had reached balance again, temporarily and uneasily, so that one purpose might be achieved, which was the wiping out, once and for all, of the Barrs.

In Reservation he had seen that it was time for him to make his move. All things pointed to an attack on the Barrs by Dobe Hyde. He, himself, had brought that on. Now since Dobe Hyde had come into the open, the matter was simplified. He could break the backbone of the fight by seizing Hyde on a charge of killing Ring Barr and hustling him over the pass into Jeff White's hands. The fundamental antagonism of the factions still remained, even after Dobe's removal. But in getting rid of this one source of trouble he at once weakened the east fork's power to cause trouble; and in his mind was a half-formed plan to move against Maffitt once he had captured Dobe, thus reducing the Barr power. This was the way he saw it, a way of quenching the fire piece by piece.

Meanwhile he saw one of Dobe's men trot from the ranch yard, heading eastward. It left only one man with Dobe, which was fair odds. Majors crawled back to his horse and stepped into the saddle; but looking again toward the house he found two more riders coming in from the broken country. He climbed off the horse again, and squatted down, waiting for a break. It was four o'clock then.

At six-thirty the four were still moving around the house and he had no hope that he could better his chances. So, with dusk running heavily off the heights, he went to his horse and rode quietly down the slope. A light sprang suddenly from one of the house windows and he heard a voice, strongly Southern, murmur a few words which were unintelligible to him at that distance. The smell of coffee lay in the wind.

HE WAS within twenty yards of the house when one of the men came around from the back side and saw him. The shadows were fast thickening up and at this distance nothing was very clear. It was plain to Majors the man wasn't sure. The latter slowed his step, and got as far as the open door of the house. Then he said: "Who's that?"

A chair scraped inside the house. Dobe Hyde's shrill voice called out: "Who's what?" Another door opened and Majors saw a Negro paused there. This made three of them, with two more somewhere about. The one who had challenged him called again in a quicker and louder voice: "Sing out—what the hell?"

Majors said, "Dobe."

Dobe Hyde was in the other doorway, small and thin against the light. His head swung over and he said, "Well—?"

And at that moment the other two men showed up in the shadows, walking away from the nearest corral. The man who had done all the talking yelled back at them: "Wait a minute! Something wrong here!"

Dobe said from the doorway: "Sing out, friend."

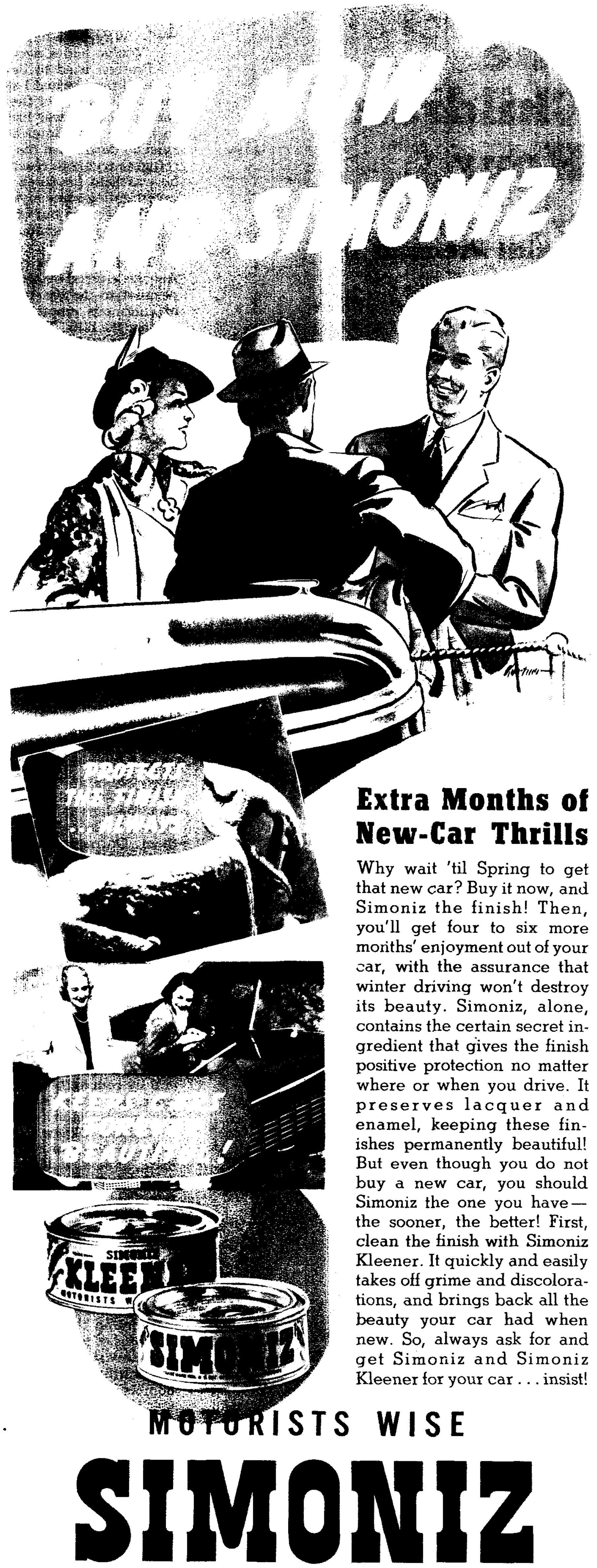
Majors stepped from the saddle. In one quick motion he pushed the horse half around, making a shelter for himself against the fire of those five men. Dobe Hyde took a backward step that carried him out of the lighted doorway. Majors said:

"Walk out here, Dobe. I'm taking you into town."

Dobe Hyde's voice was thin and squeaky in the semidark; and yet very cool, very sure: "Oh, no, friend Majors. Oh, no."

The two men near the corral began to run forward.

(To be continued next week)



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MOTORISTS WISE

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The Children's Hour

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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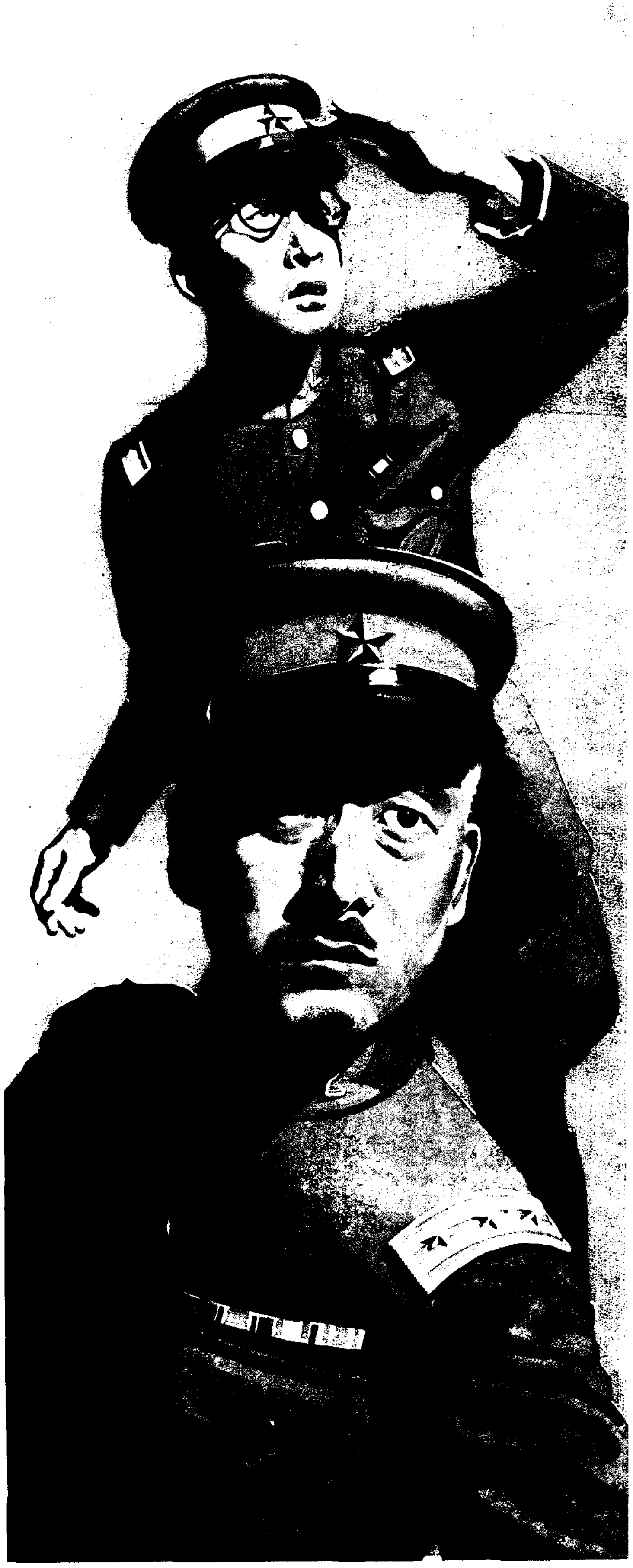


Colonel Okaga and the lieutenant wheeled and looked over the high wall. "Chinese planes!" the colonel said. "Quick!"

DO YOU think I'm screwy?" he said.

"Of course not," I said.

"Why do I have to stay here, then?" he said.

"You've had a nervous breakdown, Tim," I said.

Brescon tried to light a cigarette but his fingers were all thumbs and I steadied it and held the match. Brescon was one of the A. P. men in Shanghai when the undeclared war broke out. He had been caught in the Cathay Hotel bombing; he had figured in a suicidal dash down the Whangpoo with a boatload of refugees trying to reach an American liner and, later, he was held for three days by Japanese authorities investigating some mysterious affair in Chapei.

"You get me out of here, Johnny," he said.

"Sure. Just as soon as you've rested a little more," I said.

The four-o'clock coast-to-coaster headed for Los Angeles crossed over the sanitarium, making a racket peculiar to the desert as if it were dragging a string of enormous empty iron tanks and bumping them against the hills. Brescon went rigid in his chair.

"You're all lying to me," he said. "I'm still in China. They'll get me again and make me talk."

"No, they won't," I said. "You're safe in California."

Brescon's self-control snapped.

"Damn you, Johnny," he said, "you think you could have taken it, don't you? You think I'm yellow, don't you?"

"Not at all, Tim," I said, trying to be casual. "I doubt if I could have lasted through half of it."

"I've a good mind to tell you what I was hiding from them," he said wildly, "and if they come after me for more questioning I'll just say, 'Johnny, old iron-man Johnny, knows as much as I do. Make *him* tell you.' By God, that's what I ought to do, and maybe you wouldn't be so damned superior!"

"That's a good idea, Tim," I said soothingly. "Why don't you tell me what it was? I'll take the rap."

"You think so, hunh?" Brescon said. "By God, I *will* tell you."

ALL the news service gang, Brescon said, had been giving the Japs hell for bombing civilian areas. Not that the Chinks were any better, but you don't criticize the underdog for dirty work quite so harshly. Anyway, our stories got under the Japs' skin and their army headquarters sent word that we were invited to attach one representative observer to the Umpteenth Division Staff in Chapei. They would soon convince him, the Japs said, that Chink snipers were hiding in civilian areas and it was a military necessity to bomb them. Our newspaper gang thought it was the usual bushwa. None of the services wanted to waste a man on propaganda stuff for the Japs. But you know the dear old A. P.—give both sides a break and the devil his due and all that. So the chief said an A. P. man would go and I drew the short match.

The Japs were out to make a good impression. They sent a Colonel Okaga, a lieutenant whose name I never did get straight and three marines in a big staff car for me. I was passed through a British barricade on the edge of the International Settlement and greeted with smiles and bows by the Colonel Okaga and the looey.

"So pleased," said Colonel Okaga in English. "You have saved me much embarrassment before the general by coming." The looey grinned and the Jap marines, not being in on diplomatic shenanigans, just gave me the stony stare.

Colonel Okaga made a very smooth palaver to soften me up for the demonstration. General Shamata, he said, had been skeptical about the American newspapers' desire for fairness and accuracy in their reports. But Colonel Okaga, who had studied at Cambridge University and had done a trick as attaché in Washington, had stuck up for the American press, or so he said. Thus he was overjoyed, etc., when the A. P. agreed to investigate Japanese justification for the alleged bombing outrages.

I did not feel like saying very much. As soon as we turned into the native sector the armor-plated shutters on the staff car were raised. I caught only glimpses of smoking ruins through cracks in the shutter on my side. Jap warships in the river were pouring it on farther to the south and I began to wonder if the bomber lads had been warned of my official visit.

"Very regrettable," said Colonel Okaga, nodding toward the ruined street, "but a necessity of war."

To make the Japs' argument pointed, I felt a jar on the steel-plated roof of the car and heard a bullet ricochet. We increased our speed and I was obliged to hold on with both hands as the car sped over the bomb-cratered road.

"Enemy sniper, Mr. Brescon," said the colonel, purring a little.

We were fired on about eight or nine times and had a flat front tire before the car turned into a large stone-walled compound deep in the native section. Squads of Jap soldiers were on guard, but they were keeping under cover, I noticed.

NEARER than the sound of the guns was the noise of children at play. When we climbed out of the staff car, Colonel Okaga and the looey motioned for me to follow them. They led me to a walled enclosure where there were about two hundred Chinese children. These kids were romping through a sloppy Chink notion of calisthenic exercises.

"Enemy children of a religious mission school," said Colonel Okaga, "reported in your newspapers to have been massacred by our aviators."

Colonel Okaga's tone was, I thought, justifiably sardonic. The children appeared to take no notice of us as we stood there watching, but were following the directions of an old Chink woman teacher.

The little lieutenant made his one and only speech, saying: "Japanese love children, sar. Japanese not needlessly cruel to children."

There was nothing I could do but admit that Chink snipers did infest this district and offer to correct the atrocity yarn about the school. Pleased, Colonel Okaga said: "Perhaps you will do General Shamata the honor of a visit, sir?"

"Is it far?" I said.

"Not far," Colonel Okaga answered.

Although he did not say so, I had the feeling that the Umpteenth Division headquarters were hidden somewhere in the sprawling compound of old brick and stone buildings around us.

Colonel Okaga smiled with ostentatious kindliness at the drilling children and lifted a gloved hand to wave goodby to them. But the gesture was halted abruptly and the smile went blank. I heard the not very distant rumble of heavy bombers. Colonel Okaga and the looey wheeled and looked over the high wall at our backs.

"Chinese planes!" the colonel said. "Quick!"

Without further ceremony, colonel and lieutenant dashed for a gate in the wall. But I thought of those children and hesitated, shouting a warning to them and waving toward the rapidly approaching bombers. Instead of scattering, the children responded to some signal from their teacher and quickly huddled in a queer formation in the center of the compound. The bombers, flying very low, were almost overhead.

Well, I had seen too many bodies bouncing in the tornado of a bomb. I did not want to look at any more. I dived through that door in the wall and joined Colonel Okaga and the lieutenant, who had sensibly sought shelter inside a circular stone well curb. The terrifying thrash of propellers seemed to blister my face like a hot wind, typhoon-driven. I cowered beside the Japanese and held my arms across my stomach; the Japs were trying to shield their faces.

"No danger," I thought I heard Colonel Okaga yell, just before the first bomb hit.

That bomb, probably eight hundred or a thousand pounds, burst directly on a building not far from the children's compound. Four or five others followed it in quick succession. The ground shook, plaster flew from the well-curb masonry, literally sucked out by a fearful wind. The planes—there were three of them—went on into the sky as antiaircraft guns began a futile and reproachful chattering.

Colonel Okaga leaped to the well curb and peered toward the building where the bombs had landed. He groaned and suddenly beat his face with both gloved hands. Then I heard the excited voices of children as they scurried in all directions. I did not get to see if any had been hit because Colonel Okaga arrested me.

"WHY did he do that?" I asked Brescon.

"Those bombs had hit their division headquarters," Brescon said, "killing General Shamata and half his staff."

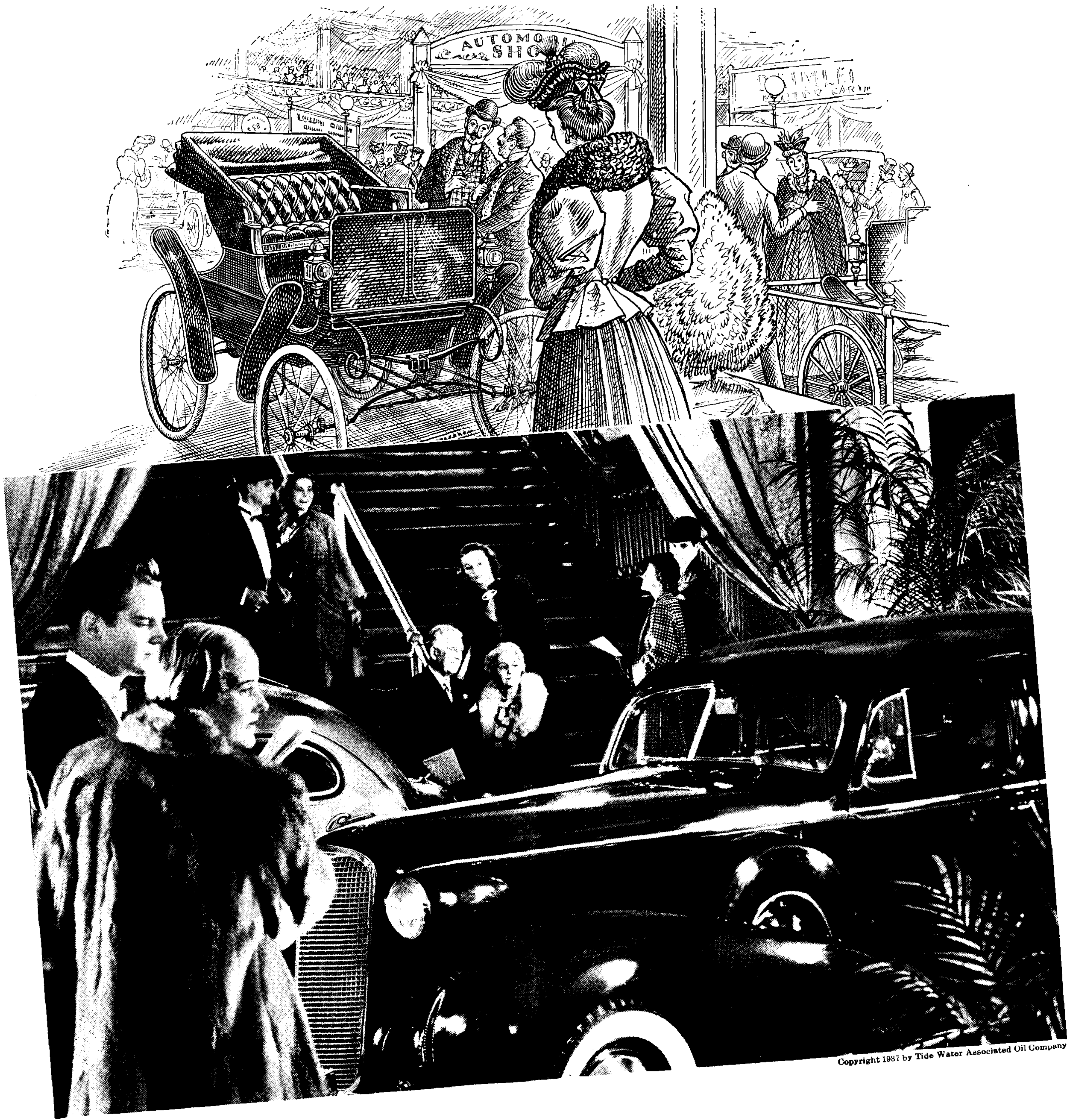
"Surely they didn't think you had tipped off the Chinks?" I said.

Brescon grimaced a bit shakily.

"No. They just wanted to know if I had seen those children do anything," he said.

I gasped. "The children—"

"Yes," and Brescon began to lose self-control again. "They tried to make me talk, but I wouldn't. I couldn't. You see, Johnny, that formation those kids went into—it was an arrow, a big arrow, pointing directly at the headquarters building."



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House for a Woman

Continued from page 13

"But I couldn't dream of your house, Mr. Olcott." Her voice had a blurry Southern softness. "Five hundred is as much as I can pay."

His eyes were used to the dimness now; he saw a slim girl with a fluff of blond hair, and eyes so blue that they were almost violet. She didn't look sophisticated; she looked tired and discouraged—as if she needed help about something.

"You're all alone, Miss Demaree?" he asked.

"My father will join me later; he's—detained in Ohio, at present. He's a clergyman—the Reverend Alphonsus Demaree. You've heard of him?" That sounded like a challenge; evidently Rufus ought to have heard of him.

"A clergyman? That's splendid," he evaded. "You've seen the house?"

"Only the outside of it. As soon as I heard the price—"

"Oh, that was only a nominal price," said Rufus. "It could be adjusted for—for a clergyman. Did you drive up to Sundlebury?"

"No, I came by train. I ought to be going back on the 6:02."

"Well, it's barely four, now. Ben," said Rufus, "you're tired of showing people that house, and I don't wonder. I'll take Miss Demaree out there to look it over, and bring her back in time for her train."

Not till they were on the way did he have time to be astonished at himself—showing his house to a woman. But she hardly seemed a woman to one whose ideas of womanhood were drawn from Aunt Lucy and Marygusta. The wind blew her fluff of blond hair about her neck; they wore theirs shorter, more severely cut.

The house was in order, and Lila Demaree loved it.

"I hope to write a book this summer," she said. "If it sells well, I might be able to pay you the other three hundred next winter—"

"To a clergyman's family," said Rufus firmly, "the price is five hundred. If you like the place, it's yours. . . . Good! We still have plenty of time. We might drive down and look at the club."

So they drove down; with proprietary pride he showed her the tennis courts, the pool. Poised on the highest diving board was a slim, streamlined figure briefly sheathed in scarlet; it sprang, turned two perfect somersaults, streaked straight into the water; and Lila Demaree gasped.

"I wish I could dive like that girl! Who is she?"

"That's my Aunt Lucy," said Rufus proudly. "She's forty-seven, but she dives and swims better than any of the girls in the teens."

"What a wonderful woman! I hope I may meet her, sometime."

"You will," he promised, not without misgivings.

"I'VE rented the house," he told his aunt that evening. "To—to a clergyman and his family."

"The Reverend Alphonsus Demaree? Surely I've heard that name," she mused. "You're fortunate to have a noted clergyman as tenant. And he's detained? By his pastoral duties, I presume. What is the daughter like?"

"She—she looks as if she needed help about something," he summarized.

"Fortunately," said Aunt Lucy, "my time is free; I can help her."

He realized then that he would have preferred to help her himself.

She arrived on Monday morning; and that afternoon Rufus felt that he ought to stop in on his way to the club and see that everything was all right. It would seem strange to see another woman in that house— But it didn't seem at all strange to see two women, one of whom was Aunt Lucy.

"Your aunt has been very helpful," said his tenant. "But I really won't need all those ash trays, Miss Olcott. I smoke very little."

"I'm always smoking," said Aunt Lucy, "and I'm absent-minded—likely to put my cigarette down anywhere. You'll need plenty of ash trays."

So she expects to go on hanging around here! thought Rufus, fuming.

"I suppose, Miss Demaree," he said pointedly, "you want to get to work just as soon as you can. But today—perhaps you'd like a swim—"

"I've already invited her," said his aunt. "But you can come along."

THAT day set a pattern; after that he found his tenant at the pool nearly every afternoon, and Aunt Lucy too. Aunt Lucy had got her into the club; Aunt Lucy was trying to teach her some of those trick dives; Aunt Lucy, apparently, was at the house every day to see that everything was going right.

Rufus found the girl easy and pleasant company, but there was a puzzling defensive reticence about her. . . . Yes, she was working—as well as she could. . . . No, she wasn't sure when her father was coming east. . . .

Then one afternoon he saw Marygusta's handsome legs dangling over the edge of the pool.

"How was Bermuda?" he couldn't help asking her.

"Beautiful, my dear—and such charming people! A man from Philadelphia whom I met there is coming up here soon." (And what, her tone demanded, do you intend to do about that?) "I've met your tenant, Rufus. She's lovely—just the sort of girl who'd get along well with your aunt." No Anglo-Saxon epithet, if Marygusta had been capable of epithets, could have said more. "It was generous of you to reduce your price for her."

Damn Ben Hill, he thought. He would have to tell people. . . .

"I reduced the price for her father!" he growled. "He's a clergyman."

"So I heard. When is he coming to join her, by the way? . . . You don't know? I suppose," Marygusta speculated, "she really has a father—"

"Of course she has! A well-known man; Aunt Lucy knows about him."

"Then that makes it all right," she agreed. "Well, Rufus, it must be nice to have a woman in your house. She looks like—a dream girl."

He regretted that he was incapable of striking a woman.

Then, a few days later, bank business took him to New York overnight. On his homeward train he read a morning paper, and presently came on this:

EX-PASTOR FREED FROM JAIL

> Heliopolis, Ohio, June 28.—The Rev. Alphonsus Demaree, unfrocked clergyman, was released today after serving six weeks of a four-months prison sentence for inciting to riot in recent strike disorders. The former pastor, who has a long record of convictions on similar charges, was paroled on his promise to leave the state.

Leave Ohio, thought Rufus, and come here—to my house! And she never told me! From the train he drove straight to his house on the mountain. In the big room upstairs a typewriter clattered steadily; intent on her work, she didn't hear his knock. He stood in her doorway before she looked up, frowning at the interruption—and the frown turned to a smile of surprised delight.

"I thought it was your aunt," she said. "She's been very kind, but—"

"Yes," he said. "I understand." Then, resolutely—"I came to tell you—" The wind ruffled her blond hair; there was something fragile about her slim loveliness. "Er—have you seen the morning paper?" he amended.

As she read it, she looked wearier, more helpless than ever.

"Oh, dear. . . . I know I ought to have told you; but I thought he'd stay in jail all summer and I could get some work done. . . . That's not true about his being unfrocked! The church just threw him out, frock and all, after he resigned his pulpit and began inciting to riot all over the place. . . . But you don't care about that. I suppose you want me to get out?"

"Not you! But your father— Er— hasn't he any other place to go?"

"I'm afraid not. He hasn't any money. Father's really sweet; his trouble is that he's resentful of authority. While Mother lived he was afraid to say boo; but ever since—"

"What are we going to do about him, Lila?"

"We?" she gasped. "You mustn't get yourself mixed up in this!"

"Don't be foolish. I'm going to help you; just tell me how. I don't see how he could break loose in Sundlebury; it's only the publicity—"

"This wasn't in the papers we get up here," she said. "The early edition. And nobody around here seems to have heard of him; so perhaps—"

"There'd be no publicity? Aunt Lucy knows his name," he warned her. "She doesn't know what he's done, but she's been talking as if—"

"Your aunt is always so helpful," Lila sighed. "If she's been talking as if she knew about him, we might let her introduce him in Sundlebury."

LOOKING into her laughing eyes, he realized that she wasn't as helpless as she looked. . . . He realized that his arm was around her. In confusion, he realized that he had kissed his tenant.

"Oh, please!" she said breathlessly. "I don't think we'd better—"

"Of course not! I beg your pardon! That was only a—a friendly gesture," he explained. "You see, Lila, I—I hardly think of you as a woman—"

"I'm so glad, Rufus. I don't think of you as a man, either."

"What's that? . . . Well, look here— What I mean— You're not like—"

"I should hope not," she said with feeling. "But I really am glad, Rufus. For after all, I've got to get some work done this summer."

HER father arrived next day; and Rufus, calling that afternoon, found Aunt Lucy already there, planning a garden for the Demarees. The Reverend Alphonsus did not look tired, or as if he needed help about anything; he was tall and handsome, with white hair and flowing white mustache.

"Splendid house, Mr. Olcott!" he said heartily. "That big front room upstairs is the most comfortable place I've ever lived in in my life."

Rufus glowered at Lila; she evaded his eyes.

"Why did you give up your room to him?" he whispered furiously.

"He wanted it. If you knew Father— Did you ever try saying no to your aunt?" she demanded. "Well, then! If I can only keep him quiet—"

She kept him quiet; nobody in Sundlebury identified him; and a clergyman introduced by Miss Lucy Olcott was sure to be well received. In due time she had the Demarees to an informal lunch, in her house with the scrollwork and bay windows.

"I should think," the Reverend Alphonsus ventured after dinner, "that the people who owned that house on the mountain would live in it, instead of—"

"Oh, that belongs to Rufus," she said. "He built it for a purpose that hasn't yet been fulfilled." (Rufus wondered what she meant by "yet.") "As for this one," Aunt Lucy pursued, "it's a pity that my grandparents happened to build just when American architecture was at its worst. But it would be wastful not to use it."

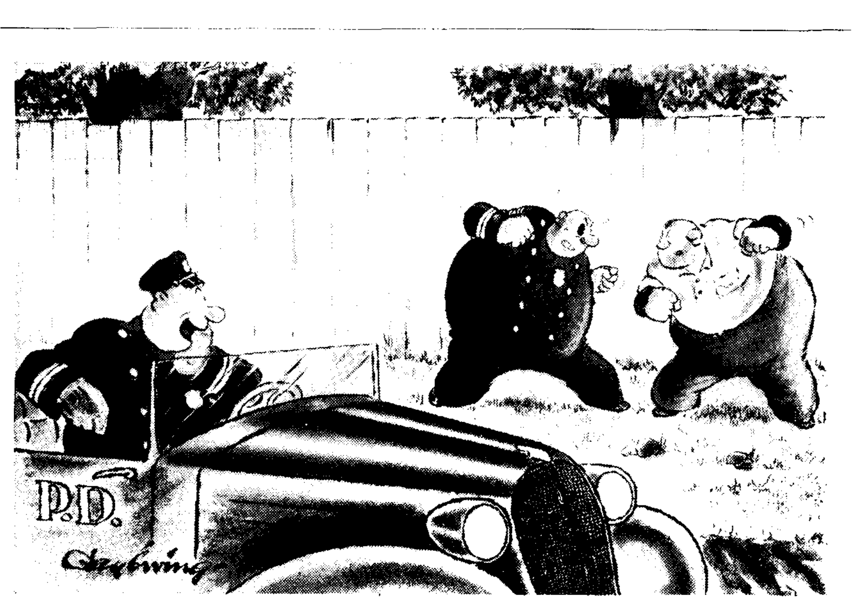
"You New Englanders never throw anything away, do you?" he observed. "Except human lives—your own and other people's! This old mill in town, for instance, that people are so proud of as a historic monument—"

"We must be going, Father," Lila put in hastily. "Miss Olcott—"

"Sit down! Sit down!" said Aunt Lucy impatiently. "I want to hear what he has to say about the mill. You see, I happen to own it."

"You own it?" he exploded. "Lucy Olcott, you seem to be a woman of intelligence and fairly decent impulses. How can you let men work in that old ruin, with no decent light, no decent air —work long hours for low pay— Oh, yes, I've been talking to them; they've plenty of grievances."

"I believe there have been some complaints," she admitted uneasily. "But I



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JAY IRVING

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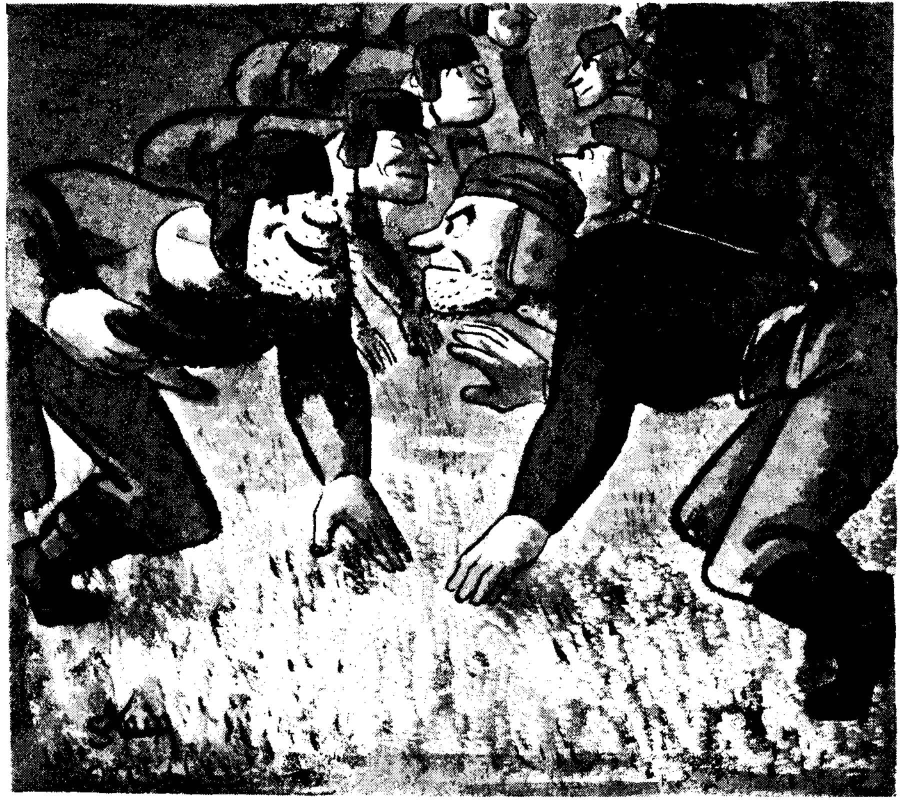

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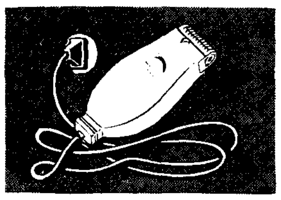

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have nothing to say about it; the manager is responsible to my trustee, Mr. Fudley in Boston." The Reverend Alphonsus waved his arms.

"Irresponsible ownership, absentee management! Let me tell you—"

He told her—with frequent interruptions *in which she told him. Later, the* two looked a little like boxers who have battled fifteen rounds to a draw. But they said goodby with bellicose cordiality; and apparently the Reverend Alphonsus did no more breaking loose.

Sundlebury had a new topic of conversation the next week, anyway; the man from Philadelphia whom Marygusta had met in Bermuda had arrived and was staying at the club. Every afternoon, the two were lounging about the pool together.

And the following Monday, Sundlebury had something else to talk about, when the mill hands suddenly went out on strike.

Within an hour Reverend Alphonsus was making a speech to a mass meeting of strikers; that evening's Boston papers carried the headline, "Noted Agitator Leads Sundlebury Strike;" and that *night the mayor and the chief of police* called on Aunt Lucy and Rufus.

"Very embarrassing," said the mayor. "Of course you didn't know— We thought since he was your tenant, Rufus, you might get him to leave quietly."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Lucy. "You can't run him out of town for making a speech. He's committed no crime. Let him talk."

"Let him incite to riot and violence?" said the mayor. Aunt Lucy laughed.

"Violence? In Sundlebury? I've known those mill hands all my life. It will take more than Alphonsus Demaree to incite them to riot."

"Well, we don't mean to let him try," the chief of police warned her. "If he makes any more speeches, we'll send him back to his Ohio jail."

WHEN they had gone, Rufus looked at *his aunt with a new admiration.*

"Good work, Aunt Lucy! We ought to stand up for civil liberties."

"Civil liberties nothing. I'd look like a fool if I let them run him out of town after I'd introduced him to everybody. Absurd that a man of his intelligence and charm should— But he may behave himself, now."

He behaved himself; but the strike dragged on, and the best people of Sundlebury were convinced that the workmen, by now, would have realized the mistake they were making, but for this out-of-town agitator. The town began to simmer with bad feeling—and the Demarees stopped coming to the club. It made Rufus furious that a girl like Lila should feel ostracized on account of her father's behavior; he thought of calling at the house—but he was afraid he would lose his temper and tell the Reverend *Alphonsus what he thought of him.* It appeared, however, that Aunt Lucy had seen him.

"Alphonsus Demaree is as stubborn as a mule!" she burst out one morning. "But no worse than some of our leading citizens, at that. Stupid, all this hatred and malice in a town where everybody used to be neighbors. . . . The strikers are sending a delegation to Boston today to see Mr. Fudley. I telephoned to him that I hoped he'd consider any reasonable demands, but he said that would only add fuel to all these subversive movements against our form of government. If this goes on, I'm afraid—"

Rufus was afraid, too—afraid that he would see no more of Lila. That afternoon, when he went to the club, she was absent as usual. But Marygusta was swinging her handsome legs on the edge of the pool—alone.

"Hello!" said Rufus. "Has your friend gone back to Philadelphia?" She nodded.

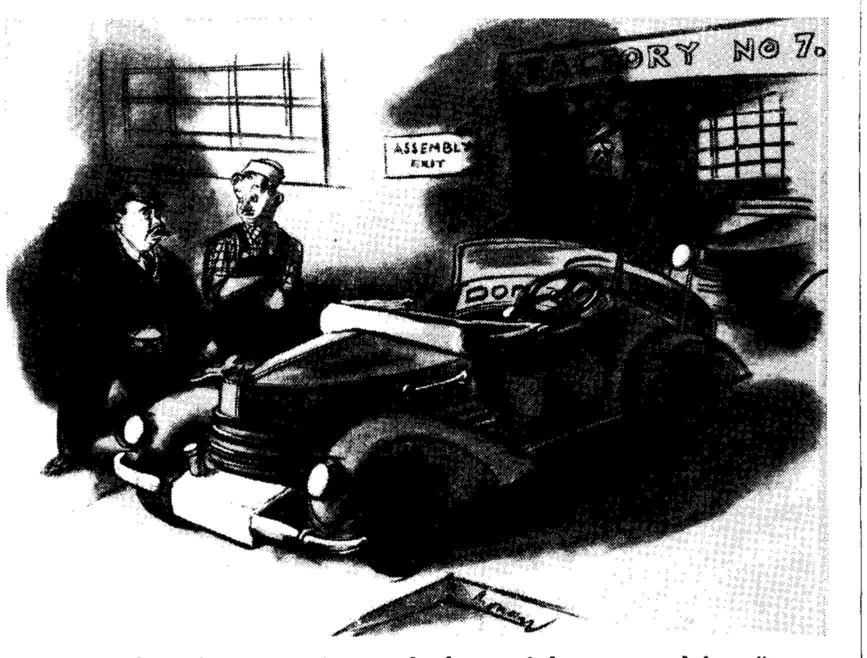
"And I suppose," he went on—for after all he had known her all her life—"that before long you'll be going to Philadelphia, too?"

"I may," she told him candidly. "But I haven't made up my mind. Rufus, don't you think it's about time you *stopped making a fool of yourself?"*

"I'M NOT aware," he said stiffly, "that I am making a fool of myself."

"Of course not," Marygusta agreed. "You never are. This time, I admit it's not altogether your fault; your aunt got you into it. That girl looked like exactly what she wants for a niece-in-law." Rufus blushed furiously. "But it's so plain now," she said, "that these Demarees are only using your standing to get a foothold in the town so they can make trouble. You could put them out of the house, send them away, and then this strike would collapse and we'd all be happy again. Sorry if I've hurt your self-esteem; but we're old friends, and I had to make things clear to you."

"Thank you," he said, rising. "You have made them clear." For it was clear now that he thought of Lila Demaree as a woman. "I *hope you'll like* Philadelphia," he said, and walked off and left Marygusta staring.



"The boys haven't quite got the hang of the new model yet"

STEPHEN RONAY

Ten minutes later his car stopped in front of the house he had built for the wrong woman. The right woman was in it now; her typewriter was rattling in the living room; through the screen door he could see her, in a green play suit, one hand brushing back her fluff of blond hair in a weary gesture. He went in without knocking; she looked up, frowning at the interruption— But this time her frown didn't give way to a smile of surprised delight; she went right on frowning.

"Drat it!" she blazed, "can't I ever get any work done in this house?"

"Why—why—" he stammered, "what's the matter with the house?"

"What's the matter with the Times Square subway station at rush hour? Too many people! First your aunt was all over the place, and then Father; and this last week they've both been underfoot every day, arguing about the strike. And now, when he's spending the day downtown, here you come!"

"I had to come! You stopped coming to the club—"

"Of course I've stopped coming to the club! I'm tired of letting you rub me in Marygusta's face!" She stood up, unsteady, quivering with fury. "She got another man, so you had to show her you could get another girl. But go get somebody else; I don't like it! Anyway, I've got work to do—"

"I wasn't rubbing you in her face! I have lost interest in her face! And I don't want anybody else! Only you, Lila; I want you—"

Her eyes were startled and bright; a *moment later* Rufus discovered that once more he was kissing his tenant. But she broke away.

"Stop it!" she gasped. "Just because I'm a woman in your house—I won't be pushed into anything, and I won't be kissed into anything either! Your aunt's been trying to train me up for a niece-in-law, and you just automatically start kissing any woman you see in the house you built for Marygusta— I hate this house, where people are always kissing me or trying to run my life for me! I'd like to burn the damned thing down!"

"Now you stop it!" he commanded, seizing her shoulders. "If you don't want me to kiss you here we'll go outdoors—any place you like—"

"It's no good, my dear," she told him in despair. "You see what I'm up against with Father; you can't afford to get into anything like that. You belong in Sundlebury; you're a leading citizen. It's a nice town; I like it—but I won't live in a house where your Aunt Lucy insists on bossing everything! Once I'd hoped that maybe those two— But since the strike started they fight all the time. . . . Go away, Rufus! It's no good!"

He came home scowling, seething with frustration; Aunt Lucy, at dinner, was glum, too.

"Mr. Fudley refused everything the strikers wanted," she told him.

"WHAT did you expect?" said Rufus. "Fudley's all right, but the times have gone past him. Look here, Aunt Lucy, if you'd let me manage your property, I believe I could get this settled without any more trouble."

"You? My dear boy, that would simply be giving our case away. Lila Dem*aree can wind you around her finger, and* her father can wind her around his finger. I admit," said Aunt Lucy, "that once I'd hoped that you and she might— But since the strike started— He's so stubborn—"

"I'm sick of being wound around fingers!" cried Rufus wildly. "I'm sick of this town, and of women! I'm going away somewhere, by myself—"

The jangle of the telephone cut him off; his aunt answered it.

"This is the chief of police," came a voice. "The strikers are meeting down by the mill and I'm afraid there's going

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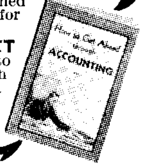

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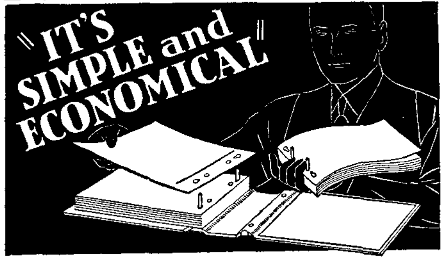

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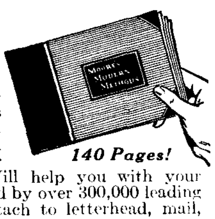

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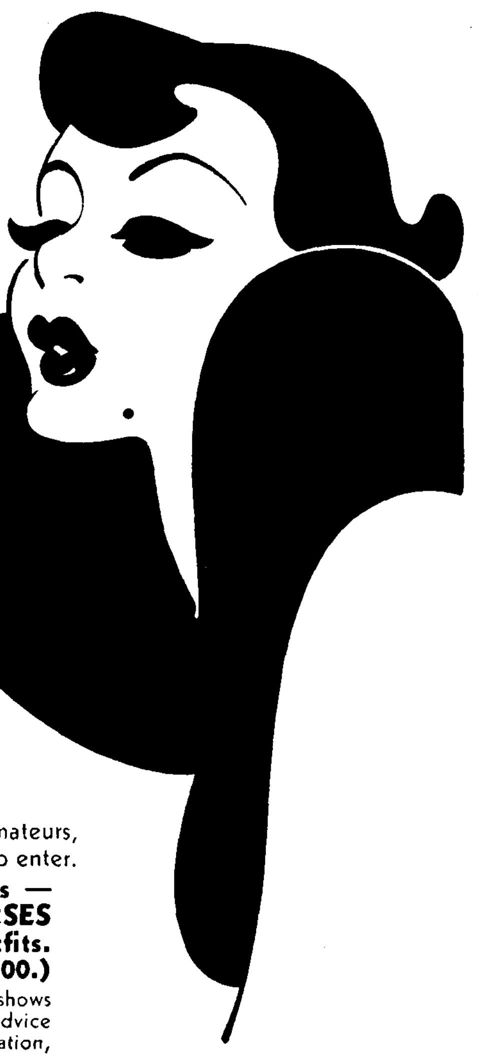

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to be a riot. I'll send up a couple of men to protect you, and your house—"

"Don't be silly!" she said scornfully. "Any time I can't protect myself— And Sundlebury people don't riot. You probably want a riot, so you can be a hero in the papers; but there won't be one here."

"Oh, there won't? This fellow Demaree is making a speech—"

"What?" she gasped. "Why, he promised me—" She set down the telephone and her cigarette. "Rufus! Get out your car! I've got to go down there and see about this!"

He drove off in the gathering dusk, passing stop lights unnoticed; everybody in town seemed to be in this crowd that had gathered in front of the mill. Rufus had to stop his car half a block away; people were packed thick around a soapbox where a tall figure stood, white hair and flowing white mustache bright in the light of street lamps.

"Workers," the Reverend Alphonsus was shouting, "how long will you permit the owner class to grind your faces in the dust? How long—"

Aunt Lucy jumped out of the car, edged her way into the crowd. Rufus would have jumped out after her, but just then he saw Lila standing by the running board. He let her in; his arm went round her; she was shivering. . . . By now, Aunt Lucy was only a moving swirl in the crowd.

"Isn't it awful?" Lila groaned. "Nothing but tear gas can stop him, now—"

SHE was wrong. The swirl in the crowd had reached the soapbox; Rufus saw Aunt Lucy's dark head beside the speaker's feet. The Reverend Alphonsus stopped, dumfounded; before he could go on she had clambered up beside him with agile grace.

"Workers!" her voice rang out. "Neighbors! Fellow citizens! You've been listening to Alf Demaree, and that's all right; he means well, even if he is a little bit haywire." A ripple of reluctant laughter. "But now listen to me! The point is, how can we run this mill so as to suit all of us? I've been leaving it to Mr. Fudley—" A chorus of boos. "He means well, too," she cried defiantly, "but he doesn't know how. So I've revoked the trust and taken back the management of my property; and I think it's a pity if I can't get along with men I've known all my life!"

She paused for breath; and a voice in the crowd called—"So what?"

"So this!" said Aunt Lucy. "I don't know how to run a mill, and evidently the manager didn't either. So I've retired him on a pension and I've got to appoint a new manager. Well, there's one man around this town who talks as if he knew more about it than anybody else, and we'll let him try. As your new manager I appoint Alf Demaree. How do you like that?" A startled silence; then a burst of cheers. "And how do you like it?" she demanded, turning to the Reverend Alphonsus. His eyes gleamed joyfully.

"If you'll keep your fingers out of it, Lucy Olcott, I'll take it—"

"I certainly won't promise not to express my opinion—" she began; and then her voice was drowned by the shriek of a siren; from the edge of the crowd came excited shouts of "Fire!" Rufus looked about him.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "It's Aunt Lucy's house!"

By the time he got the car turned around the crowd was streaming past him—no longer a potential mob, just a small town crowd going to a fire. And what a fire! When he stopped his car across the street all one side of the house was ablaze; before the volunteer firemen could get a stream of water on it the whole thing was going up in flames—scrollwork and tasseled plush and all. He sat and watched it in silence, conscious of Lila beside him— Excited voices drew his attention; ten feet away stood Aunt Lucy; the chief of police and two of his men were dragging the Reverend Alphonsus—disheveled, his collar torn off—up to confront her.

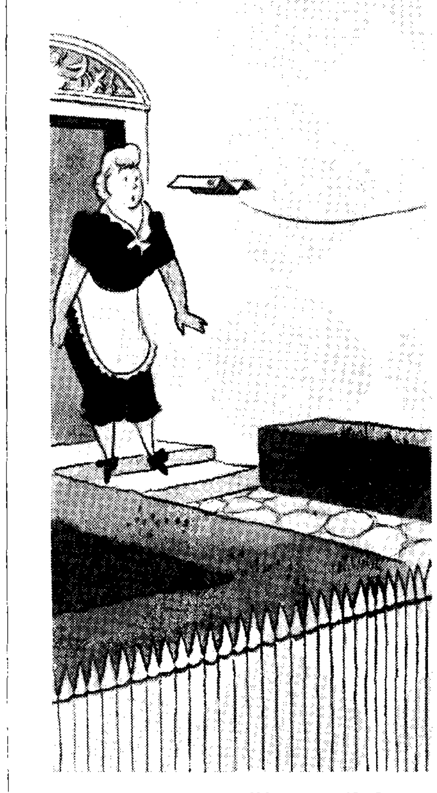
"Here's the man that's responsible," the chief was saying. "This fire was probably set by a striker, stirred up by his inflammatory speech—"

"Don't be a bigger fool than you have to be," Aunt Lucy snapped. "You're the man that's responsible, Chief. When you telephoned, all excited, you got me so flustered that I put down my cigarette without looking for an ash tray. I remember it perfectly, now. Let Alf Demaree go, if you don't want a suit for false arrest. I want to talk to him, anyway."

Rufus supposed they wanted to talk about the mill; but when the Reverend Alphonsus stood beside her—

"I'm sorry, Lucy," he said, "about your house."

"This old ruin? I'm glad it's gone; I've always been ashamed of it. Of course," she said, "I don't know where I'm going to live, now—"



"Air mail letter

As quietly as possible Rufus started his car, drove off slowly through the crowd, with Lila still beside him.

"I know where she's going to live," he observed. "The house on the mountain. It's really hers, not mine; she planned it, she likes it—"

"BUT then, what becomes of Father—" Lila began. "Oh. You mean—"

"I expect," said Rufus, "he and Aunt Lucy can settle that, and very soon. They both like rows and arguments, especially with each other; and they both like that big front room. As for us—"

"Yes?" said Lila.

"I'll build you a house," he promised her. "Your own, with no reminiscences of Aunt Lucy or—or anybody else. Meanwhile, my vacation begins tomorrow and I've a perfectly swell trailer. If that interests you—"

"Stop this car!" she commanded. He drew up at the curb in the shadow of overhanging elms, staring at her in bewilderment. "You said," she reminded him, "that if I didn't like being kissed in your house we could go out of doors. Well—here we are, out of doors—"

A Job on Main Street

Continued from page 14

the Channing place. It was more than a mile around. He made the drive several times. He was making it once more when a little green coupé ran alongside and a harsh voice said, "Get over!"

Peter stopped beside the curb. Dan O'Connell got out of the little coupé.

"Let's see your operator's license," he said.

Peter shook his head. "I'm just getting ready to take an examination."

"Where are your plates?"

"I haven't got them yet. I was just taking a turn—"

"Get out of that car."

Peter got out.

"Give me the ignition key."

Peter gave him the key.

"It's your grandfather who's responsible. It's him that'll come to court. But just for this I'll see that you get no license till you're eighteen."

"You can't take that car," Peter said, "no mattter if you are the chief of police."

"You'll get the car back as soon as your grandfather pays the fine. Go on—get going—beat it."

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PETER climbed the stone wall and walked slowly back across the grounds to the barn. He found McIntosh and told him what had happened.

"That guy has got it in for me," Peter said.

"Well," he said, "you're a Channing and that's enough for him."

"Why is it enough?" Peter persisted.

"Your father was a pretty wild young man before he married your mother," McIntosh said. "Your father took O'Connell's girl away from him. He wanted to kill your father."

Peter couldn't get a junior license. He had to let that glorious car stand in the barn another two years. There was nothing he could do about it.

He graduated from the school at Winchester. He had a letter, when he got home to Colesville, from the lawyer who represented his mother's estate, enclosing a check. The lawyer said that hereafter Peter's income would be less than half what it had been. He wouldn't have enough to go to college.

Peter spent two days on the car and did a lot of thinking while he worked. The rubber in the tires was weak with age. The battery was dead. The car had been new when it was laid up. It was fine. He got his license to drive and registration plates. He had eighteen dollars left.

He saw clearly that he would have to do what his father and his grandfather had never done. His grandfather had thrown away the Channing Hardware that had been worth two million dollars. His father had been a playboy to the last.

There were no jobs in Colesville except at the Channing Hardware. Peter drove to the employment office. A girl gave him a big card to fill out and then he sat on a bench for two hours waiting.

THE employment manager was a somber man who sat behind a great flat-topped desk of walnut. The man behind it now held Peter's card and smiled sardonically.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Channing," he said, "that we have no white-collar jobs."

"I wasn't asking for a white-collar job," Peter said. "I'm husky. I'll take anything."

The manager shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I were you," the manager said. "I'd go to some other town far enough away so your name wouldn't mean anything. You've got too much to live down in Colesville."

Peter drove the car that evening to a dance place three miles out of Colesville. He sat at a table alone.

He saw one girl he wanted to meet. She was a pretty girl, with a head of blond curls, slim and graceful. She looked nice. She was too nice to smile at him, though she must know he was staring at her. She was with a fellow who looked like a college boy. He was getting drunk. She was trying to be nice about it. But she disappeared finally and her escort went staggering about looking for her. Peter decided he might as well go home.

He hadn't gone far when he came on the girl he had liked, walking beside the road. He stopped and asked her if he could give her a lift. She hesitated.

"Yes," she said, and got in beside him.

It was only a five-minute drive to Colesville.

"You can let me off almost anywhere," she said.

"I'd like to drive you home," he said.

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

"You mean," he said, "that you'd rather not be seen with me." He crossed Main Street, instead of turning into it. It was nearly midnight. The side street was dark and deserted.

"I wish you'd let me out at the next corner."

He stopped the car. "You don't live anywhere near here," he said.

"I don't want to explain coming home with you. I don't want to tell them that the man I went with got tight."

She had her hand on the door latch. She was going to step out of the car. He had to keep her there. It was the first chance he had ever had to break through the wall of disapproval, of contempt, of hate, that he had so long felt between him and everybody in that town.

"And besides," he said, "I'm a Channing."

She looked at him. "It's true," she said. "My father wouldn't like my coming home with you."

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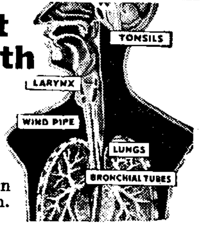

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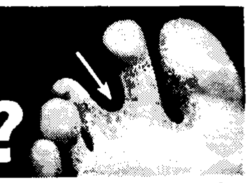

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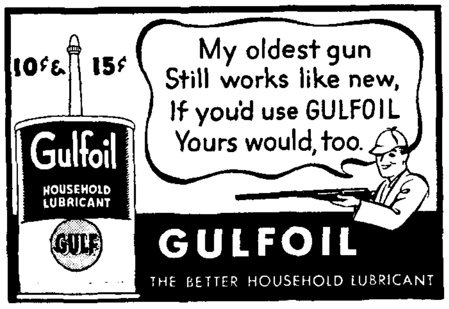

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"I wish you'd tell me why being a Channing lets me out. I know it does. But I don't know why."

"You ought to know," she said. "You ought to know you can't high-hat a town forever."

"High-hat! What's high-hat about me?"

"Your family has always high-hatted Colesville and you're like your father and your grandfather. The first thing I ever heard about you was the time you tried to shoot the neighbor's cat."

"I see," Peter said. "To you I'm just a cruel boy who shoots people's pet cats."

"It wasn't just cruel," she said. "It was so arrogant. It was so like a Channing to think you could."

"ALL right," Peter said, "that's count number one. Go on."

"The next thing I heard about you was when you were driving this car at sixty miles an hour without a driver's license or registration plates or anything."

"Did you see me driving it sixty miles an hour?"

"I didn't see you at all. But I heard about it from the neighbors."

"All right—go on."

"Look at what you're doing now. I suppose this car cost ten thousand dollars and everybody knows your grandfather can't pay his taxes or the interest on the mortgages. Any other Colesville boy your age would have a job and if he had a car at all it would be an old flivver that he'd picked up cheap and fixed with his own hands."

"Go on," Peter said, "I want to hear it all."

"And you act just the way they say your father used to act. Tonight you were sitting there all by yourself, looking over the girls to see if any of them were good enough for you."

"Yes," he said, "I was. And what's more I saw one. I saw you. I thought you were the prettiest girl there, and the nicest. I wanted to dance with you. I wanted to talk to you. And there wasn't anything I could do about it."

"No," she said, and opened the door of the car and stepped out, "there wasn't."

Peter jumped out of the car. "I want to see you again," he said.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I can't."

Peter took one step toward her. She was slim and young and desirable in the half-light beside the car. She was the only person in the world who had ever talked to him frankly about the Channings. He had to see her again.

"You could," he said earnestly. "You could if you wanted to give me a chance to show you that some of the things you've heard about me aren't so, that I'm not the kind of person people think I am."

She was looking down as if she was in doubt, as if she were considering a date with Peter Channing.

"I want to tell you that if I could get money enough for this car to go to an engineering school I'd sell it tomorrow," he said.

She looked up at him then. "I'd like to go out with you—just once. But my father would be furious."

"Does he need to know? I'll meet you here tomorrow night—or any place you say."

"Not here," she said slowly. "And not tomorrow night. My father and mother are going away on Sunday. I'll be walking along Mortimer Street—on the other side of town—about half past two."

Peter swung into Main Street the next day, which was Saturday, and saw Dan O'Connell standing at the curb. O'Connell ordered him to stop. He asked for Peter's driving license and his certificate of registration and when he had found them correct he took a long look at the car.

"How fast will it go?" he asked.

"It was guaranteed to do a hundred miles an hour when my father bought it."

"Listen, Prince," O'Connell said. "There isn't another car like it on the road so if you do a hundred in it I'll hear about it."

PETER took a lot of pains on Sunday. The only decent jacket he had was a tweed one that had belonged to his father. He hadn't worn it before because it was too big for him. Now, trying it on, he found it was too small. But he could wear the jacket if he didn't try to button it. He found a pair of gray slacks that were clean and a plain white shirt and a striped bow tie.

He saw the girl as he drove down Mortimer Street. She turned as she heard the car coming behind her. She was wearing a dark blue linen dress with short sleeves and a straw hat to match. She took off her hat after five minutes because it was no use trying to wear it in an open car. He turned toward the College Highway.

He told her he hadn't shot at the white cat and she said she believed him.

"That damned O'Connell took the pistol away from me just the same," he said.

"Did you tell him you didn't shoot at the cat?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why didn't you?"

"I was too proud."

She smiled at him then and her eyes were so friendly that there was no sting in her words:

"You were acting like a Channing."

He told her how O'Connell had caught him in the car without plates or a driver's license and made him wait two years before he could get a driver's license, while the car stood in the barn. He told her all about himself.

She said she didn't see why he couldn't go to an engineering school on five hundred dollars a year. That would pay his fees and he could earn the rest if he really wanted to. She was younger than he was but she had passed her college boards and she was going to Smith in September.

THEY had dinner at a place called Band Rock. There was a dance floor and a band. They danced dance after dance. But at nine o'clock she said she had to go home. She said she had to be home before eleven because her father and mother would be home by then and it was fifty miles. He said he could make the fifty miles in an hour.

He let the car out on the way back and the wind blew her blond hair. Coming down a hill toward a long straight stretch of the College Highway he opened the exhaust cutout and gave the car all it would take. There were two big dials on the dash, one reading in kilometers per hour and the other in engine revolutions per minute. The car was doing better than ninety miles an hour. It would certainly do a hundred when it was tuned up. Peter thought it had a grand sound as they went roaring through the summer night with a ninety-mile wind rushing in their ears. Peter thought that life was good. They would go places together all summer.

She made him stop the car a long way from her house.

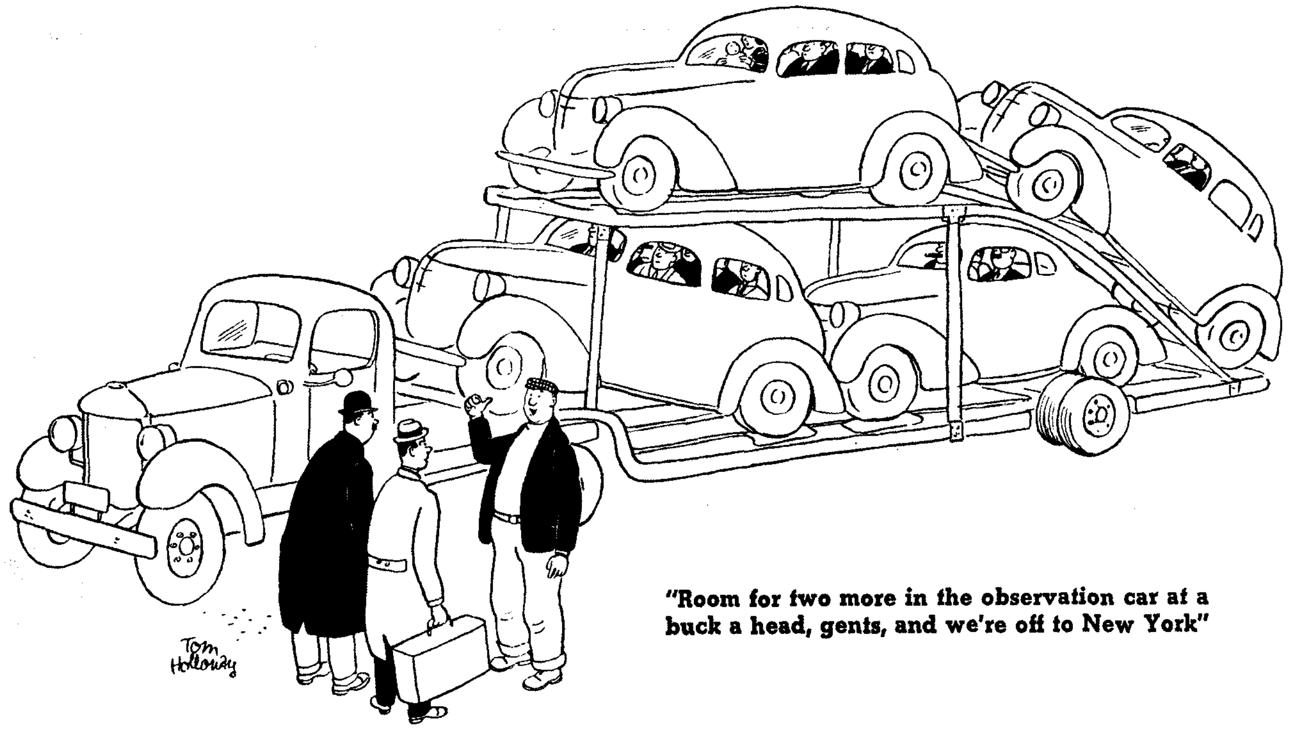
"I wish you'd let me drive you all the way," he said. "I'd like to wait and meet your father and mother."

"No," she said.

"Do you know you haven't told me your name?"

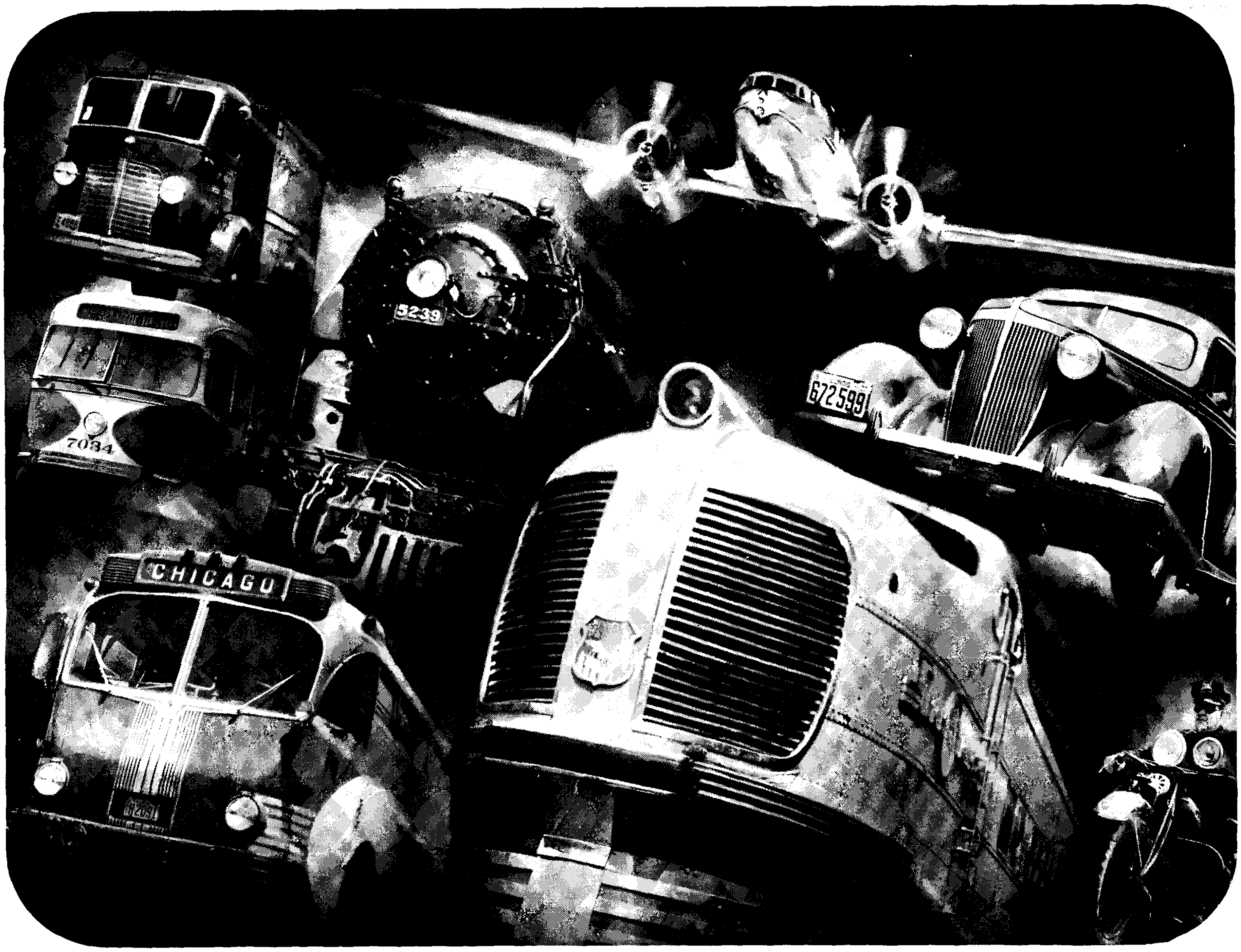
She smoothed her wind-blown hair and put on her hat.

The street was dark with the heavy



"Room for two more in the observation car at a buck a head, gents, and we're off to New York"

TOM HOLLOWAY



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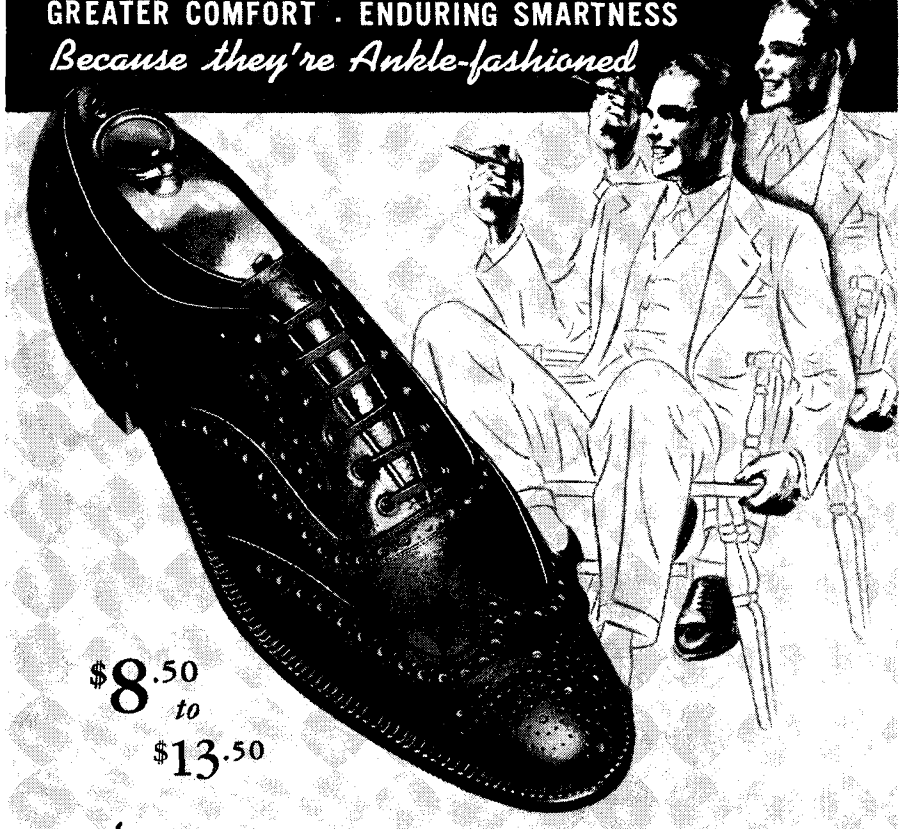

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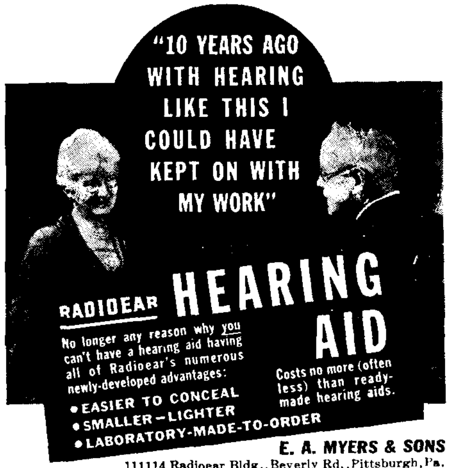

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foliage of maples overhead—dark and still.

"I know I haven't," she said.

"You don't trust me."

"Yes," she said, "I trust you. But what's the use? My father wouldn't. My father hates the Channings. I think he's always hated them. I don't know how I could convince him that you're different. I said I'd go out with you once because I was so curious about you and because—because I liked you. But I can't keep on going places with you no matter how much I'd like to. He would be sure to find it out. I couldn't bear to have him find out that I was meeting you secretly. He would be furious with me and he would never forgive you. Don't you see?"

"Yes," he said. "I see."

He felt that this strange hatred of the Channings went deeper than he knew. It must have grown through the years. It wasn't the result of any one thing. It must be the result of many things. No Channing could change it in a week or a year.

She got out of the car then. He got out, too.

"Thank you," he said, "for the nicest time I ever had."

And then she was gone. He stood there watching her as far as he could see her in the dark shadows of the maple trees.

He couldn't go straight home to bed. There wasn't any place to go or anything to do except to stop at Joe's lunchroom in Main Street and get a cup of coffee. Joe was always friendly. He hadn't been in Colesville long enough to acquire the Colesville hatred of the Channings. There was a truck in front of Joe's so Peter parked a little way down the street. The lunchroom was empty except for the truck driver and Joe.

PETER sat on a stool and drank his coffee and smoked a cigarette. The truck driver finished his sandwich and went out. Peter wished the girl weren't so afraid of her father. But she was. And remembering the tone of her voice, the feeling behind the words she said, he could not blame her much.

"Joe," Peter said, "I've got to sell that car."

Joe was a plump man, with a bald head and the special pallor of those who work in lunchrooms.

"You only just started driving it," Joe said. "You'd ought to get some fun out of it first."

"Do you think I could get fifteen hundred for it?"

Joe shook his head. "Not around here."

"It cost almost fifteen thousand, delivered here and duty paid, and it's only been a few hundred miles."

"You might get more'n fifteen hundred in New York," Joe said. "You won't get it around here."

Peter said good night to Joe and went back to his car. It was after midnight. The movie theater had closed long since. Main Street was empty. He decided to start for New York early in the morning. He would leave the car with a dealer to sell on commission. Now was the only time to sell an open car. With what he'd get from the estate it would mean enough for two years at M. I. T. He turned the ignition key and felt for the starter and a voice behind him said, "Hey, buddy."

Peter turned to look. The man stood at the left side of the car. He had a gun in his hand.

"Keep your shirt on," he said, "and you won't get hurt."

Two other men climbed into the tonneau behind Peter.

"I'll ride with you," the man with the gun said. He opened the door and climbed in beside Peter. "Get moving," he said. Peter drove down the street. He couldn't figure it out. They must know it was stupid to steal this car when there wasn't another one like it. It was too conspicuous.

"You know where Band Rock is?" the fellow beside Peter said.

"Yes," Peter said.

"That's where we're going and keep her rolling but don't get stopped by a cop."

Peter drove at a steady eighty kilometers an hour. He wasn't as much scared as he was angry. He guessed it was a little after one o'clock when they got to Band Rock. The two men in the tonneau got out. The man beside Peter leaned over and spoke in Peter's ear.

"Listen, buddy," he said, and shoved the gun against Peter's body, "don't take your hands off that wheel. Turn the car around so we can start back the way we came. Keep your mouth shut and your motor running."

PETER turned the car around. He thought there was no sense in taking a chance with a man who had a gun. The band inside was playing "Where or When," just as it had when he was dancing with the girl. The band stopped abruptly in the middle of the chorus.

The two men who had gone inside came out on the run.

"Don't start until I tell you," the man beside Peter said.

The two men scrambled into the tonneau. Peter reached for the gear lever.

"Not yet."

Men came piling out of the roadhouse door. "Now," the fellow beside Peter said. "Step on it."

Peter stepped on it and as he did so the man beside him turned and, aiming over the heads of the men at the door, fired the whole clipful of cartridges so fast they sounded like one long roar that tore at your ears. Peter drove ten miles at a hundred and fifty kilometers an hour and then the fellow beside him ordered him to slow down and turn right at a crossroads. He drove ten miles farther, with the fellow yelling at him to keep her rolling. He told Peter to slow down again and after a few hundred yards to turn into a dirt road and stop.

They all got out.

"Now, buddy," the leader said, "back out of here and get going. The state cops will be looking for a car like yours."

Peter backed out into the main highway and drove toward home. The state police would undoubtedly have a description of his car in half an hour. The men who had come out of the roadhouse after the holdup had seen it. The gunman beside Peter had made sure that they did.

He thought it was a good time to beat it. He would have to leave the car on some country road where they wouldn't find it before morning. By that time he would be a couple of hundred miles on his way. He knew how to hitchhike. They'd never find him on the road.

It wasn't as if there were anything for him in Colesville. The girl had turned him down. She didn't want to. But she had to. He couldn't get a job in Colesville. He'd never get a break in Colesville. What was the use of fighting that town any longer? The wise thing was to start over again in some other place, as far away as possible, under another name.

He turned off the main highway into a country road. This would be as good a place as any to leave the car. He stopped the motor and turned off the lights. He got out of the car.

But he couldn't leave it. The idea made him clench his fists and shut his teeth. He wanted to go right in and tell O'Connell what had happened. He didn't want some cop to bring him in. He wanted to go himself and tell O'Connell his story and make O'Connell believe it.

He thought he knew where he was and if he was right he could get to Colesville by back roads.

It was slow going on the back roads. He had to look out for a ledge of rock or a big stone projecting high enough between the wheel tracks to strike the low-hung engine pan. But he made it. They had got O'Connell out of bed.

O'Connell sat behind his desk, his heavy face a grim mask, as Peter told him what had happened.

"So," he said, when Peter had finished, "that's your story."

"That is the truth," Peter said.

"We'll find out the truth," O'Connell said. "We've got ways of doing that. Right now you're going with me to the place where you say these birds left you."

Peter rode beside O'Connell in O'Connell's big sedan. Peter directed him to the country road where the gunmen had gotten out. The dirt road ran into another concrete highway a mile farther on. There wasn't a house in the whole mile, nothing but an old barn.

"They might have had their own car in that barn," Peter said.

O'Connell got out with a flashlight and studied the ground in front of the barn. He swung open the creaking doors and looked within.

They drove back to Colesville after that. They led Peter to a cell and locked him in. He sat down on the bunk. One of the cops stood at the bars. "I'd come clean if I were you, kid," he said.

Peter didn't answer. He tried to sleep. He couldn't. He was still sitting up at nine o'clock in the morning when they took him back into O'Connell's office.

"You drove that car of yours to Band Rock yesterday afternoon with a girl," O'Connell said. "You and she had dinner there. Who was she?"

Peter shook his head. "I don't know who she was," he said.

O'Connell glared at Peter. "You don't know who she was?" he roared.

"No," Peter said, "I don't know her name."

"Where did you meet her?"

Peter shook his head. If he answered that question O'Connell would make inquiries and find out who she was.

"That's got nothing to do with it," he said.

"Oh," O'Connell said, "it hasn't?" He leaned forward, his jaw thrust out. "So you were up there in the afternoon looking over the joint so you'd know your way around when you came back."

"No," Peter said, "I wasn't."

"Lock him up," O'Connell said. "Don't let anybody see him. I'll work on him myself when I get ready."

PETER sat on the bunk in his cell again. At noon they gave him a plate of stew and two slices of bread. A couple of hours later a cop took him back to O'Connell's office. But this time O'Connell sent the cop out and told him to shut the door.

The girl was sitting there in a chair facing O'Connell and Peter's heart leaped because he knew she must have come to help him out. It was the first time anybody in that town had ever done anything for him. She jumped up and took a step toward him as she spoke and he saw that she'd been crying.

"I've told him everything," she said.

"Will you sit down and be still?" O'Connell said to her. She sat down. O'Connell turned to Peter. "I believe," he said, "you know my daughter Mary."

Peter looked at her. He hadn't thought of that. He understood now why she had been so afraid.

"Prince," O'Connell said, "they got those birds who took you for a ride. They talked. You can go home now." He paused, looking down at his desk. His voice had lost its harshness when he spoke. Peter felt that what he said came hard. "Maybe I've misjudged you. Mary thinks I have. If there is anything I can do for you—let me know."

"There's just one thing I want," Peter Channing said, "and that's a job."

"Have you tried the Channing Hardware?"

"Yes, I have."

"WELL," O'Connell said, "the town starts tearing up the streetcar tracks in Main Street tomorrow morning. It pays four dollars a day but it's a pick-and-shovel job."

"Will you get me on?"

"I will if you say so. But you'd better think twice about it. You'll take a ribbing when people in Main Street see a Channing working with his hands. You'd better wait and see if I can't find you something up in Middlefield. I know a fellow who runs a big gas station up there."

"I'd rather take the pick-and-shovel job in Colesville," Peter said. "I want to show this town it can't lick me."

O'Connell shrugged his big shoulders. "All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel. See Jimmy Murphy here at half past seven in the morning."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Connell," Peter said. "I guess—I guess I've misjudged you. I thought you had it in for me."

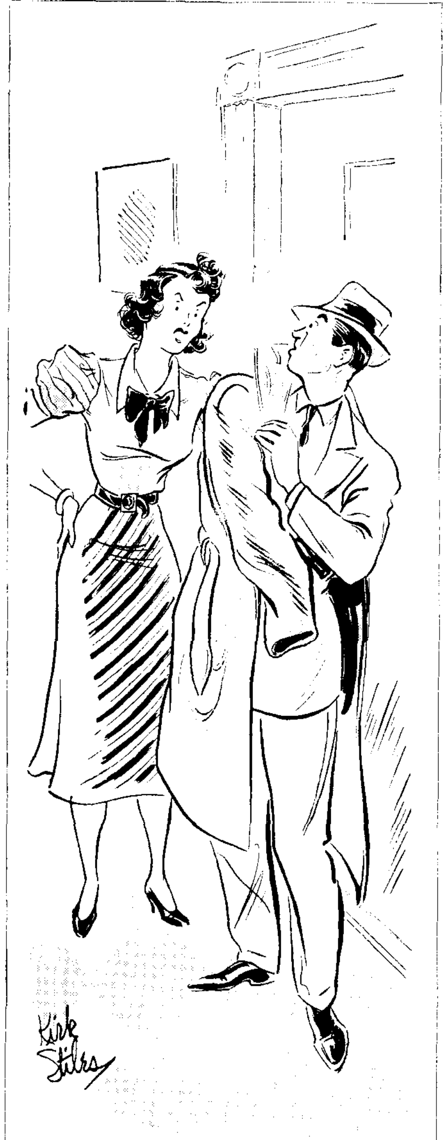
"Maybe," O'Connell said, "maybe I did."

Peter looked at Mary then. She jumped up.

"Mary," O'Connell said, "where are you going?"

"I'm going with Peter," she said.

"Don't be late for supper," O'Connell said.



"Boy! Did I tell your boss' wife a few things at the bridge club this afternoon!"

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Is THERE some one in your family who hasn't been home for a long time? Perhaps a youngster away at school . . . a son or daughter married and living out of town . . . a husband off on a business trip.

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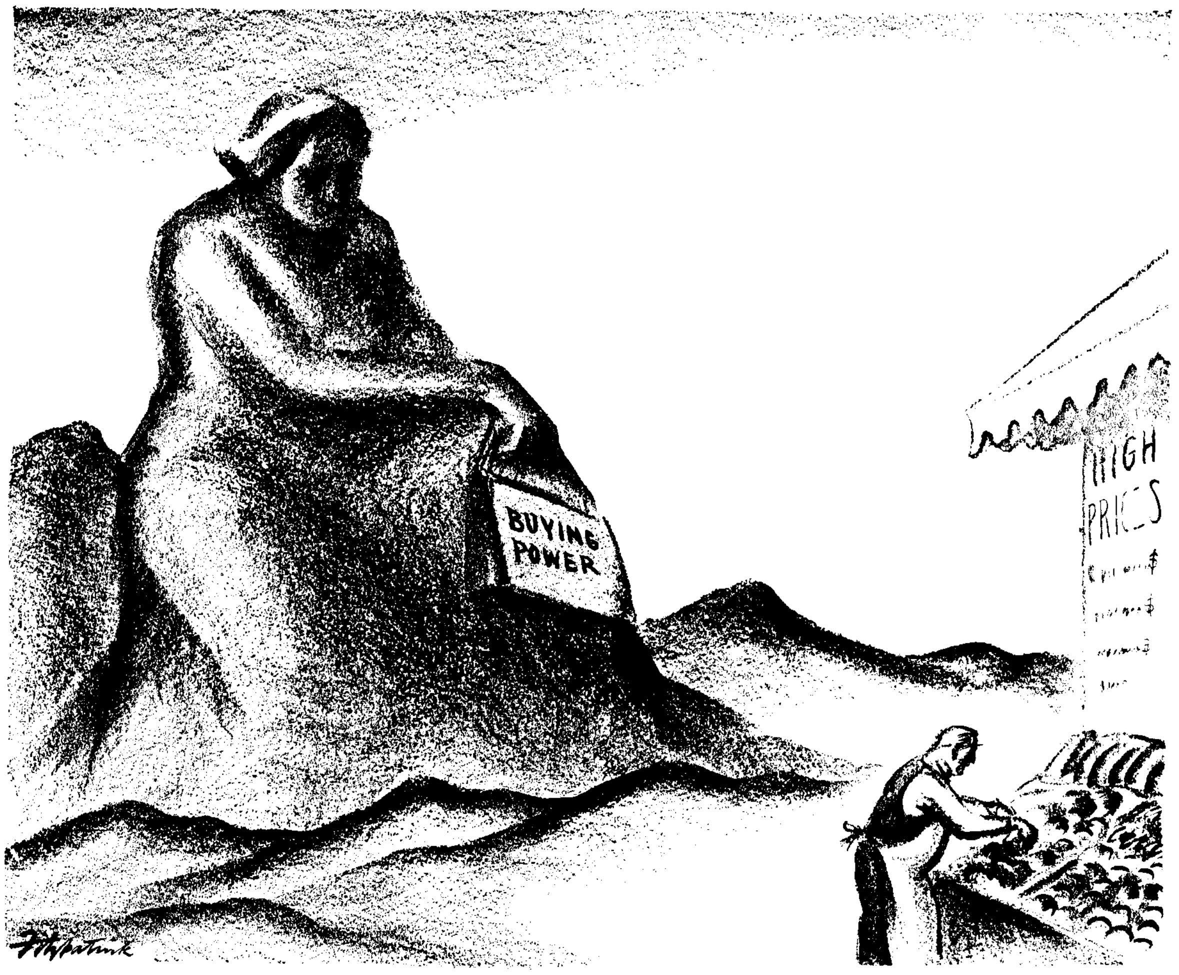


Watch Out for the Housewife!

WOMEN who buy food for their families are complaining about rising prices. Meat, especially, is higher. The prices of choice cuts soar.

Food prices have risen. So, too, have other prices. Generally prices went up about 10 per cent during the last twelve months for which government figures are available.

Prices are still lower, however, than they were ten years ago. The cost of living was definitely higher in 1926 than now.

When things got very cheap during the depression years, we wanted prices to rise. We wanted business to be profitable so that we might have jobs and be paid.

But we don't want prices to rise too much. We don't know precisely how much is too much. Somewhere along the rise, however, we decide that a particular price is unreasonable. Then we stop buying if we can.

The old notion was to charge all the traffic would bear. This was the famous motto of certain railroad men. It seemed to work well enough until the motorcar gave travelers and shippers alternatives to trains. Then the railroad men yelled "Help." Actually the help they got was the advice to lower their prices. In the passenger field the idea worked.

All the traffic will bear means stopping just short of the point at which the customers begin to leave. If a woman won't buy a steak at 52 cents a pound, charge her 50 cents or 48 cents or whatever is necessary to persuade her to buy. Or else stop trying to sell steaks.

Many influences affect the prices of the things we buy. One of the potent influences is the attitude of the manufacturers and merchants toward their customers. The automobile manufacturer adopted a new idea. This was to sell as cheaply as possible so that the largest number might buy. This notion brought immense prosperity to those automobile manufacturers who put it into operation.

Another opposing idea is now being tried out in other fields. This idea is to fix the prices below which branded goods may not be sold.

Forty-two states now permit manufacturers to set the prices at which their goods may be sold to consumers. Recently Congress enacted the Miller-Tydings law which exempts such agreements from the antitrust laws.

These price-fixing laws are very new. In 1931 California passed the first of the statutes, the technical legality of which was approved by the Supreme Court. Within the following six years forty-one other states fell into line with similar laws.

The price-fixing idea was an outcome of the struggle between the chain stores, the mail-order houses and the department stores on one side and the small independent merchants on the other.

The independent merchants are numerous and popular. Their associations are strong. Politically, the independent storekeeper is influential—far more influential in the aggregate than are the large corporations with which he competes.

The small storekeeper has friends who are voters. The small merchant can affect the voting of his friends. So his desires are heeded by legislatures and by Congress.

Up to now, chiefly the prices of trade-marked articles are fixed. Most foods are outside the provisions of the law. Clothing costs are generally determined by other influences. Books and widely known brands of a wide range of commodities may be controlled.

In earlier years when the cost of living rose and became burdensome, trusts were denounced as price fixers. This time the trusts are not involved. When prices are fixed, the government has clearly approved.

All of us are consumers but as consumers we are not politically important. If we get tremendously irritated Congress and the legislatures listen to our grumbling but we don't often get seriously aroused. So our opinions as consumers don't count.

As buyers we count. Our verdict in this struggle between the independent merchants and the larger dealers will be rendered at the buying counter. If we don't like the price of a particular article we can seek something cheaper. In this way, public opinion will be expressed.

Some of the chain and department stores have brands of their own. The prices charged for these are outside the control of these new laws. So Representative Wright Patman of Texas has proposed to restrict by law the conduct of a retail business to a single state.

Such a law if it could be enforced would make a profound change in our buying habits. George Washington bought the cloth for his clothes in London even though wool was grown, sheared, spun and woven on his own Mt. Vernon farm. A very large proportion of Americans of all income classes satisfy their wants by buying in different states. To stop this would enforce a revolutionary change in our habits.

A measure so extreme will inevitably have to be submitted to the voters. The American standard of living was made possible by the existence of a national market. The founders of this nation sought to prevent the erection of trade barriers between the states.

The conflict between the small merchants and the large distributors is, however, very far-reaching. Many principles which seemed to have been settled long ago are being challenged.

The housewife, as the buyer for the American family, is the court of last resort in this struggle. Americans have learned how to live at a higher material standard than the people of any other land. More and better food is eaten. More and better clothes are worn. Our facilities for recreation and pleasure are vastly greater than those available to any other people in the world.

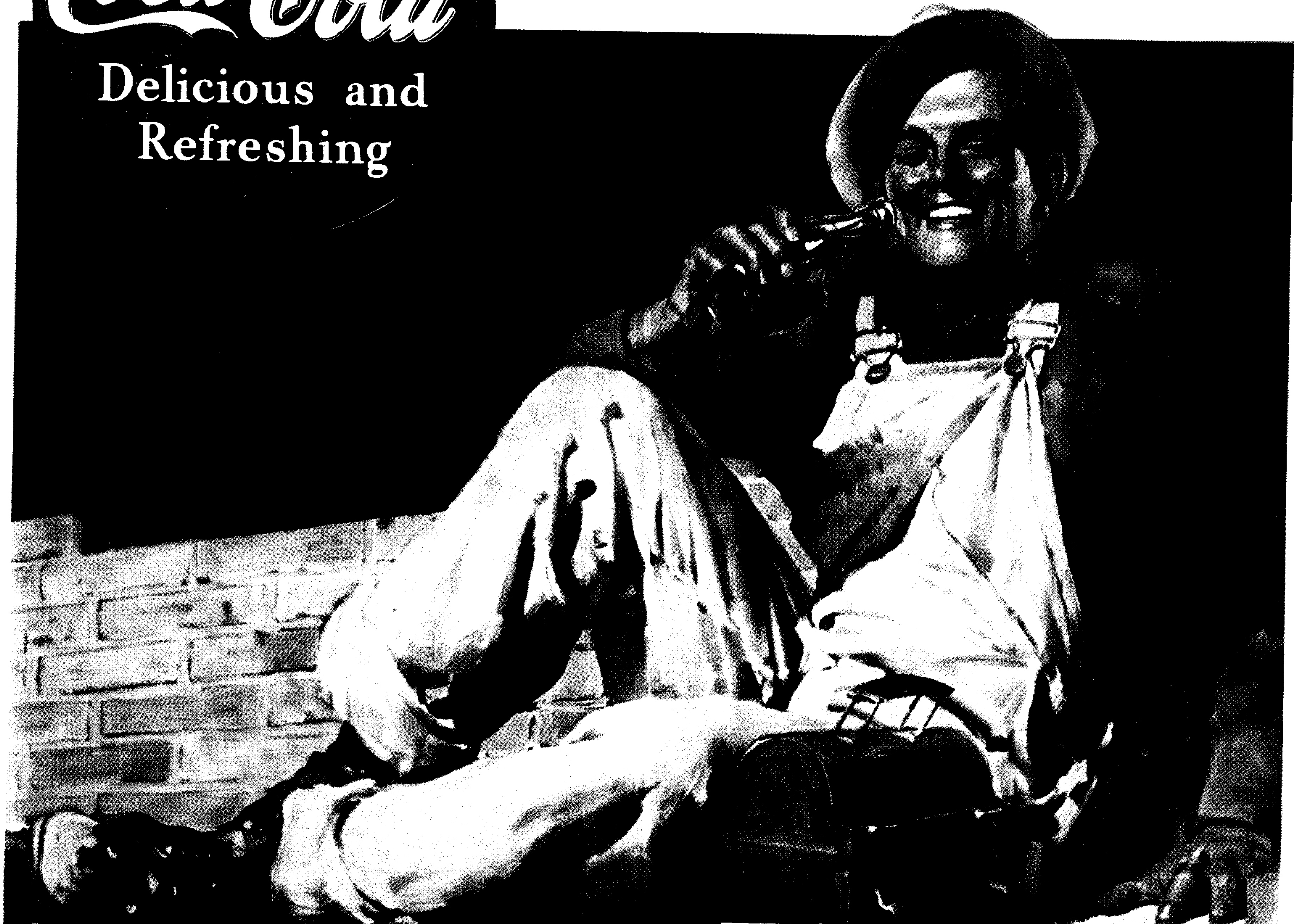
What we consume and possess we buy. Low prices for motorcars made swift transportation possible for all classes of Americans. Even many of those unfortunate enough to be on relief kept their automobiles. We cannot expect to retain our present standard of living, or, as most desire, to raise it unless prices are kept within our buying power.

The American housewife is alert now. Already she is stretching her market money, her clothes allowance and the sums allotted to other necessities and comforts of living. All concerned in this competition for her trade will be wise to show her genuine consideration. If she thinks she is being overcharged she will stop buying. That won't help anyone.

[redacted]

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

"Every job needs
the pause that refreshes"



A restful pause lays the foundation for good work. Ice-cold Coca-Cola builds a pause into *the pause that refreshes* ...paving the way for a fresh start.

You're invited to *"The Song Shop"*... at your radio. Listen! You'll be glad you did. Columbia network—10 P.M., E.S.T., Fridays.

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DRINK
Coca-Cola

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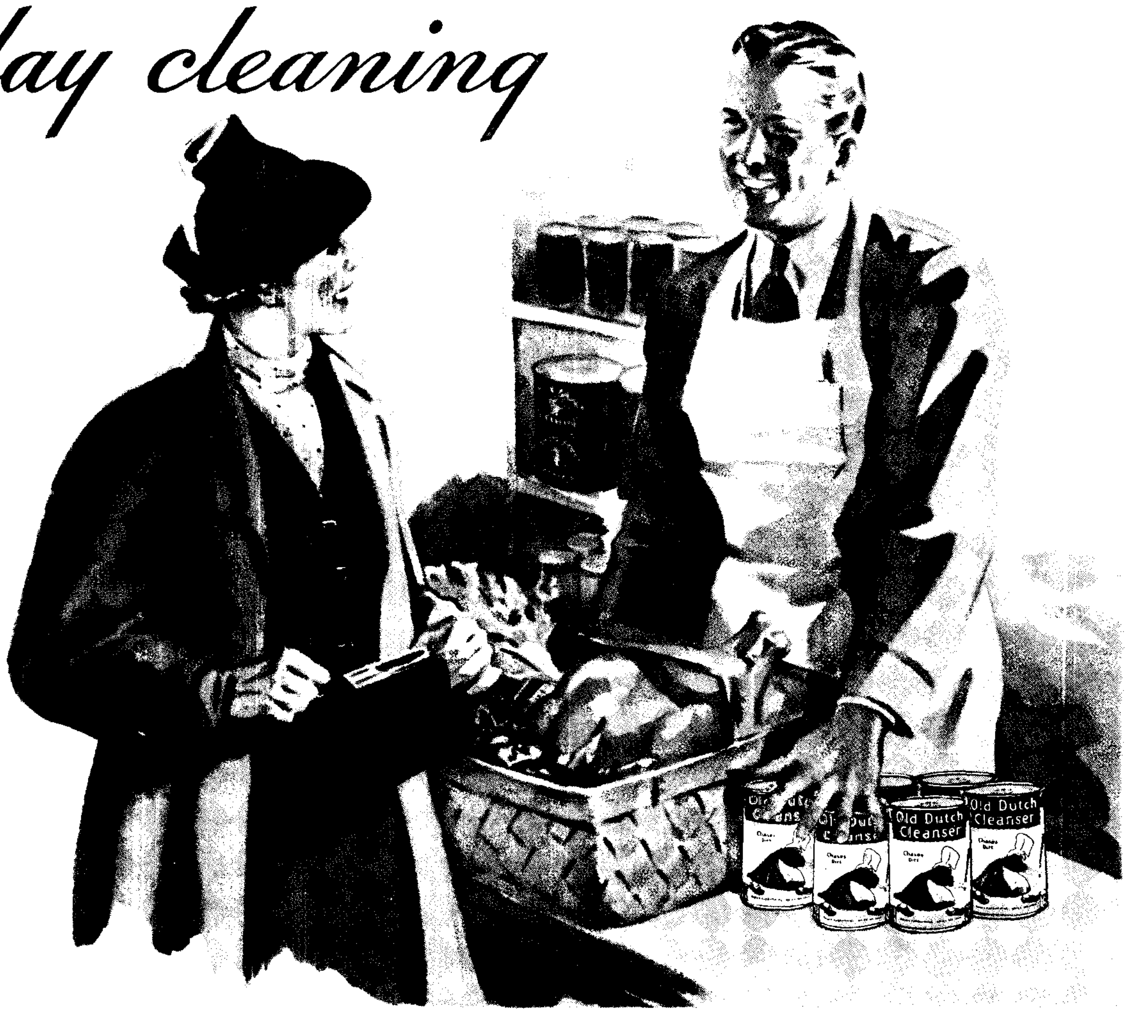
Roasting Pan: Before using, clean stains around handles and under rolled edge with Old Dutch. Made with Seismotite, Old Dutch contains no harsh grit. It leaves no scratches for grease and meat juices to bake into.

Bread Board, Rolling Pin: Preserve their smooth finish and keep them sweet and wholesome by cleaning with Old Dutch.

Pie Tins, Pudding and Cranberry Molds: A thorough going over with Old Dutch to remove old stains and keep the surface smooth. This helps prevent sticking and aids in better cooking results.

Coffee Pot: A clean, sweet pot makes better coffee. An easy way to get at the tiny crevices you can't reach with the cleaning cloth is as follows: Sprinkle Old Dutch over the bottom of the pot, fill pot with cold water and simmer for a few minutes.

Holiday Housecleaning: Use Old Dutch to wipe finger prints from painted surfaces, to brighten painted and linoleum floors and to clean windows. P. S. A little Old Dutch goes a long way. You'll find it a money-saver.



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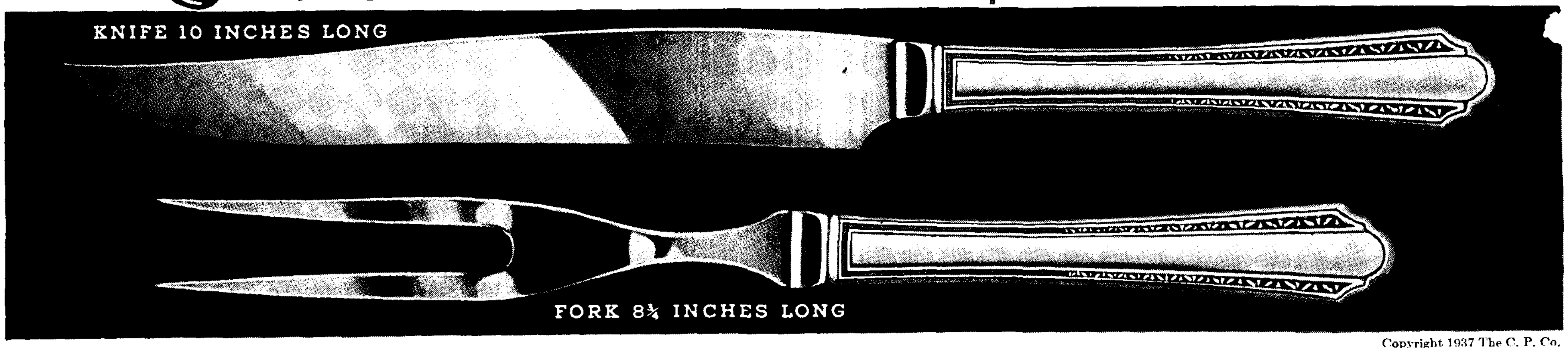

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